JULY 1931

The American MERCURY

Edited by H·L·MENCKEN

THE CASE AGAINST HENRY FORD *Murray Godwin*

NEAR A FLAG *James Branch Cabell*

THE VOYAGE OF THE *BUFORD* *Emma Goldman*

RADIO CITY—AND AFTER *Ralph Adams Cram*

AFTERNOON OF A PSYCHOLOGIST *Patrick O'Mara*

THE GEORGIA PLAN *Carter Brooke Jones*

THE ART OF THE PULLMAN PORTER *H. N. Hall*

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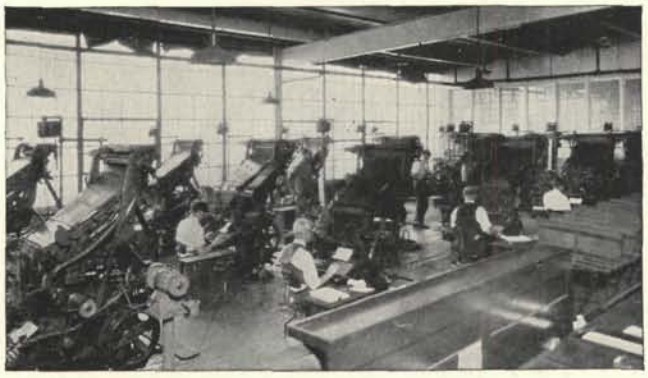

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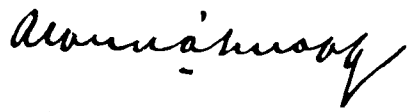

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In THE AMERICAN MERCURY for August

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VOLUME XXIII July 1931 NUMBER 91

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

SOCIOLOGY

WHEN SOUTHERN LABOR STIRS.
By Tom Tippett. *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 348 pp. *New York*

Mr. Tippett, who is a traveling lecturer for the Brookwood Labor College, investigated the recent strikes at Elizabethton, Gastonia, Greenville, Marion and Danville on a grant from the Benita Guggenheim Memorial Fund. He describes at length the deplorable state of the mill-hands before the strikes, the desperate attempts of the local police to put down their rising by force, and the part played in the whole movement by Northern organizers. His general position is favorable to the strikers and he believes that they will win their case on some later day, but he is fair enough to present a statement of the mill-owners' side of it by one of the most intelligent of them, Bernard Cone of Greensboro. Mr. Tippett has a low opinion of the American Federation of Labor, and apparently does not believe that it will ever give any effective aid to the Southern mill-workers. Its leaders are far too stupid to fathom the sociological and political implications of the problem presented in the Southern mill-towns, and far too subservient to the capitalistic system to be capable of free action. But even without its aid the mill-workers will be organized soon or late. The book has thirteen interesting illustrations from photographs, and there is a good index.

THE NEGROES OF AFRICA.
By Maurice Delafosse. *The Associated Publishers*
$3.15 7⅞ x 5¼; 313 pp. *Washington*

M. Delafosse, who died in 1926, spent seventeen years in the French colonies of West Africa, partly as administrator and partly as *savant*. He wrote handbooks of five of the native languages, and gathered materials for sixty more. He also wrote what has become the standard history of the great Negro monarchies of the Middle Ages. The present volume, somewhat stiffly translated by F. Fligelman, is an excellent summary of all that is known about the origins and history of the various races of African blacks, and their cultures today. There are chapters on their political institutions, their land systems, their family organization, their religious beliefs and practises, and their art. Necessarily, M. Delafosse has to generalize somewhat boldly, for there is almost as much difference between, say, the Bantu of South Africa and the Negroes of the Soudan as there is between Swedes and Chinamen. But this generalizing does not go too far, and there is little in the volume that is open to serious question. M. Delafosse views the future of the African blacks with no little optimism. In spite of their isolation they have a creditable history, and "they have certainly not said their last word". The book is well documented, and includes a brief biography of the author, a bibliography of his writings, and a good index.

LOVE-CHILDREN.
By Miriam Allen de Ford. *Lincoln MacVeagh*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5½; 302 pp. *New York*

Miss de Ford here makes some interesting statements about illegitimates: to wit, that writers, for some obscure (and probably exhibitionistic) reason, seem to be more given to the generation of love-children than other people; that bastards who have reached distinction are usually conservative, ultra-respectable, often reactionary, in temperament—it is not in their ranks that you discover revolutionary leaders or followers; and that they rarely become philosophers, since they are primarily conformists. Aside from these differences, they are very much like the children of wedlock. Miss de Ford presents chapters on William the Conqueror, Alexander Hamilton, Erasmus, Leonardo Da Vinci, Borodin, Strindberg and Dumas *fils*. There are a number of illustrations and an index of names, but a bibliography is wanting.

GRAY SHADOWS.
Compiled by Joseph Lewis French.
The Century Company
$3.50 8 x 5½; 276 pp. *New York*

A collection of thirteen criminal and prison narratives, including such pieces as Jim Tully's "Jungle Justice" and "Thieves and Vagabonds", first published in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, Ernest Booth's "I Face a Jury of My Peers" and "The Language of the Underworld", Robert Blake's "The Law Takes Its Toll", "Life in a Man-Killing Jail" by Ed Morrell, and "A Modern Purgatory" by Carlo de Fornaro. There are a brief introduction by Joseph Lewis French and excellent woodcuts by Roger Buck.

THE SECOND OLDEST PROFESSION.
By Ben L. Reitman. *The Vanguard Press*
$3.75 8⅛ x 5½; 266 pp. *New York*

Dr. Reitman, who is well known as the organizer of a so-called hobo college in Chicago, is intimately

Continued on page vi

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

acquainted with the underworld of the town, and in this volume discusses at length the men who protect and live upon its prostitutes. He has met scores of them and in his capacity as physician has been admitted to their confidence. Here he assembles practically everything that is to be found out about them —where they come from, how they get into their unpleasant profession, why the public women of the town give them money, and what services they render in return. The book is a serious and valuable contribution to sociology. It is happily free from the pecksniffery that marks the reports of moral reformers, and is far better informed than they are. Dr. Reitman is quite devoid of prudery or indignation. It is obvious that he does not admire pimps, but on the other hand he seems to be convinced that getting rid of them would be practically impossible, and that in fact they serve a more or less useful purpose, at all events as society is now organized in Chicago.

VOLUME TWO.
By Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Company
$2 7⅛ x 5⅛; 301 pp. *New York*

When, in the Spring of 1927, Miss Mayo published "Mother India", there was an uproar among Indians, and some of them accused her of gross exaggerations, especially in her account of child marriages in India. In the present volume she undertakes to answer her critics. In the main she depends upon the report made by an Age of Consent Committee appointed by the Indian Legislative Assembly—a committee consisting of ten Indians and one Englishwoman—and upon the volumes of evidence printed with the report. This evidence shows clearly that child marriage is still very common in India, and that the preponderance of Indian opinion is in favor of permitting it. Theological considerations are almost wholly to blame: the orthodox Hindu believes that his soul will be imperilled *post mortem* if his daughter is not married before she reaches puberty. Getting rid of this idea will require, of course, a long process of education. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to note that many Indians of great influence are addressing themselves to the business, and that some progress is being made. Various prohibitory laws have been proposed, but in view of the experience of the United States with Prohibition, most enlightened Indians believe that persuasion must precede compulsion. Miss Mayo's book is well documented and has a good index.

ESSAYS

THE CONTEMPORARY & HIS SOUL.
By Irwin Edman. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$2.50 8¾ x 5½; 191 pp. *New York*

Nowadays, says Dr. Edman, the soul has "nothing but confusion to cling to." The causes of this confusion are "the war and its train of consequences," moral materialism and metaphysical mechanism, especially the latter two, which have been doing lots of damage of late. Finding themselves uncomfortable in this chaos, some people are retreating to Platonism, others are finding refuge in the contemplation of the Golden Ages of the past, and still others are throwing all thought to the wind and looking for happiness in action and physical ecstasy. In the last chapter Dr. Edman presents the world with his own plan of salvation. In the first place, he thinks that there are many "dangers involved in fleeing actuality." In the second place, he believes that it would be a good thing for everybody to resign himself or herself to the fact that "it is a natural world in which we have to conceive ourselves to be living," governed by natural laws, which are more or less indifferent to human welfare. In the third place, he is convinced that men and women would be much happier if "society were . . . at peace."

COME TO THINK OF IT.
By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Company
$2.50 7⅜ x 5; 272 pp. *New York*

These essays are all reprinted from the *Illustrated London News*, to which Mr. Chesterton has been contributing weekly for twenty-five years. When he began his long service, he says, the chief concern of the more serious sort of journalism was art; now it is religion. Perhaps many American journalists will dissent from this saying; nevertheless, it is true. In this country as in England religion has entered upon a new conflict with science and a new concern with politics, and whether one believes that it is making ground or losing ground there can be little doubt that it is more challenging than it was, say, a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Chesterton's position in the matter is well known. He is an unyielding advocate of the most rigid orthodoxy. Here he tilts with H. G. Wells, Dean Inge and various other exponents of liberalism, sometimes effectively and always amusingly. He does not shrink from any of the implications of his fidelity to Holy Church; he swallows the whole Catholic doctrine, and smacks his lips exultantly. Most of the essays in the present

Continued on page viii

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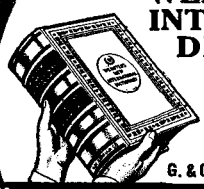

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

collection belong to the last few years. Religion is discussed in them far more than anything else. They were selected and arranged by J. P. de Fonseka. It is a pity that Mr. de Fonseka neglected to add an index.

RELIGION

THE CLASH OF WORLD FORCES.
By Basil Mathews. *The Abingdon Press*
$1.50 8 x 5¼; 174 pp. *New York*

Mr. Mathews is an Englishman and a graduate of Oxford. He was formerly on the staff of the *Christian World* and literary secretary of the London Missionary Society. In the present book he describes briefly the recent political upheavals in Russia, the Balkan countries, India, China, and Italy. Three forces, he says, are now fighting for world mastery. They are Bolshevism, nationalism, and Christianity. "Communism is based on the denial of the very root reality of the universe—that the Creator is Spirit and is Father." Nationalism has brought the world much misery, but at bottom it is a good thing, and is really not opposed to internationalism. "We need no more destroy the nation than the family." It is, however, only by espousing the religion of Jesus that the world will ever attain full happiness and lasting peace. "In Christianity we have . . . the ultimate values of the universe, expressed not in rules or law or a creed or commandments, but in a Person and in a Life." There is an index.

RELIGION ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIER. *The Baptists, 1783–1830.*
By William Warren Sweet. *Henry Holt & Company*
$5 8½ x 5½; 652 pp. *New York*

The Baptists had but little strength in America until the Great Awakening of 1734, but after that they increased in numbers very rapidly, and by the end of the Revolution they had wrested religious freedom from the established churches everywhere, and were full of missionary fervor. As a result they played an important part in the great movement to the westward which followed. One thinks of the early pioneers as hearty fellows who were too busy fighting Indians and wildcats to remember their devotions, but as a matter of fact many of them were very pious, and in the period covered by Dr. Sweet's survey great revivals swept the outlying settlements, and the foundation was laid for that pious enthusiasm which still marks the Middle West. The present volume consists of a short historical introduction by the editor, and a collection of original documents—extracts from early church records and histories, biographical sketches, etc. This material is well selected, and should be of value alike to historians and to students of popular psychology. The book is heavily documented and has a good index.

THE HOLY BIBLE. *An Abridgment.*
Edited by Emily Solis-Cohen.
The Jewish Publication Society of America
$1.25 8¼ x 5⅜; 795 pp. *Philadelphia*

This is an abridgment of the translation of the Old Testament issued by the Jewish Publication Society of America. The only parts not represented are the Books of Joel, Obadiah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, the Song of Songs, Lamentations, and Chronicles. The volume apparently is intended for use in Jewish Sunday-schools. The biblical sources are indicated both in the table of contents and at the end of each selection.

THE ARTS

THE ART OF EGYPT THROUGH THE AGES.
By E. Denison Ross. *William Edwin Rudge*
$15 11¼ x 8½; 354 pp. *New York*

The peculiar merit of this stately book lies in the fact that it gives an unusual amount of attention to Egyptian art since Graeco-Roman times. There is an excellent section on the Coptic period, and a longer and even better one on the Moslem arts, including architecture, metal-work and ceramics. The many illustrations, some of which are in photogravure, some in half-tone and some in full color, are well selected and clearly reproduced. The introductory articles are all by recognized authorities. Dr. T. E. Peet, professor of Egyptology at Liverpool, deals with the predynastic and early dynastic period; Dr. H. R. H. Hall, late keeper of Egyptian antiquities at the British Museum, with the Old Kingdom; Dr. P. E. Newberry, professor of Egyptian history and archeology in the University of Egypt, with the Hyksos period and the New Kingdom; and Howard Carter with the reign of Tutankhamen. The editor, Sir Denison Ross, is director of the London School of Oriental Studies.

MAX WIECZOREK: *His Life and Work.*
By Everett Carroll Maxwell. *Privately printed*
12 x 8⅞; 137 pp. *Los Angeles*

Mr. Wieczorek was born at Breslau, and got his training at Karlsruhe and Weimar; he came to the United States in 1893 and is now living in Los Angeles. His medium is pastel, and practically all

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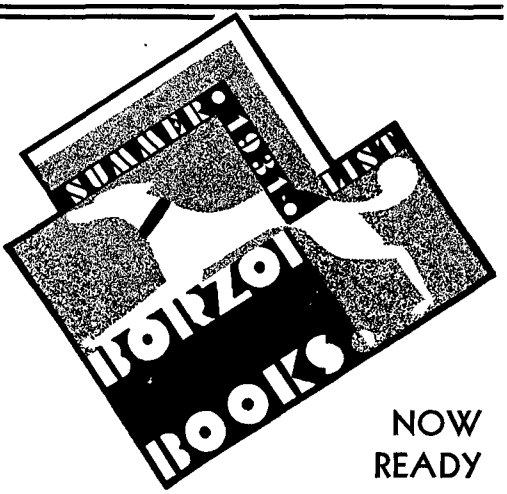

NOW READY

The Summer 1931 catalogue describes the Borzoi Books to be published during the months of June, July and August. Most important among them is *Willa Cather's* new novel, SHADOWS ON THE ROCK, but among the other distinguished authors represented, are: *G. B. Stern, Alfred Neumann, Witter Bynner, L. A. G. Strong, Ruth Suckow,* and many others. This catalogue will be mailed without charge, if you send your name and address to—

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Continued from page viii

of his works are portraits. Like most other portraitists in practise in the United States he suffers by the fact that many of his sitters are uninteresting, but such as they are he makes the most of them, and in the present portfolio of reproductions of his work there are some excellent pieces. Perhaps the most striking of them is a portrait of Mrs. Ida Besser, apparently the artist's mother-in-law. It is adroitly designed, lacks any sign of sensationalism, and has dignity and good feeling. Other very effective pieces are the portraits of Ruth St. Denis, George Chaffey and Capt. von Müller of the *Emden*, and the pictures called "Resignation" and "Study." The critical introduction by Mr. Maxwell is rather more friendly than critical.

BIOGRAPHY

THE BLACK NAPOLEON.
By Percy Waxman. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8½ x 5⅝; 298 pp. *New York*

There are many biographies of Toussaint l'Ouverture, but so long as the rare combination of patriotism and genius is esteemed in the world there will continue to be more. This new one by Mr. Waxman is one of the best. It is simply written, it covers the facts adequately, and it makes excellent reading. Toussaint lives in history as probably the most extraordinary black man ever heard of. In his day he resisted not only the power of France but also that of England, and in addition he fought and won a sanguinary civil war. He died in prison, but the Haiti that he freed has been free ever since, though its chronicles are red with internal turmoils and foreign aggressions. The Haitians, with his achievement ever before them, are naturally somewhat disdainful of the Negroes of the United States, who had to wait for deliverance from slavery until white men came to their aid. In Haiti the business was managed by black men alone, and the story of their struggle is one long record of heroic deeds. Mr. Waxman appends a brief bibliography to his book, but it lacks an index. There are four full-page illustrations, and sketch maps appear as end-papers.

CERVANTES.
By T. R. Ybarra. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$3 9¼ x 6⅛; 260 pp. *New York*

This is largely a fictional biography of the author of "Don Quixote," and is thus inevitably a mess. No amount of hoopla writing or purple patching can add anything to the eloquent facts about the life of Cervantes, as it cannot add anything to the biographies of Napoleon or Beethoven. Such monkeyshines, when applied to genuinely heroic souls, become almost indecent. "Fate," says Mr. Ybarra, "nothing loath, took the dare" on Cervantes, and when finally "death stretched forth his hand of ice and stilled forever the beating of one of the bravest of human hearts," it saw it was justified. When the Duke of Béjar allowed Cervantes to dedicate "Don Quixote" to him, "Miguel, overjoyed, rushes to the Calle del Rastro to tell the glad tidings to Leonor and Isabel, Andrea and Magdalena and Constanza. . . . 'What luck, Leonor!' 'What marvelous good luck, Isabel!' 'Why, of course, it will mean ducats—it *must*, Magdalena!' How Miguel's bright eyes sparkle, despite his well-nigh threescore years; how his faithful women-folk rub hands together and pat his bowed shoulders, in their threadbare coverings. 'The Duke of Béjar—just fancy, Miguel, the great Duke of Béjar!' " There are several interesting illustrations and a brief critical bibliography, but an index is lacking.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE: *Poet's Son & Poet.*
By Herbert Hartman. *The Oxford University Press*
$5 8⅞ x 5¾; 205 pp. *New York*

Hartley Coleridge (1796-1849) had the worst possible misfortune for a writing man: he was the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He had very little to say, but he wrote so much—verse, biographies, histories, marginalia—and he was so pleasant a man personally that some of the more stupid critics of his day were led to believe that he was important. Some of them, indeed, compared him to Shakespeare and Hazlitt, but they never fooled him. He was his own best critic. He called himself

> . . . a petty man of rhyme
> Nursed in the softness of a female time,

and he lamented to his dying day:

> The world were welcome to forget my name,
> Could I bequeath a few remembered words.

No wonder he died a dipsomaniac! Mr. Hartman has done very well by him. His discussion is full and sensibly critical throughout. There is a good bibliography, and also an index.

SCHLIEMANN. *The Story of a Gold-Seeker.*
By Emil Ludwig. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3.50 8⅞ x 5⅞; 297 pp. *Boston*

Heinrich Schliemann (1822-1890) was the greatest amateur in all archeological history, so great, in fact, that the experts haven't caught up with him

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yet, forty years after his death. A pastor's son and a grocer's assistant, he later made a fortune as a trader and banker in Russia, traveled over the world, and, finally, at the age of forty-one, dedicated the remainder of his life to proving the reality of the Homeric poems. The project became a monomania with him, but in the end he got what he was after. He excavated Troy and dug up the treasures of Mycenæ and Tiryns. The library archeologists laughed at him, but before he died they came to honor him. He was a man of almost incredible courage and pertinacity. His capacity for self-teaching bordered on the miraculous. He knew eighteen languages, including Swedish, Polish, Latin, Arabic and Russian, and toward the end of his life spoke only in Greek. Whenever in a foreign country he spoke and wrote in the language of that country. He kept records and diaries of nearly every move he made. The materials he thus gathered fill 150 volumes. Dr. Ludwig's biography shows a pleasant departure from his previous hysterical style. His book is carefully and calmly written, and though frankly not exhaustive, gives a full picture of the man. There are many excellent illustrations and an index.

THE LIFE & ADVENTURES OF JAMES P. BECKWOURTH.
Edited by Bernard De Voto. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$4 8⅛ x 5⅜; 405 pp. *New York*

Beckwourth's autobiography, redacted by a mysterious ghost named T. D. Bonner, was first published in 1856. It was instantly hailed as a mass of lies, but it made such good reading that it got into wide circulation, and now, after seventy-five years, there is still enough life in it for it to be reprinted. Beckwourth was born in Virginia in 1798 and claimed that his father was an officer in the Revolution. This may have been true, but he himself was indubitably a mulatto. After a brief schooling in St. Louis, he struck out for the Far West, first in the employ of the celebrated General Ashley and later on his own. He lived with the Indians for many years, married a dozen or more wives, and had a hand in many of the melodramatic events of the early frontier. His tales are tall ones, but also good ones, and so his narrative deserved to be reprinted. It appears in the series called Americana Deserta, and has useful notes by Mr. De Voto. The volume shows certain defects. The original preface, for some unknown reason, is printed before Mr. De Voto's introduction and the table of contents; there is no index; the price does not appear on the slip cover.

MEMOIRS OF A TERRORIST.
By Boris Savinkov. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 364 pp. *New York*

Boris Victorovitch Savinkov was born in Warsaw in 1879. He joined the revolutionary movement at the age of twenty, and before long became one of its leading terrorists. He had a hand in the assassinations of Minister of the Interior Von Plehve and the Grand Duke Sergius. He was caught by the authorities in 1902, and exiled without trial to Volgoda. At the beginning of the World War he somehow found his way to France, where he enlisted as a private in the army. In March, 1917, he fled to Russia, and for a time was assistant minister of war in the Kerensky government, but he joined the Kornilov rebellion against it the following September. With the establishment of the Communist dictatorship in November of the same year he swung definitely to the right, and joined successively the Kaledin, Kolchak, Denikin and Wrangel counter-revolutions. He then plotted against the lives of Trotsky, Stalin, Zinoviev, Kamenev and Dzershinsky. He was captured by the Cheka in August, 1924, and after one of the most sensational trials in all Russian history he was sentenced to death, but his sentence was commuted to ten years' imprisonment. He committed suicide in prison, by hurling himself out of a window on May 7, 1925. His present autobiographical sketch covers only the years 1902-1909. It is not a book for Liberals or for those who read the editorial page of the New York *Times* to stimulate their minds, but others will find it strange and fascinating stuff. The translation is by Joseph Shaplen, who also supplies a foreword and an epilogue.

THE QUICK & THE DEAD.
By Gamaliel Bradford.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 283 pp. *Boston*

Here is biography at its best by the dean of psychographers. Mr. Bradford presents vivid portraits of Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Thomas Alva Edison, Henry Ford, Nikolai Lenin, Benito Mussolini, and Calvin Coolidge, and easily overcomes the difficulties involved in handling contemporaneous material. Of Roosevelt, he says: "The best thing that ever happened to Lincoln for his glory was to die when he did. Perhaps it was also the best for Roosevelt". Of Wilson: "A career in which triumph after triumph seemed only to lead in the end to tragic defeat". Of Edison: "The truth is, the essence and the explanation of such a temperament as Edison's

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"We have just begun to fight!"

Lest my good friends throughout the world may think the recent disappointing decision by California's Supreme Court ("sitting upon" the case of Warren Billings!) has to the smallest extent stopped our fight for justice in this relation, I wish to assure them that it has not done so.

Frank P. Walsh, the noted attorney who has given to us his able service, without fee, will soon arrive from New York and present to California's new Governor the argument in support of my now pending petition for an unconditional pardon. And future action will, to a large extent, depend upon the result of that petition. The strongest possible effort will be made in this relation, with the hope that other measures may not be necessary. In the meantime we must go right ahead along all lines of our planned program. This will include wide distribution of the pamphlet—"Labor Leaders Betray Tom Mooney"—and of a new pamphlet satirically entitled "The Case Against Tom Mooney"—which is, in fact, a complete refutation of the State's charges as alleged in my framed trial, fifteen years ago.

But my Defense Committee is now without the necessary finances with which to conduct an intensive campaign before and during the hearing upon my petition. And the problem of securing funds has grown ever more acute, throughout the long period of financial depression. The perplexing question now is, how are we to quickly solve that problem?

It is with complete confidence that I leave this question to be answered by the friends who have for so many years demonstrated by financial assistance the deep measure of their devotion to my welfare. For it seems to me that only by such a campaign will it be possible to clearly show that this case will not be downed through the decisions rendered by judicial lackeys of Capital, and will continue to rise like the Shaksperian ghost—until a complete reversal of the "unsound and indefensible" verdict will have laid the ghost to rest.

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is just living, a constitutional, dynamic, enduring, perhaps in large part physical optimism, which makes life and the world a continued daily splendor". And of Ford: "When it comes to the deeper and larger religious and philosophical considerations, Ford seems singularly empty and unprofitable. . . . One remembers the ingenious comment of Marquis, that 'he has in him the makings of a great man, the parts lying about in more or less disorder. If only Henry Ford were properly assembled!' " There are an index, a selected bibliography, and seven illustrations.

KING OF FASHION.
By Paul Poiret. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$3 8⅝ x 5½; 331 pp. *Philadelphia*

In this naïve and amusing book M. Poiret is forced to accord to himself the credit for two important innovations in dress design: the first was to take each tone of color at its most vivid—"I restored to health all the exhausted nuances"; the second was to cooperate for the first time with the scenic artists of the stage. He has seen many ups and downs in the practise of his art, including the loss of a large fortune, and he records them here with an agreeable malice. The book is ably translated by Stephen Haden Guest; it contains many illustrations.

THE NIGHT'S CANDLES.
By René Roy. *The Macmillan Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 158 pp. *New York*

René Roy is a Frenchman who was blinded during the war, when he was not quite twenty-three years old. This is the story of his reëducation: his struggles to get his bearings, his entrance into the École Polytechnique, his graduation, and marriage, and his activities as an engineer—he is today State Engineer of Bridges and Waterways. An interesting book, completely lacking in the usual war heroics. It is in excellent translation by Homer White, and there is a foreword by Eugène Brieux.

BISMARCK & MUSSOLINI. *A Study of the Will to Power.*
By Charles H. Sherrill.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$3.50 8⅞ x 5¾; 304 pp. *Boston*

General Sherrill is a warm admirer of both Bismarck and Mussolini, and in the present book, by comparing twenty-five similar episodes taken from their lives, he attempts to prove that they have very much in common. Bismarck was a great statesman "because of his constructive and far-seeing nationalism," and so is Mussolini, "the modern Bismarck of Italy, . . . the regenerator of modern Italy." There is nothing little in the vision of either. "Both are broad-gauged nationalists. . . . There is no doubt that Mussolini has united Italy spiritually just as completely as Bismarck assembled Germany geographically." There are eight illustrations and an index.

PHILOSOPHY

HISTORY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY: *The Sophists, Socrates, Plato.*
By B. A. G. Fuller. *Henry Holt & Company*
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 493 pp. *New York*

HISTORY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY: *Aristotle.*
By B. A. G. Fuller. *Henry Holt & Company*
$2.75 8¾ x 5¾; 372 pp. *New York*

These two volumes are a continuation of Dr. Fuller's "History of Greek Philosophy: Thales to Democritus," published in 1923. In his preface to the second volume he says that he has written his books "with the conviction that the history of philosophy constitutes one of the best detective stories ever written." In intention and in fact the present books, like their predecessor, "make no new contribution to what is already known or suggested about their subjects, and throw no fresh light upon anything. [They do] not even try to fuse and focus the various colors and the conflicting angles of incidence and reflection of the lights by which the field is already illuminated." The books are even more "lively" and "entertaining" than Dr. Will Durant's late masterpiece. Dr. Fuller begins Volume II this way: "Philosophy, like the stock market, has its ups and downs. Now 'bullish,' now 'bearish,' . . . " Aristotle, at the age of thirty-seven, was "a very 'old boy'," who was somewhat peeved because the leadership of the Academy was not given to him upon Plato's death. "It irked him . . . to have the presidency of the Academy fall to a second-rate man like Speusippus, although this was only to be expected, seeing that the latter was Plato's nephew and the legal heir to the property and the plant." And so on. There is an index and a chronological table in each volume. Dr. Fuller was one of the star pupils of the late Josiah Royce, and is now professor of philosophy at the University of Cincinnati. He is a member of the Society of *Mayflower* Descendants, the Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the American Revolution, and Phi Beta Kappa. He is also a Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Continued in back advertising section, page xix

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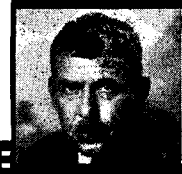

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VOLUME XXIII NUMBER 91

The American MERCURY

July 1931

THE CASE AGAINST HENRY FORD

BY MURRAY GODWIN

THE first time I remember hearing of Henry Ford's iniquities at any length was at a comparatively late date—1915, I think it was. But by that time, it appeared, his sins against Humanity, Progress, Common Sense, Æsthetics, Craftsmanship, the Good Life, the Creative Instincts of Mankind, Friendship, Business Ethics, Sound Economics, Patriotism, Altruism, Industrial Peace, the Brotherhood of Man, and what-not were already as the sands of the sea. As the scroll unfolded in later years, I was to learn that there was a broken heart, man, or home for every Model T that ever came from a Ford assembly line.

It was in a town remote from Detroit that I first heard Ford cried down as a bloodless exploiter of machines and men. A Socialist was street-speaking.

"What about Ford?" inquired someone in the crowd.

"Don't let them fool you," the speaker admonished, "about Ford. It's all a matter of efficiency. Ford has his factory so efficiently organized that there is no motion lost whatever. That is why he can afford to pay the wages he does—*and he makes a large profit besides.*"

The inference seemed to be that philanthropy was the only basis for increased well-being which a Socialist might accept. Later it occurred to me that the Ford minimum wage was probably proving a potent source of heckling for Socialist orators, appearing as it did to contradict the theory that working conditions would grow progressively more unbearable as capitalism evolved. Outraged by what they conceived to be a slick piece of capitalistic strategy, the bearers of the word were hastening to combat the assumption that the new scale was attributable to good will.

Meanwhile, on the Right Flank, Ford's minimum, then $5 a day, was being assailed as introducing the germ of industrial anarchy into an economic body which hitherto, presumably, had been radiant with harmony and health. The *Wall Street Journal* indignantly pictured a day when workmen would move from plant to plant, venally knocking down their labor to the highest bidder—while great-souled captains of industry, of course, would continue to dispose of their products in conformity with the principle: "To each according to his need." All in

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all, it was plain that the Ford minimum left much to be desired.

Since then I have heard it derided as publicity, as a device to embarrass rivals, as a means of checking unionism, as—well, as almost anything except evidence of a concern for the workers' welfare. In recent years many critics have tended to rest with a sigh of satisfaction upon the conclusion that it was really put into effect by some great-hearted executive (Mr. Couzens, probably) in the face of the frightened, desperate, tight-fisted opposition of Ford himself.

And what has Mr. Ford said, to warrant this endless unmasking of his self-seeking soul? Well, except when a collaborator has run away with him, he has clung conspicuously to the view that high wages are good business, and therefore justified. But has this deterred his critics? Not at all. Only a few days ago I was shown the manuscript of a Ford story in which the author was at some pains to emphasize that Mr. Ford announced his new seven-dollar wage from a strategic position at a Presidential conference. I wonder what he should have done? Kept it a secret—with the nation's masterminds recommending drastic wage cuts as a means of restoring "prosperity"? Admittedly the announcement was good publicity for Ford; but wasn't it likely to be beneficial in its effect on other employers? Or what if it benefited Ford only? There was no pretense of altruism.

But, no—Ford may insist as publicly, as persistently as he likes that the high wages he pays are justified on strictly non-altruistic business grounds. Nevertheless, the function of his critics is to make plain, to emphasize, to flog everlastingly around the bush—what? The great truth, solely and simply, that Henry Ford is not, never was, and never shall be the altruist which he says he is not. He says: "I raise wages for business reasons." The critics cry: "Hypocrite! You raise wages for business reasons!"

Ironically enough, while Ford and his critics alike have thus been impressing the public with the idea that high wages are a profitable investment, other manufacturers have been quietly appropriating the Ford production methods, have been combining them with wage-incentive schemes designed to coax higher production from their employés, and then have been confiscating the difference for dividends. Year by year, while the critics have been detailing their endless indictment of Ford's shrewd selfishness, in the face of his own assertions to the same effect, American industry has been extending the range of automatic production and mobilizing assembly processes along Ford lines, and "scientific management" has been rigging and re-rigging piecework and bonus systems, whereby speed-up production is coupled with a painstaking, penny-grabbing swinishness. Thus stock prices fatten—and laborers are trimmed out of the fruits of their toil.

And irony of ironies—starting with 1927, Ford began furtively to pursue the same course! From all reports, a major share of the Ford parts production, formerly carried on at Ford wages in Ford plants, is now parcelled out on contract to shops where the efficiency pioneered by Ford is combined with wages distinctly under the Ford standard. All this for the well-advertised purpose of "spreading prosperity around." Apparently, then, Ford high wages ultimately are *not* a good investment. Was Mr. Ford an altruist in spite of himself? Will the critics retract? But no—already they are tracing with avidity the trail of subterfuge which leads from the reduced Ford payroll to the

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sweatshops where Ford parts are being made. Well, at least their criticism now should have point. After echoing Ford's salvos these fifteen years, they find him lying under their guns at last!

If Ford's five-dollar minimum thus earned him a name for hypocrisy and self-seeking on the one hand, and for industrial anarchy on the other, his Peace Ship earned him a name for nitwittedness, downrightly damned him as a fool.

What a childish mind this mechanic had—to dream that settling the European conflict was a matter of junketing across the Atlantic with a boatload of fanatics and freaks! Did he think this immense complex of military murder was a matter of back-fence spitefulness, to be resolved by the intervention of a village character?

Neutral, partisan, or warring, the press of the world almost unanimously had at him. A spew of malign bitterness, frenetic ridicule, hysterical and abusive contempt. But now, after fifteen years, I feel moved to inquire of the Peace Ship's critics what explanation of the war they can offer which is less childish than that implied by the expedition. I note that the Liberal minority lays great stress on the need for a sympathetic understanding of alien peoples, their lives and aims—yet it is certain that the prevalence of German language and culture study in American schools, once it had been labeled a treachery, intensified rather than ameliorated anti-German feeling in these States. More, it is certain that the cultural sympathies of individual citizens are absolutely irrelevant to the phenomenon of organized war. One Liberal literatus, identified consistently with the study of war causes, recently proposed that group athletics be substituted for military training as an anti-war measure—thus lighting with native genius upon the very means employed by the Czechs to train themselves for war against their Austrian masters. And there is considerable other evidence that even those who exert themselves sincerely to study the phenomenon are quite as far from a clear, realistic conception of the causes of war, when all is said and done, as Henry Ford was in 1915.

After the war came the affair of the Chicago *Tribune* libel trial at Mt. Clemens, in the course of which it appeared that Ford was not up on the authors of this day or the military men of another. What did not appear was that he had in his ordered mind more exact knowledge and more worthwhile knowledge than all his opponents combined. The Arnold Bennett-Benedict Arnold incident is still trotted tediously around the track by his critics, but it occurs to me that since 1919 there has been more than one indication that much of what they regard as history is, in actuality, bunk. For the rest—I give you *Liberty* and the *Daily News* (New York) as representing the achievements of Ford's opponents since the trial; as against the River Rouge plant and the Model A car.

In 1921 occurred the great shutdown of the Ford plants and the rape of the Ford retailers. Ford, faced by huge and pressing debts, shut off material shipments, made all stock on hand into cars, forced the cars upon his dealers for cash, and with the cash put the company on a solvent basis again. The dealers, most of them, went prayerfully to their bankers, and then sweated trying to move great stocks of temporarily immovable cars. Some went to the wall, others quit in despair; the majority survived to undergo a very considerable prosperity. The story has been told and re-told.

Well, don't forget that when the company was faced with liabilities which out-

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bulked by millions its liquid assets, a gentleman from Wall Street kindly proffered a loan to tide it over the slack period, in return for what amounted to control by a banking group. How many of Ford's critics, I wonder, would remember to mourn his loss, had he accepted the bankers' offer? I venture to say there would be very few. Ford raised money by arbitrary methods, but at least he gave eventually saleable goods as security. What if he had lost control? Within a month or two a mountain of Ford stock would have burdened the country, as a mountain of Dodge Brothers stock burdened it later on. But the Ford stock would have appeared in much greater quantities and would have commanded a much higher price. The speculative structure built up by General Motors would have been immensely enlarged by Ford. The present depression would have come sooner and might have been even more ruinous.

In the days of prosperity we heard many pæans sung in honor of the great-hearted folks who offered the nation a share in the prosperity of Dodge Brothers. Little attention was paid to the other side of the story—that the buyers of Dodge got back their immense purchase price within a month or two by selling stock to the public, and then serenely left it to the technical force to maintain the stock at a rating which would make it a profitable medium for sweatless gain. Still less attention was paid to the army of workers who were dragooned into supporting the new financial superstructure of the old foundrymen's enterprise.

Today it may be noted that working conditions did not improve after the nation had been let in on Dodge Brothers. When I was stationed at the Dodge plant in 1928, I could not help observe the increasing proportion of women among the factory force—and they were working fiercely, in the body and wheel departments, smeared with paint and varnish and clothed in overalls. It reminded me of the war years. Moreover, living as I did in a working-class section of the city, half a mile or so from the plant, I heard much talk of the perpetual struggle over piecework rates. One chap I knew quit his job on the Dodge motor line and went bartending. Speed-up, rate-cutting, spasmodic rushes and peremptory lay-offs were too much for him.

In all likelihood the transfer of Ford control to the willing bankers would have brought similar conditions at once in the plants of the Ford Motor Company. And, viewing the career of Ford criticism, I am inclined to think that, whether or not Ford still held a place with the company, the blame for the new, intensive exploitation would be visited upon his head. If he had stayed in, he would be credited with inspiring it; and if he had got out, he would be said to have betrayed his trusting workers to Mammon.

II

There is no sense in denying that the well-publicized five-day week was instituted for reasons far more exigent, to say the least, than those advanced by Ford. The assertion that consumption of goods would be increased by workers turned loose an extra day each week with less money than formerly in their pockets—when formerly their annual wage was far from sufficient—was so palpably foolish that, had not the press hailed the story with swooning enthusiasm, only the feeble-minded would have been taken in.

Likewise, the huge enlargement of the student body at the Ford Trade School, on the ground that the habit of regular,

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useful labor would turn the minds of the young from crime; and the assignment of the enlarged student body to production work, on the ground that the youngsters needed the experience of labor under standard shop conditions—and this at a time when the company was interested in reducing labor costs to the minimum! . . . Well, unrevolted as I am by the idea of child labor, I nevertheless admit that its extension at Ford's was carried out in a way which seemed to me pretty middling mean. But when the nation's press gets out its blackest type and plasters Ford's shabby moral rationalization on its front page, and when the State educational authorities gurglingly agree that school work may very well include the mass production of radiators, one can hardly say that industrial Pecksniffery lacks respectable public encouragement in our fair land.

On the other hand, when Ford has offered opinions odd and original but sometimes bitingly and penetratingly true, the press has not hesitated to ridicule him in a rather heated fashion. Particularly when his talk has touched a tender spot in the body politico-economic, such as finance, tariffs, railway transport, or the ways of politicians or privileged industries. Perhaps it is only logical that, having decided on a necessary industrial measure, Ford should learn to serve it to the press under a heap of tripe. That is what the American newspapers seem to fatten on.

Similarly, the retreat from Zion, accomplished in a manner as abrupt as it was ungraceful, had the look of being thoroughly disingenuous. Who, indeed, will believe that Ford was an innocent bystander in the seven-year harassment of the Chosen People? Yet the press pretty generally let him get away with an apology to that effect. Not that the Ford anti-Semite campaign, in my judgment, did any harm to speak of. Those who made most of it seemed to me to be the most objectionable folk who rate themselves as Jewish—just as those who make the most of anti-Irish campaigns are often the least bearable of the Gaels.

Even Ford's fight against the technical trickery of the licensed motor car manufacturers—a fight which lasted eight years, which was carried on almost single-handed by the Ford Motor Company, and which prevented the trustification of the industry—has not been permitted to go without criticism. A well-known encyclopedia contains an article on the subject which claims that Ford's victory disrupted the whole pattern of technical advance in automotive design. The fact is that fruition of the licensed makers' plans would have made the industry a closed cartel, from which improvements in design would have been permitted to trickle into the market only as a last resort for stimulating sales, and by means of which the price of motor cars would have been maintained at a point artificially high.

In 1922 Ford shut down his plants in protest against high fuel prices. Within a few days a whole section of the country was getting the benefit of lower-priced coal. Yet I have read editorials solemnly regretting the existence of one-man industrial control in the Ford Motor Company, and based on this very shut-down. The authors of these editorials pretended to think that the few days of unemployment were immensely more important than the widespread sticking-up of the community by the coal operators.

In 1924 the Farmer-Laborites met and made Ford the butt of some extremely sour scoffing. In 1925 he resisted monopoly in the steel industry by ordering a shipload of rails from Belgium, and drew upon himself the moral indignation of the

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late Judge Gary, who flamingly resented the unpatriotic character of an act which took bread from the mouths of American workingmen. These were the same American workingmen who were enjoying long hours and seven-day weeks under Judge Gary's rule when they were employed; and who were furnished thrills and exercise under the ministrations of mounted police and corporation thugs when they quit work in protest.

Judge Gary came righteously to the front again as a Ford critic when the five-day week was announced in 1926. Accustomed to regard Ford, it may be, as an irresponsible trouble-maker for Big Business, he accepted the story of the new short week at its very thin face value, and stentoriously assaulted its author for his violation of Sound Economics. An accomplished master of Chadbandry, he seemed to be sucked in completely by the publicity tactics which accompanied a measure almost purely opportunistic in its motives.

As the Ford Motor Company has expanded, struggled, retrenched—has developed, in a word—it has left behind it a steadily growing string of alumni, several of them abruptly heaved from their jobs after serving for years. During the tension of 1926-27, when the Chevrolet assault was under way, whole departments were wiped out. The Dearborn *Independent* suspended in 1927, and three plant publications were telescoped into one. All in all, the reputation that Ford has for unpredictable head-lopping seems fairly well deserved. On occasion he has tried to explain his spells of peremptory firing by an appeal to administrative hygiene. Personally, I incline to regard them as the result of mindless rumination, irrational and inevitable to a very large extent. When a drinking man breaks crockery, the liquor is the excuse. When an abstainer breaks men, seemingly at random, I do not require a rational explanation, for I have no confidence that sobriety and logic are twins.

Dean Marquis, suddenly demounted from a place at the head of the company welfare department, in the early 'twenties published a book mildly critical of Ford. Pipp, once editor of the *Independent*, became one of Ford's severest critics, publishing his tales first in paper-bound volumes and continuing them at great length in his own local magazine, which had the look of a collection of realty publicity and advertising, with "inside stuff" on Ford and the company for seasoning. The latest volume of Ford criticism to come to my notice is from the pen of Walter Cuningham, with whom I used to have friendly contact when visiting the publicity department at Ford's. I am informed that the book, published by the author, has been suppressed, at least in effect, by the company. I have not studied it very thoroughly, but what I have read of it does not impress me. The "hell of repetitious labor" gets some pointed attention, of which it has had a good deal in the past; and Ford is held up to execration as a supreme destroyer of home life, because of the Ford employment of the three-shift day!

III

Ford production methods, with their automatic machines, intensive division of labor, and extensive application of the conveyor system, have been condemned for years as destructive of Individuality, Craftsmanship, the Creative Instinct, and the Joy of the Laborer in His Work. Humane hearts have bled without ceasing for the men condemned to the soul-destroying business of tending machines,

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or of performing repetitive operations eight hours daily at punch presses or on assembly lines. Friends of Man have been chilled by the spectacle of thousands of regimented robots identified by numbered badges instead of names.

Worse yet, Ford's hapless automata have been pictured as perpetually harassed by Service men, ridden by bosses, goaded into continually fiercer efforts to maintain production schedules at ever higher marks. Increased production schedules, it has been said, are met merely by running conveyors at higher speeds, forcing the line workers to hit a more frantic pace.

In 1927, B. C. Forbes gave a prolonged play to personal recitals by workers of the indignities and injustices prevailing in the Ford plants. Penny sheets published by Communist nuclei in Detroit plants made me familiar with such complaints long before I left the company's employ. Moreover, I put in two years at the Highland Park plant on a shop job, and three more gathering material on manufacturing processes generally in the Ford organization, and thus have some knowledge of conditions at first hand.

To the Friends of Humanity who are revolted by the standardization of labor in Ford plants, I can say that, in my experience, the drudgeries, go-as-you-please unruliness, and gone-to-seed carelessness of a nice, homey, old railroad shop are a hell of a lot harder to put up with. Moreover, the worker at Ford's who wants to become skilled in some line demanding real craftsmanship can find ample opportunity to learn it on the premises, and also a far richer field than formerly in which to practice after he has learned. The construction and repair of machines require much finer craftsmanship than was called for by the machine-shop work of yesterday, and there is much more of it needed. As for the anguish of the humanitarians over the matter of identification by badge, this is simply an indication of the feeble and confused grasp which humanitarians have of the basic necessities of modern production. It symptomizes what I think is the bankruptcy of Liberal reformist thought.

Respecting the horrors of working conditions under Ford, I can say that any industrial job may be made to seem terrible by someone who personally has found it so. I am aware that, as production slackens, Service men begin walking the aisles at Ford's, seeking for men to lay off. The force must be cut down, and any excuse for laying a man off is likely to be good enough at such times. Regarding the technique of the speed-up, I am doubtful that it is as simple as it is said to be. Stanley B. Mathewson, who has recently completed a survey on the restriction of output by unorganized workers, declares that he found no difficulty in working on what reputedly was the fastest assembly line at Ford's, and that he never found a Ford job that was without its rest pause, despite the impression of relentless speed got from the visitor's bridge. H. Dubreuil, in "Robots or Men?" offers testimony to the same effect.

Mathewson has other comments to offer on Ford's. Ford workmen, he says, differed from those at hundreds of other plants studied, in that they made no attempt to restrict production under normal conditions—that is, unless a lay-off loomed. He puts this down to straight-time wages plus measured production. Where piecework was the rule, Mathewson found invariably that workmen restricted their output, the object being to avoid rate-cuts and the subsequent performance of more work for the same or smaller pay. And the piecework system prevails generally in

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the automotive industry apart from Ford's.

The proletarian penny sheets of Detroit used to report labor trouble in plenty at other automotive plants, but only complaints from Ford's. I have been told that Ford workers do not organize because they are watched too closely—but espionage, thuggery, and even company ownership of segregated workers' towns have failed to prevent labor trouble in the coal and steel industries. I have been told also that Ford workmen cannot restrict output because they are paced by a conveyor system—but conveyor systems are universal in the automotive industry and have proved no barrier to restriction of production by workers, as many cases investigated by Mathewson show.

The fact is, I think, that working conditions in the automotive industry have been worse in plants outside of Ford control than in those under it. For one thing, most non-Ford automotive enterprises are primarily financial ventures, with one foot in the stock selling and stock manipulation business, and the other on the neck of the employé personnel. For another, the prevalence of piecework is practically certain proof of a continual struggle to run labor costs as low as possible, and production totals as high. Piecework, nine times in ten, is trickery—not in theory, but in practice. Yet the sufferings of workmen in modern industry are nearly always identified with Ford's.

The answer? Well, Ford is identified everywhere with the idea of efficient mass-production—whereas General Motors, for example, is identified with finance and the stock market, or—less often—with a great central laboratory and an elaborate test track. The Ford Rouge plant is known everywhere as the largest and most advanced concentration of efficient production in the world; everyone goes there to see rationalized industry at its topmost phase of development; it is talked of and studied everywhere. On the other hand, one may be in Detroit for months before learning the whereabouts of the various General Motors plants; they are rather widely scattered and lack the interest attaching to rationalization, diversity, immensity, and so on; probably one will never visit one save by accident; few people bother to study them or write about them; it occurs to practically no one that there may be significance in the working conditions obtaining there.

When a man says that he has worked in Detroit, the question almost invariably follows: "Who did you work for—Ford?" What happens to a Ford worker is considered interesting and significant, and it is taken for granted that exploitation at Ford's must represent the utmost in nerve-racking intensity and speed. So the critics, by irresistible attraction, are moved to concentrate upon working conditions at Ford's, quite omitting to ponder the fact that the perpetual worrying and cheating involved in piecework production systems may be the worst features of exploitation in modern industry.

IV

Of late, as everyone knows, there has been a depression, and Ford has reduced his payroll, from all reports, faster even than the depression has warranted, by parcelling out production on contract to shops where wages are low. Moreover, he now inclines to sit tight, letting the community support the horde of hapless men he has thrust from his gates. Isn't here a crying example of the selfish irresponsibility of the employer of labor? Unemployment is everybody's business; his

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profits are his own. Here is a spectacle which should convince the most reactionary of the need for unemployment insurance. We must teach the employers of labor that they owe it to the community to make provision for those who have borne the burdens of profitable production in normal times.

But must we?

Let me ask those sanguine and humane persons who are so sure that Henry Ford owes a responsibility to the community whether the community has ever acknowledged a responsibility toward him? When he got his first little old rattleshake into the street, Detroit complained of him as a pest and talked about him as being a trifle mad. When he tried to build automobiles for a wide market, two companies, officered by enterprising citizens, made him quit. When he formed a third company, he had to fight continually for consent to expand his plant for higher production, lower prices, and more sales. It was not until he actually bought complete control at a huge price that he could square away on his chosen industrial road.

Did the community flutter a finger when Ford, staggering under pressing debts, seemed about to lose control of his business? For eighteen years the company had expanded and prospered in defiance of economic wiseacreism, and Detroit had grown prosperous and famous because of it. Yet I am not aware that it went forth to bond itself that the industry built up by Henry Ford might remain in his control. Twice, in later years, when the municipality staggered under debts, Ford came through with loans; but it was not a matter of reciprocity. No, when the company was going sweet, it was "Detroit's World-Famous Industry"—"Dynamic Detroit's"; pardon me—but when Henry seemed on the verge of losing it, why that was a private matter. Not fifty-fifty, it seems to me.

Has the community worried, either, about the company's being stuck up by the steel industry, the aluminum trust, and other privileged businesses? Or has it done any lying awake nights over the never-ending struggle of the railways to hornswoggle the company into higher freight rates on materials? Hardly. All these troubles it has been permitted to keep to itself.

The community has loved only one thing about the Ford Motor Company—wages. These Ford wages it has always appreciated to the point of ecstasy, even if it has never understood why they have been so plentifully paid. Right from the start it was strong for them. On the tick, its landlords and its householders who had room to spare began to mark up rents and prices, preparing to absorb, by the stroke of a penny pencil, what the Ford Motor Company had made possible by investing millions in money and incalculable sums in sweat of body and brain. By the accident or speculative foresight of land rights, the community set out to soak up the productively earned wages that Ford paid his men. And to soak them up in advance—on spec.

That was the fine old progressively and individualistically American idea. Rents and site values in the city were kited to meet every future raise in wages or inrush of new employés. Frog pastures miles from the center of town blossomed with realtors' signs, street designations, and ornamental lamps, all ready to "take care" of production for years to come. It was great. The retailers of goods did their best, too, to keep up with the racket, but on the whole there is no doubting that the land-holding section of the citizenry profited most effortlessly and best.

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Well, Henry Ford started in a rented shop, and he couldn't very well buy enough of the Detroit area to keep his workers from being stuck up for the right to inhabit a convenient part of the earth. First and foremost he was a producer, and a producer he has remained. His tariff protection never did him an ounce of good: from the first he was able to cross any foreign tariff line, while no foreign rival, even if tariff-free, could crowd in on him. In recent years certain monopoly rights to natural resources and rights-of-way have been added to the Ford industries; but they have taken their place in the pattern of production. No attempt has been made by Ford to make them the basis of stock-selling enterprises, and to extort from the community the maintenance cost of the inflated result. Ford's ventures into monopoly have been made to protect the company against the extortions practiced by privileged business, never for the purpose of taking toll of the consumer. Ford talks nonsense now and then regarding the blessings of individualism in the electric power and other rackets, but that does not alter the fact that his own relation to privilege has been free of attempts to exploit the public.

The Ford Motor Company, from the core out, is the nearest thing to a strictly productive, strictly unprivileged big industry we have. Handicapped from the start by the exactions of privileged business, it has survived by the intensive employment of industrial efficiency. We must not make the mistake of regarding Ford as a wholly free agent. Privilege has had him under pressure from the beginning. His critics are prone to think that industrial necessity starts only when one nears the assembly line. It starts with material prices, raised artificially by tariff or monopoly, which the company must pay. And remember that the company, in slack times, cannot sit back and watch gas or electric meters click and collect for cubic feet or kilowatt-hours all the traffic will bear. When orders thin out, Ford must trim ship, and quickly, or the overhead will swallow the income.

Well, for twenty-eight years, as I hint, privileged business has been taking tribute from the Ford Motor Company; and for fifteen years, without raising a productive finger, privilege in the form of land monopoly has been soaking up the increased wages the company has paid its employés. Yet, as far as I know, the community has not worried about this a bit.

These are a few of the things, it seems to me, that should be pondered in these days of a reduced Ford payroll and an enlarged army of workless, moneyless men. To my mind they weigh considerable in the balance against the humane contention that the employer of labor is the fellow to be shaken down when the force has to be reduced and sustenance must be provided for the surplus.

Maybe, on the whole, it is the community that needs a lesson. Maybe the community needs to be sweated until it learns that soaking up the wages of production without producing is one of those snaps that finally don't operate. Maybe it needs to see thin times until it gets an inkling that toll-takers, not producers, should be made to bear the brunt of unemployment. Maybe it needs to be jolted and re-jolted until it finds a way, not to provide sustenance for jobless workers, but to insure that privilege gets not a cent of the proceeds of production, unless it gives a full equivalent in return.

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NEAR A FLAG

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

DAILY to display the Republic's flag, upon a very tall white pole beside the gateway, is the custom of that Virginian Summer resort which nowadays is best known to my inattentiveness. Since Cayford Cottage stands perched a noticeable distance higher than the other buildings at Mountain Lake, it follows that when I sit upon the porch, about my writing, then the flag and I are uplifted to a shared preëminence; and through the leisured daylit hours of seven Summers we have thus kept each other company, alone together in mid-air, at a large remove from the human affairs of earth.

It is a most favorable station in which to play with a portable typewriter and fantasies. No obligations intrude, nor do any practical affairs ever climb thus high, like sombre sheriffs, to arrest me at the suit of common-sense. To the left hand one may see only an ever-busy and robustious American flag and, some way beyond this, the long straight ridge of a mountain which walls off the eastern horizon with architectural neatness. I am aware of a far-off, very lazy jangling of cow-bells at times, or my consciousness perhaps records, without real conviction, the muffled chugging of a motor-car as it doggedly ascends the mountain upon which the flag and I are enthroned. Now and then I hear the blurred voices of men and women who are amusing themselves (as unintelligent persons, the philosophic will have noted, quite frequently do) by taking a brisk long walk, at a reassuring distance away from and beneath me. But of human affairs there is no visible sign anywhere in that high and bright isolation which I divide in mid-air with the flag of my country.

I imagine that the near-by heavens can regard neither of us as an æsthetic success. If I speak without firm conviction it is merely because of one party to this Summer-long tête-à-tête I am nowadays an inadequate judge. I have shaved his appearance far too often to appraise it with any interest: but I regard the flag without bias and with relative susceptibility. I regard it perforce whensoever I glance eastward: and this flag flutters intermittently through my thinking.

I note that those seven red stripes and those six white stripes are so alternated as to suggest the uniform of a convict; and this appears to me an illogical arrangement for the flag of a country which began as a partly penal settlement in his British Majesty's Colony of Virginia. I cannot understand why patriotism should thus flaunt to heaven, and proclaim as it were from the housetops, a fact which patriotism must necessarily hush up upon earth. That blue canton I know to contain some and forty stars; but for seven whole years I have tried without any success to count them, on that ever-moving flag, and thus to discover just how many States there are in the Republic which has now and again honored me with an appointment to Federal jury service.

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I observe that if the red and white stripes seem a little indiscreet, the blue canton may well reek with irreligion, in that it boldly attempts to improve upon the celestial plan by arranging its own stars in six parallel rows. The effect is more workmanlike perhaps; yet as a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, I am visited by doubts if this re-arrangement be not in rebellion against Article XIV of our faith, which would seem in plain terms to forbid any such supreme work of supererogation as arrogant and impious. I decide to bring up this question whensoever the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Laity may next be assembled in Convention. I then decide not to. I recollect, in the nick of time, that those some and forty white pentangles were borrowed from the Washington coat-of-arms, in which they did not represent stars but the rowels of spurs, so that, when the design is properly understood, no taint of impiety corrupts this flag.

Then I lament in the design of this flag a bleak banishment of the imaginative. The entire affair is mechanical: all is made rigidly, as if with the neat rule of a schoolmaster. This, to be sure, is the trend of all modern flags—to become variously colored problems in plane geometry,—yet I fall to wondering over these new-fangled attempts to compel men to thrill with loyalty toward one or another combination of straight lines and angles. Euclid did not discover patriotism, but only the *pons asinorum*: I prefer to think the two are not exactly synonymous.

This modern habit allows, for one matter, a variousness so narrow as to lead now and then to mere topsy-turvydom. In the event of further hostilities between Belgium and Germany, it occurs to me, each army nowadays would be mustered under the same three black and red and yellow stripes arrayed in a different order. Equally, should war befall between France and the Netherlands, all able-bodied freemen upon both sides would perforce rally, under the stimulus of patriotism and the draft laws, to support the same flag: whether it were most holy or most abominable, would depend solely upon whether this edge or the other were attached to the flagstaff. The apt corollary, that any virtue may become vicious in a horizontal position, could hardly be esteemed a good axiom for the nubile young: nor would matters be reasonably clarified should Yugoslavia become involved and enter into battle to assert the superiority of the same red and white and blue mixture when flown with the blue stripe topmost.

With the symbols of right and wrong thus plainly interchangeable, it seems possible that even the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Laity aforementioned, might be smitten with occasional dim doubts as to the righteousness of corporate arson and homicide *en masse*. . . . But at this point I desist, before the fidgetings of my innate piety, from that poor palliative of so much very slatternly writing which is known, they tell me, as the *monologue intérieur*, or as "the stream of consciousness method."

I desist also because I grant such reflections to be merely rational. They are but such little truths as may frolic piddlingly, as gnats might dance, about yonder large embodiment of a wild and noble fiction. A flag, after all, does very grandly fly in the face of logic to symbolize the honor of a nation. None can define that inconceivable compost of land, and of tradition, and of forests, and of buildings, and of cultural limitations, and of mutually repugnant human beings, and of pandemic prejudice, and of insane legal

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fictions, and of yet other unrelated odds and ends, which combine to form a "nation." Most of us will encounter somewhat Falstaffian difficulties should we set about any definition of "honor." It follows that if the average man were a creature so abject as to submit to being bullied by his intelligence, he would dismiss these really incomprehensible notions as non-existent: but as it is, he does much better. He reveres and he serves—here as in a great many other instances—an abstraction which his faculties cannot pretend to grasp, and into the high habitations of which no sort of logic may intrude, after the fashion of a census taker, with blunt questionings.

He elects for this indefensible course: and the flag of his native land, like the weight of his given word and the chastity of his womankind, is kept sacred by his irrational faith. For the patriot everywhere, it may be observed, remains always exceedingly careful lest his country's banner become besmirched by any touch of that bloody sponge which is his brain. He very much prefers to find in his heart a deep and awful understanding that whether this or the other stripe be topmost in the flag which a man dies under is, somehow, as important as whether God or the Devil be topmost in the world he is bound for. The flag of every land is thus made a masterwork of romance: and my point is but that it should in its appearance honor duly its creator.

Here the Chinese Empire, for example, displayed a reasonableness which the Chinese Republic did not preserve when the latter dispossessed from the Chinese flag a dragon from out of a fairy tale in favor of a sunrise out of the day's weather report. A sunrise is real; it is even useful: it has no least kinship with any sort of patriotic sentiment. A flag may very properly be emblazoned with a dragon—or with a tarask, or with a phœnix, or with a salamander, or with any other flamingly irrational monster which, like that wild magnanimity the flag typifies, has existed only in human faith. Yet I do not insist that every national flag should burgeon with just such prodigies. I would merely remark, in confidence, to my fellow patriots, that through our ever-present need to cherish reverently six white stripes and seven red stripes and the tip ends of forty-some spurs, we are being subjected to a considerable strain.

I reflect upon the handsome insignia beneath which more lucky generations have been assessed and butchered: and for any one of these heroic standards a liquescent barber's pole seems a poor substitute. I reflect likewise that we have all seen red and white striped peppermint candy so often as to regard a representation of it, upon howsoever liberal a scale, with comparative calm. It is a spectacle which, in itself, connotes rather less of high-mindedness than of an over-cloying and sticky saccharinity; and I imagine that in this aspect it may rhetorically mislead a great many patriotic orators. I wish, in fine, that both the flag and I were somewhat different looking.

II

For good or ill, though, this especial flag in the while that I write remains my ever-present companion and the sole chaperon of my adventures in phrase-shaping. Beyond the flag, as I have said, appears only the unbroken line of one long forest-covered mountain like a large green wall. Every tilted acre of this, when I sit down to my writing in June, is steeped with sunlight. The trees are, to my unlearned eyes, indistinguishable in species the one from

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another at this distance, except that I note the darker green of the hemlocks growing about the foot of the mountain, and I can see also the first chestnut blooms heave and glitter there, like a tremulous Milky Way of more numerously pointed white stars. Above the flag are the wide heavens, of a less Prussianized blue than is that reorganized firmament in the canton of the flag; and about these heavens, now that Spring is ending, move unbelievably large clouds, like the ghosts of dead mountains in a repentant search of Mahomet.

The flag moves also, but more variously. In the brisk thin atmosphere it appears outrageously alive. Billows scutter across it convulsively from the pole to the outer end and are flipped rattlingly into the air. The flag collapses and lolls futilely, now to one side, now another. Then, rampant, it snaps and splutters as if in extreme moral indignation. It strains furiously to the north. It whips about, with new vigor, eastward. It jumps and yelps and fawns about the pole like an excited spaniel. It curls like the shavings under a carpenter's plane, it curvets like a restive horse, and it plays at being a triangular pennant, all in the same moment. It is irrational and garish and undignified—and indomitable. This flag in brief stirs up a quite creditable commotion which says, if it says anything: "Look at me! look at me!"

I remark that as the flag moves thus restlessly above the unseen persons whose talking I hear every now and then, so do the heavens move inexorably in their old order above its demented flutterings. No cloud (so far as I have observed) is controlled in its journey by any interstate commerce law; rain, snow and lightning descend in frank disregard of all possible tariff duties; the sun does not pause for an American passport, nor do the stars enter into this flag's domain in a quota properly determined by Congress. It is almost as though the Kingdom of Heaven had not yet formally recognized the United States of America.

I become for a little while depressed by nature's continued failure to honor my nation, or for that matter the human race, with any least attention. I remember that these so large and impassive skies have seen over-many flags and far too many writers. With all those ancient national standards which but recently marched through my mind, and with some thousands of other national standards, now forever evicted from human reverence into oblivion's scrap-pile and a pedant's occasional mention, I wonder that my friend Mr. Atkins, the night watchman, should think it worth his while to be hoisting this doomed bit of bunting every morning and to be lowering it at sunset precisely. With all those English classics gathering dust upon library shelves, I wonder why anybody should think it worth his while to be writing, as I set about unpacking the portable typewriter. That fellow Shakespeare, for example, has his following of besotted admirers who will say in any case that the man's work is now and then as good as, or even better than, the masterpieces I may tap out this Summer. The writings of Milton also will be ranked above mine by many persons who have never read a line of either of our writings: and Chaucer will retain his immunity from all fair comparisons, in the impregnability of his Middle English, for months after my next book is out.

The flag too has touched a moment of weariness. The flag now droops to the further side of the white pole limply. You would say that a swollen, brightly striped leech with a dark head had toiled to the top of this pole and were clinging there, tired and sated.

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Then I begin to write. The flag quivers and it contorts itself, as yet indecisively. I observe that the long mountain is pockmarked here and there with that twilight which the taller trees retain within their foliage. As the June day grows toward noon, these rounded shadows become elongated into horizontal smudges, and I wonder without any deep interest what causes this. The flag lifts sidewise once or twice, very uncertainly, moving as though with pulses of senile desire. It droops without attaining erection. I continue to write.

Now and again one of those large wandering clouds, only a little way above us, oppresses some leagues of the mountain with a scudding continent of darkness, and such parts of the mountain as stay unobscured are tinged with a thin wash of gold. Upon these tranquil and clear July mornings (for we have somehow got into July) the green mountain has everywhere a metallic gleaming, which nods and tosses and heaves in the sunlight with a large indolence that I discover to be infectious. At times, when the wind rises, the whole mountain ripples with a multitudinous gray-green flowing, where the under sides of the leaves are exposed. Billows cross the flag convulsively from the pole to the outer end, and they are deported thence with vicious jerks of unmistakably official incivility. I write on and on, with somewhat the staidness of a certified accountant. As July passes (to the tapping and lightly tinkling and bumping noise of my typewriter), then the white chestnut blossoms ascend the mountain dispersedly, and they darken to creamy yellow and thence to bronze, and after that the chestnut-trees melt into the prevailing greenness indistinguishably. I continue to write.

The flag becomes fretful: it collapses and it lolls futilely, now to one side, now another. It of a sudden unfurls with violence. It ramps. It snaps and splutters as if in extreme moral indignation. Otherwise there is no change save that with the coming of August, now that I am laboriously recopying all my first drafts, the air has become faintly hazed, as though the mountain were viewed through soiled glass. The flag strains furiously to the north. It whips about, with new vigor, eastward, now that the flag and I are visited in our shared isolation by turkey buzzards. These circle and slant and glide about us, and they otherwise disport their obscene bodies with an incredible gracefulness such as would have mightily uplifted the heart of Charles Baudelaire. I pause in my writing when one of them drifts by upon a level with me, so near than I can see the glint of his small, round, and singularly cold eye. His beak is a triangular gleaming, and his relaxed feet gleam also. The sunlight shines through his extended motionless wings so that they appear pearl-colored and luminous and such as a seraph might use on workdays. He decides that I am not yet food for him and departs with light indolence. I continue to write.

The flag jumps and yelps and fawns about the pole like an excited spaniel. Meanwhile I write in half-drugged absorption, and the same air which sustains the flag with continuous liveliness moves the paper in my typewriter so that it also flaps and crackles.

The chestnut-trees are once more discernible, for a blight has attacked them. This begins, as did the blooming, with the chestnut-trees rooted about the foot of the mountain. One by one these ailing trees emerge from the staid verdancy of the forest as flamboyant lemon-yellow splotches, which, as the leaves die, deepen into

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brown splotches: then the chestnut-trees just above them on the mountain side are altered in the same way, and the contagion spreads thus visibly to their yet higher kindred. A vagrant and vivid changing in this manner ascends the broad mountain side, dispersedly, all through the latter part of August. I moralize, in an appropriate purpureal prose passage, thus to observe discolored and tattered death going tortuously through the Summer woods without ever swerving from the path by which beauty and new life ascended but a month ago when the chestnut-trees were about their blooming. The flag is not interested by my rhetoric. The flag curls like the shavings under a carpenter's plane, it curvets like a restive horse, and it plays at being a triangular pennant.

Meanwhile I write, and recopy everything for the third time. Twilight comes earlier now, a good hour earlier than when I began with my writing. My working day is shortened, the air smells of burning brushwood, and it will soon be time to be closing Cayford Cottage for the Winter. The bull bat now hunts by day, and the starlings have given up home life: they pass everywhither about the mountains in volatile and disputatious mobs. Otherwise the calm of Indian Summer prevails, and the flag droops to the farther side of the white pole. You would say that a swollen, brightly striped leech with a dark head had toiled to the top of this pole and were clinging there, tired and sated.

III

So is it that throughout the Summer I observe very few and quite unimportant happenings going on eastward, to my left hand, where the flag supervises every sentence of my writing. So is it too that I do not often look eastward. When I set about that daily diversion which for euphony's sake I describe as my work, I turn well toward the west, where the vista is otherwise. Westward all the mountain beneath me, to which the northern corner of Cayford Cottage is more or less firmly attached, sinks away with an abruptness so decisive that the cottage porches jut from the mountain side very much as shelves project from a wall. Westward I look across my typewriter keys downward, and always downward, and yet further downward, through naked air. If my privacy be considerable as concerns the east, then occidentally it attains completeness inasmuch as the eye can rest upon nothing whatever within the next ten miles westward from the porch railing.

Your gaze reaches, by-and-by, the summit of ancient woods and can then detect, to the remoter side of a broad carpet of moving tree-tops, a worldwide, very far-away country which appears to be woven of blue smokes and of green mists. It seems a familiar country. Yonder, I notice, are the forests lying like dark flung-by scarves upon the paler green of cleared fields: yonder are the rivers like narrow shinings; and under the full fall of sunlight a national highway peeps out here and there like the rigid little line of mercury inside a thermometer. Yet further westward all melts bafflingly into a pearl-colored sky without any assured bounds set anywhere between the ends of earth and the beginnings of heaven. The entire vista, in short, is very much as it was when Florian de Puysange gazed down from the high place in Acaire. Yonder, I am now and then persuaded, stands Poictesme, just as the province existed in the mid-Summer of 1723.

Yet I prefer to remain unhidebound topographically. For upon other days the

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west turns clearer, and out of it lift many flat-topped mountains like a herd of gigantic crocodiles all couched across the west and facing north. About these saurian-shaped mountains move somewhat uncanny clouds, like walls and crags and huge drifting curtains and tall icebergs, like marble cliffs and like complete citadels, because from Cayford Cottage these clouds are seen sidewise, and their astonishing height is thus revealed in a fashion not to be guessed at when you look up at their flat under side from some lower altitude. To the south-west I observe the two hills which have the shape of a sleeping woman with her hair outspread, just such a pair of hills as Gerald Musgrave saw when he came jauntily to Mispec Moor, and looked down (from the plain comforts of a cottage in many ways not unlike Cayford Cottage) upon the unvisited uplands of Gerald Musgrave's appointed kingdom. Yonder, only a little way to the west, I am now and then persuaded, stands his all-glorious goal just as the realm of Antan existed in the mid-Summer of 1805.

The landmarks are all blended so confusingly that one may not say, with any real conviction, from out of just which century this vista survives, nor whether this faraway broad land may be Antan or Poictesme or some yet other magic country. It suggests, for example, Broceliande; it has many points in common with the Forest of Arden; it resembles Avalon; yet there is an assured whiff of El Dorado about it mingled with an undeniable hint of the Hesperides. I in any event regard this dubious and remote place with exceeding contentment during the pauses of my writing; and it is westward that I look in pursuit of every elusive word or of the smoother turn for a refractory sentence. Meanwhile, the flag strains and flaps unseen, but forever near to me.

Now this flag's fleet, unflagging, flippity-flop flapping speaks always of sturdy and reputable concerns. It reminds me that I am in point of fact looking down upon the Commonwealths of Virginia and West Virginia and Kentucky and Tennessee. It recalls the varied industries which thrive there. It speaks of no futile faëry kingdom but of practical affairs—reminding me of the stone-crushing plant and of the new railway bridge which have smartened up Bellegarde, of the excellent filling station where Jurgen formerly lived, and of the electric power plant and the fine steam laundry now operated upon the late site of the Master Philologist's House of Judgment. It speaks of "the American scene," and it urges me (in its more highflown moments) to be "autochthonous."

It twits too. It reminds me of unused knowledge as to the coal mines and the mountaineers down yonder which I have not ever prinked into fiction. It points out that the sincere and ponderable novelist will depict the life in which he has shared, since with this life alone is he familiar; and it adds too a friendly suggestion that such books with no nonsense about them sell a great deal better.

It reminds me that the supreme duty of the American writer, as of each foreign notability upon his first visit to our country, is to express a comprehensive and not over flattering opinion as to the present polity and culture of the United States of America. It says, in brief, "Look at me! look at me!" somewhat as I can recall my small son when at long last he had conquered the art of hopping on his left leg to have cried out over and over again, just as pertinaciously, "Look at me! look at me!"

But I, in the while that I write, am not guided by the flag's long-headed and sound advice. I disregard the flag to an extent

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which I would not care to discuss with the patriotic daughters of any of our wars: and I look westward when I am writing, toward a land in very little resembling a confluence of four Middle Atlantic States, or any other part of America.

Another sort of flag protects those forests and uplands and wild heaths which are the haunts of all magics. No wonder is strange to it. The refugees from every collapsed mythology have found under the flag of this land a grateful haven: and all those superb bright monsters of which I was thinking just now, as the most fit symbols for patriotism and the other nobler human virtues, have entered into this flag's protection like high-minded expatriates offended by the materialism of scientific research.

It follows that (amid a vegetation which happily blends the very best features of all zones) the fauna of this westward country has become pleasingly various. There one may yet find, I am told, the horned Indian ants which are as large as leopards; there the mantichora (which, it will be recalled, has aspiringly combined the head of an elderly man with the horns of an ox and the feet of a dragon and the stings of four scorpions) consorts with yet other fine zoölogical medleys from out of the Book of Revelation; and there the desert-roving unicorn continues faithfully to worship the Dog Star with sneezes until some virgin or another virgin shall have betrayed him into captivity as lightly as though the monster were just the husband whom she preferred. Upon such commonplace creatures as the chimera, the wyvern, the hydra, the cockatrice, the centaur, and the hippogriffin here is no need to dwell, I imagine, inasmuch as one must accept them as a matter of course in a land wherein they appear to be no rarer than mares or hunting dogs.

IV

The people who live under this flag are to me a far more grave concern. I may not certainly divine how the inhabitants of a long dead era which labors under the yet further disadvantage of not ever having existed can still retain in this western land an undiminished vitality: but I do know that somehow this has been brought about, through one or another inexplicable outwitting of death and of piety and of common-sense: and whensoever during the last seven Summers I have looked westward a few of these people have docilely trooped forth to sit for their portraits.

Kings, princesses and swineherds; abbots, pawnbrokers and wizards; armed champions and tattered beggars and irremediable poets and innumerous witches according to their degrees—all these, along with sundry proconsuls and gods and saints and dukes and a platoon or so of evil or beneficent spirits—all these have come to me from out of that topsy-turvy west, at one time or another, with an aspect at once wooing and derisive, and seeming very glorious in all the finer colors of sunset. They have rendered me each a frank account of his own improbable doings. They have brought with them love, heroism, wit, loyalty, some humane follies, and a tonic skepticism; they have evoked an interest such as I have not yet invested in my contemporaries nor even in every one of the members of my own family circle; and all these faintly smiling, not wholly human creatures have teased me, now for some seven Summers, to bring about their immigration from out of this multi-colored province into the black and white pages of my books.

They smiled, as I now know, because of my assured inability to manage this:

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and yet they have not scowled over the one or the other sad parody which I have made of their loveliness whensoever I attempted to obey them. Instead they have returned smilingly, quite as though my books did not matter, into their more comely and satisfying everyday life yonder. They have gone back into that unique land desired by all poets in which one may live with more competence; in which every least action is very nobly rounded off with the right gesture and with wholly adequate talking; and into which no one of our terrene shortcomings, in the way of timid vice or of stinted virtue, may ever intrude any shabbiness. They have forgotten me and my tinkling typewriter, in brief, very lightly, without fretting over the caricatures which I have made of their elfin splendors so laboriously: and I too have put these elusive shining people out of mind, for my own comfort's sake, now that another book about "men as they ought to be" has been botched through in one way or another to its last bungled paragraph.

It is all a rather heartbreaking business; that half-revealed land remains tauntingly unattainable: yet I continue to prefer these not wholly human people to my contemporaries. So does it come about that at Cayford Cottage I sit with my back turned to the ever-busy flag of my own native Republic, and that I look westward whensoever I write, toward the unique land which these people inhabit. I then believe (at least temporarily) that all which my heart desires happens instantly in this lovely land; I believe that my bankrupt dreams all prosper in this faraway country radiantly; and I believe too that upon the national flag which waves over all its unseen towns and fortresses one would discover ramping a silver stallion.

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THE VOYAGE OF THE *BUFORD*

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

On June 15, 1917, the offices of our magazine, *Mother Earth,* were raided by the Federal authorities, and Sasha (Alexander Berkman) and I were placed under arrest for writing against the Conscription Act. A farcical trial ensued, at the end of which we were sentenced to two years in prison and a fine of $10,000 each. Sasha was sent to Atlanta, and I was sent to the Federal penitentiary at Jefferson, Mo. I was released on September 28, 1919, and Sasha was set free on October 1. Immediately we were placed under a bond of $15,000 each, pending a hearing before the Immigration Bureau, which was determined on deporting us as dangerous aliens.

The hearing was set for October 27. Sasha refused to appear on the ground that the government had no right to determine the whereabouts of his person. I agreed with him in principle, but I was curious to know how the government had deprived me of my citizenship. I was a citizen according to American law, for my husband, Jacob Kershner, whom I married in 1887 and who died in 1909, was a citizen. It was true that I had not lived with him for very long and that I had not seen him for years after our separation, but we had never been legally divorced, and thus I retained his citizenship. But the protestations of my attorneys did not help, and on December 5, 1919, Sasha and I surrendered ourselves to the authorities.

We were immediately sent to Ellis Island, there to await our deportation. The room I was assigned to on the island already contained two occupants, Ethel Bernstein and Dora Lipkin, who had been rounded up at the raid of the Union of Russian Workers. The documents discovered there consisted of English grammars and text-books on arithmetic. The raiders had beaten up and arrested those found on the premises for possessing such inflammatory literature.

To my amazement I learned that the official who had signed the order for our deportation was Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor. It seemed incredible. Louis F. Post, ardent single-taxer, champion of free speech and press, former editor of the *Public*, a fearless Liberal weekly, the man who had flayed the authorities for their brutal methods during the McKinley panic, who had defended me, and who had insisted that even Leon Czolgoscz should be safeguarded in his constitutional rights—he now a champion of deportation! The radical who had offered to preside at a meeting arranged after my release in connection with the McKinley tragedy, now favoring such methods! I had been a guest at his home and entertained by him and Mrs. Post. We had discussed anarchism and he had admitted its idealist values, though he had doubted the practicability of their application. He had assisted us in various free-speech fights and he had vigorously protested by pen and voice against John Turner's de-

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portation. And he, Louis F. Post, had now signed the first order for deporting radicals!

Some of my friends suggested that Louis F. Post, being an official of the Federal government, could not go back on his oath to support the mandates of the law. They failed to consider that in accepting office and taking the oath he had gone back on the ideals he had professed and worked for during all his previous years. If he were a man of integrity, he should have remained true to himself and should have resigned when Wilson forced the country into war. He should have resigned at least when he found himself compelled to order the deportation of people for the opinions they entertained. I felt that Post had covered himself with ignominy.

The lack of stamina and backbone on the part of such American radicals was tragic. But why expect a braver stand from Louis F. Post than from his teacher Henry George, the father of Single Tax, who had betrayed my Chicago comrades at the eleventh hour? His voice carried great weight at the time and he could have helped to save the men in whose innocence he had believed. But political ambition proved stronger than his sense of justice. Louis F. Post was now following in the footsteps of his admired apostle.

I sought comfort in the thought that there still were some single-taxers of integrity and moral strength. Bolton Hall, Harry Weinberger, Frank Stephens (my comrades in many free-speech fights), Daniel Kiefer, and scores of others had stood their ground—against war and the new despotism. Frank Stephens, arrested as a conscientious objector, had in protest even declined to accept bail. Daniel Kiefer was another libertarian of true metal. Liberty was a living force in his private life as in his public activities. He was one of the first single-taxers to take an active part against America's entry into the war and against the "selective" draft. He heartily abhorred renegades of the type of Mitchell Palmer, Newton D. Baker, and other weak-kneed Quakers and pacifists. Nor did he spare his friend Louis F. Post.

Judge Julius M. Mayer, of the United States District Court, dismissed my lawyer Harry Weinberger's application for a writ of habeas corpus and refused to admit us to bail. But the hearing elicited valuable information. The attorney for the United States government stated that Jacob Kershner had been dead for years; in fact, he was dead at the time his citizenship was revoked, in 1909. The official admission definitely stamped the action of the Federal authorities as a deliberate attempt to deprive me of citizenship by disfranchising the *dead* Jacob Kershner.

Our counsel was not one to accept defeat easily. Beaten at one place, he would train his guns upon another. The United States Supreme Court was his next objective. He would apply for a writ of error, he informed us, and he would insist on our being admitted to bail. Then we could proceed with the fight for my citizenship. Harry was irrepressible, and I was glad to take advantage of every hour left me on American soil.

Sasha and I had long before decided to write a pamphlet on deportation. We knew that the Ellis Island authorities would confiscate such a manuscript, and it therefore became necessary to prepare and send it out secretly. We wrote at night, our room-mates keeping watch. In the morning, during our joint walks, we would discuss what we had written and exchange suggestions. Sasha made the final revision and gave it to friends to smuggle out.

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Each day brought scores of new candidates for deportation. From various States they came, most of them without clothes or money. They had been kept in jails for months and were then shipped to New York just as they were at the time of their unexpected arrest. In that condition they were facing a long voyage in the Winter. We bombarded our people with requests for clothing, blankets, shoes, and other wearing-apparel. Soon supplies began to arrive, and great was the rejoicing among the prospective deportees.

The condition of the emigrants on Ellis Island was nothing short of frightful. Their quarters were congested, the food was abominable, and they were treated like felons. These unfortunates had cut their moorings in the homeland and had pilgrimed to the United States as the land of promise, liberty, and opportunity. Instead they found themselves locked up, ill-treated, and kept in uncertainty for months. I marvelled that things had changed so little since my Castle Garden days of 1886. The emigrants were not permitted to mingle with us, but we managed to get from them notes that strained all our linguistic acquirements, almost every European language being represented. It was little enough we were in a position to do for them. We interested our American friends and did the best we could to show the forsaken strangers that not all of the United States was represented by official barbarians.

An attack of neuralgia proved very timely. The island dentist failed to alleviate my pain; the commissioner, however, refused to let my own dentist attend me. My agony becoming unbearable, I made a vigorous protest, and finally the island authorities promised to communicate with Washington for instructions. For forty-eight hours my teeth became a Federal issue. Secret diplomacy at last solved the great problem. Washington consented to let me go to my dentist, accompanied by a male guard and a matron.

Harry Weinberger was meeting with unexpected difficulties in Washington, due to bureaucratic pettiness and red tape. The clerk of the Supreme Court refused to accept his papers because they were not in printed form. Harry successfully appealed to Chief Justice White. On December 11 he was permitted to argue his motion, but the Court denied us the writ of error. A stay of deportation for Sasha was also refused. The documents in my case were ordered printed and returned within one week.

I decided that if Sasha was to be driven out of the country, I would go with him. He had come into my life with my spiritual awakening, he had grown into my very being, and his long Golgotha would for ever remain our common bond. He had been my comrade, friend, and co-worker through a period of thirty years; it was unthinkable that he should join the Revolution and I remain behind.

"You are staying to make the fight, aren't you?" Sasha asked me at recreation that day. I could do much for the deportees, he added, as well as for Russia, if I should establish my right to remain in the United States. The same old Sasha, I thought; always considering propaganda values first. I could hardly restrain the pang I felt over his detachment even at such a moment. Yet I knew the real Sasha; I knew that although he would not admit it even to himself, there was a great deal of the all-too-human underneath his rigid revolutionary exterior.

"It's no use, old scout," I said. "You can't get rid of me so easily. I have made my decision, and I am going with you."

He gripped my hand, but said nothing.

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Few days remained to us on the hospitable United States shores, and our girls were busy as beavers with the final preparations. No effort was too hard for my darling Stella, no task too difficult for our Fitzi. They went about their work with aching hearts, yet they were always cheery when with us. Separation from them and from Max, Helena, and other loved ones was poignant indeed. Some day we might all meet again, however—all except Helena. I entertained no such hopes concerning my poor sister. I had a feeling she could not last much longer, and I knew she intuitively echoed my thought. We clung to each other desperately.

II

Saturday, December 20 was a hectic day, with vague indications that it might be our last. We had been assured by the Ellis Island authorities that we were not likely to be sent away before Christmas, certainly not for several days to come. Meanwhile we were photographed, fingerprinted, and tabulated like convicted criminals. The day was filled with visits from numerous friends who came individually and in groups. Reporters also did not fail to honor us. Did we know when we were going, and where? And what were my plans about Russia? "I will organize a Society of Russian Friends of American Freedom," I told them. "The American Friends of Russia have done much to help liberate that country. It is now the turn of free Russia to come to the aid of America."

Harry Weinberger was still very hopeful and full of fight. He would soon get me back to America, he insisted, and I should keep myself ready for it. Bob Minor smiled incredulously. He was greatly moved by our approaching departure: we had fought together in many battles and he was fond of me. Sasha he literally idolized and he felt his deportation as a severe personal loss. Our visitors were about to leave when Weinberger was officially notified that we were to remain on the island for several more days. We were glad of it and we arranged with our friends to come again, perhaps for the last time, on Monday, no callers being allowed on the island on the Lord's day.

I returned to the pen I was sharing with my two girl comrades. The State charge of criminal anarchy against Ethel had been withdrawn, but she was to be deported just the same. She had been brought to America as a child; her entire family were in the country, as well as the man she loved, Samuel Lipman, sentenced to twenty years at Leavenworth. She had no affiliations in Russia and was unfamiliar with its language. But she was cheerful, saying that she had good cause to be proud: she was barely eighteen, yet she had already succeeded in making the powerful United States government afraid of her.

Dora Lipkin's mother and sisters lived in Chicago. They were working people too poor to afford a trip to New York, and the girl knew that she would have to leave without even bidding her loved ones good-bye. Like Ethel, she had been in the country for a long time, slaving in factories and adding to the country's wealth. Now she was being kicked out, but fortunately her lover was also among the men to be deported.

I had not met either of the girls before, but our two weeks on Ellis Island had established a strong bond between us. This evening my room-mates again kept watch while I was hurriedly answering important mail and penning my last farewell to our people. It was almost midnight

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when suddenly I caught the sound of approaching footsteps. "Look out, someone's coming!" Ethel whispered. I snatched up my papers and letters and hid them under my pillow. Then we threw ourselves on our beds, covered up, and pretended to be asleep.

The steps halted at our room. There came the rattling of keys; the door was unlocked and noisily thrown open. Two guards and a matron entered. "Get up now," they commanded, "get your things ready!" The girls grew nervous. Ethel was shaking as in fever and helplessly rummaging among her bags. The guards became impatient. "Hurry, there! Hurry!" they ordered roughly. I could not restrain my indignation. "Leave us so we can get dressed!" I demanded.

They walked out, the door remaining ajar. I was anxious about my letters. I did not want them to fall into the hands of the authorities, nor did I care to destroy them. Maybe I should find someone to entrust them to, I thought. I stuck them into the bosom of my dress and wrapped myself in a large shawl.

In a long corridor, dimly lit and unheated, we found the men deportees assembled, little Morris Becker among them. He had been delivered to the island only that afternoon with a number of other Russian boys. One of them was on crutches; another, suffering from an ulcerated stomach, had been carried from his bed in the island hospital. Sasha was busy helping the sick men pack their parcels and bundles. They had been hurried out of their cells without being allowed even time to gather up all their things. Routed from sleep at midnight, they were driven bag and baggage into the corridor. Some were still half-asleep, unable to realize what was happening.

I felt tired and cold. No chairs or benches were about, and we stood shivering in the barn-like place. The suddenness of the attack took the men by surprise and they filled the corridor with a hubbub of exclamations and questions and excited expostulations. Some had been promised a review of their cases, others were awaiting to be bailed out pending final decision. They had received no notice of the nearness of their deportation and they were overwhelmed by the midnight assault. They stood helplessly about, at a loss what to do. Sasha gathered them in groups and suggested that an attempt be made to reach their relatives in the city. The men grasped desperately at that last hope and appointed him their representative and spokesman. He succeeded in prevailing upon the island commissioner to permit the men to telegraph, at their own expense, to their friends in New York for money and necessaries.

Messenger boys hurried back and forth, collecting special-delivery letters and wires hastily scribbled. The chance of reaching their people cheered the forlorn men. The island officials encouraged them and gathered in their messages, themselves collecting pay for delivery and assuring them that there was plenty of time to receive replies.

Hardly had the last wire been sent when the corridor filled with State and Federal detectives, officers of the Immigration Bureau and Coast Guards. I recognized Caminetti, Commissioner General of Immigration, at their head. The uniformed men stationed themselves along the walls, and then came the command: "Line up!" A sudden hush fell upon the room. "March!" It echoed through the corridor.

Deep snow lay on the ground; the air was cut by a biting wind. A row of armed civilians and soldiers stood along the road

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to the bank. Dimly the outlines of a barge were visible through the morning mist. One by one the deportees marched, flanked on each side by the uniformed men, curses and threats accompanying the thud of their feet on the frozen ground. When the last man had crossed the gangplank, the girls and I were ordered to follow, officers in front and in back of us.

We were led to a cabin. A large fire roared in the iron stove, filling the air with heat and fumes. We felt suffocating. There was no air nor water. Then came a violent lurch; we were on our way.

III

I looked at my watch. It was 4:20 A.M. on the day of our Lord, December 21, 1919. On the deck above us I could hear the men tramping up and down in the wintry blast. I felt dizzy, visioning a transport of politicals doomed to Siberia, the *étape* of former Russian days. Russia of the past rose before me and I saw the revolutionary martyrs being driven into exile. But no, it was New York, it was America, the land of liberty! Through the port-hole I could see the great city receding into the distance, its sky-line of buildings traceable by their rearing heads. It was my beloved city, the metropolis of the New World. It was America, indeed, America repeating the terrible scenes of Tsarist Russia! I glanced up—the Statue of Liberty!

Dawn was breaking when our barge pulled up alongside of the large ship. We were quickly transferred and assigned to a cabin. It was six o'clock. Exhausted, I crawled into my bunk and immediately fell asleep.

I was awakened by someone pulling at my covers. A white figure stood at my berth, probably the stewardess. Was I ill, she asked, to remain in bed so long? It was already six o'clock in the evening. I had shut out the hideous sights in twelve hours of blessed sleep. Stepping into the corridor, I was startled by someone roughly grabbing me by the shoulder.

"Where are you going?" a soldier demanded.

"To the toilet, if you must know it. Any objection?"

He loosed his hold and followed me; he waited till I emerged again, and accompanied me back to the cabin. My girl companions informed me that guards had been stationed at our door since our arrival, and that they had also been escorted to the place of pressing needs every time they left the cabin.

At noon the next day we were conducted by the sentry to the officers' dining-room. At a large table sat the captain and his retinue, civilian and military. A separate table was assigned to us.

After lunch I requested to see the Federal official in charge of the deportees. He proved to be F. W. Berkshire, an immigration inspector detailed to manage the *Buford* expedition. Did we like our cabin and was the food good, he inquired solicitously. We had no complaints to make, I told him, but how about our men comrades? Could we take our meals with them and meet them on deck? "Impossible," Berkshire said. I then demanded to see Alexander Berkman. Also impossible. Thereupon I informed the inspector that I had no desire to cause trouble, but that I would give him twenty-four hours to change his mind about allowing me to talk to my friend. If my demand should be refused, at the expiration of that time I would go on a hunger-strike.

In the morning Sasha was brought under escort to see me. It seemed weeks since I had beheld his dear face. He told me that the conditions of the men were

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harrowing. They were cooped up in the hold of the ship, forty-nine in a place barely large enough for half that number. The rest of them were in two other compartments. The bunks, three tiers high, were old and worn out; those in the lower ones bumped their heads against the wire netting of the uppers every time they turned around. The boat, built at the end of the last century, had been used as a transport in the Spanish-American War and later discarded as unsafe. The floor of the steerage was wet all the time, the beds and blankets damp. Only salt water was to be had for washing, and no soap. The food was abominable, especially the bread, half-baked and uneatable. And, worst of all, there were only two toilets for the two hundred and forty-six men.

Sasha advised against pressing our request to eat with the men. It would be better to save what we could from our food for the sick boys who could not stomach the rations given them. Meanwhile he was trying to see what improvements he could secure. He was negotiating with Berkshire a list of demands he had submitted. I was happy to see Sasha full of vital energy again. He had forgotten his own physical troubles the moment he saw that the others were depending on him.

The officers celebrated Christmas in the dining-room in grand style. Ethel and Dora were too ill to leave their berths, and I could not bear to be alone with our jailers. Their Christmas feast was the veriest mockery to me. During the day we were taken out on deck, but not allowed to see the men. Insistence by Sasha and myself finally resulted in permission for him and Dora's friend to visit us.

Friction had developed between the deportees and those in charge of the *Buford*. The men were given no exercise in the fresh air, and Sasha had protested in the name of his comrades. Inspector Berkshire, seemed willing to grant the demands, but he evidently stood in awe of those commanding a large force of soldiers. The inspector referred the men to the "chief," but Sasha refused to apply to the latter on the ground that the deportees were political and not military prisoners. Prisoners they were, indeed, continuously locked below deck, with sentries stationed day and night at the doors. Berkshire seemed to realize that our comrades were determined, and no doubt he felt that their resentment of the treatment they were receiving was justified. On Christmas Day he informed Sasha that the "higher authorities" had granted the demanded exercise.

Even then we were not allowed to associate with them. Political prisoners in other countries could freely mingle together during recreation hours regardless of sex, but American Puritanism considered such things improper. To save morality we were kept locked in our cabin while the men were out for an airing. They had to remain on the lowest deck, with the waves often sweeping the boat and drenching them.

We were in rough waters, and many of the deportees fell ill. The coarse and badly cooked food was causing general stomach-complaints, and the dampness of the bunks laid many of the men low with rheumatism. The ship's doctor, too busy to attend the increasing number of patients, called upon Sasha to aid him. My offer to serve as nurse had been refused, but my hands were fully occupied with my two girl companions, who had to keep to their beds almost all the time. It was a very strained atmosphere those Christmas days, with forebodings of impending strife.

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IV

Our guards were extremely antagonistic, but with the passing of time I seemed to detect a gradual change. At first very forbidding and taciturn, their severity presently began to decrease. They entered into conversation with us, always on the alert, however, for the approach of an officer. Soon they confided to me that they had been tricked. The order for duty had reached them only the day previous to embarkation. They were in ignorance about the purpose and probable length of the voyage, and they had no idea of our destination. They had been told that they were to guard dangerous criminals being shipped somewhere. They were bitter against their officers, and some cursed them openly.

The sentry who had so roughly grabbed me the first day was holding out longest against us. One evening I kept watching him as he paced up and down in front of our cabin. He looked exhausted with the endless walking and I suggested that he sit down for a while. When I placed a camp-chair before him, his reserve broke down. "I daren't," he whispered. "The sergeant may be along." I offered to change rôles with him: I would remain on the look-out.

"My God!" he exclaimed, unable to restrain himself any longer. "They told us you were a desperado, that you had killed McKinley and are always plotting against someone."

From that moment he became very friendly, ready to do us any service. He had apparently spoken of the incident to his buddies, and they began to hang around our door, eager to show us some kindness. Our cabin had also a special attraction for them: my good-looking young companion, Ethel. The soldiers were wild about her, discussed anarchism every free moment at their disposal, and became greatly interested in our fate. They hated their superiors. They would like to drop them into the sea, they said, because they were treated as chattel slaves and punished on every pretext.

One of the lieutenants also was very courteous and humane. He borrowed from me some books, and when he returned them, I found a note containing the news that Kalinin had become President of Soviet Russia and hinting that we were not to be taken to any parts occupied by the Whites. Uncertainty as to our exact destination had all the time been a source of great anxiety and worry among the deportees. The information of the friendly officer proved a great relief in allaying our worst fears.

Meanwhile our men comrades were busy "agitating" their guards and fraternizing with them. The soldiers offered them their extra shoes and clothing for sale—"Might come handy in Russia," they said. Sasha's tact and his rich stock of humorous stories helped to win the hearts of Uncle Sam's boys. Posting a sentry as their look-out, they would crowd into his compartment and ask for funny yarns. He knew how to arouse their interest, and presently they began to put questions about the Bolsheviki and the Soviets. They were eager to know what changes the Revolution had made, and they heard with amazement that in the Red Army the soldiers themselves elected their officers, and that even a commissar or general did not dare insult a private. They thought it wonderful that officers and men were on a footing of equality, and that all shared the same rations.

The steerage quarters were cold and wet. Many of the deportees had been given no opportunity to provide them-

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selves with warm clothing, and there was much suffering as a result. Sasha suggested that those who had supplies should share what they could spare with their less fortunate comrades, and the men responded beautifully. Bags, suit-cases, and trunks were unpacked, everyone donating whatever he did not absolutely require for himself. Coats, underwear, hats, socks, and other apparel were piled up in one of the compartments below deck, and a commission was selected for distribution. The story of the proceedings, as told to me by Sasha, strikingly evidenced the splendid solidarity and fellow-feeling of the deportees. Themselves not too well provided for, they gave of their very last. The distribution had proved so fair and just that there had not been a single complaint.

The strains of Russian melodies, ringing from a hundred throats, were resounding through the *Buford*. The men were on deck, and their lusty voices rose above the rolling of the waves, reaching us in our cabin. The powerful baritone of the leader intoned the first stanzas, and then the entire crowd joined in the chorus. Revolutionary songs they sang, forbidden old Russian folk-tunes surcharged with the grief and yearning of the peasant, or echoing Nekrassov's women who heroically followed their lovers to prison and exile. All aboard grew silent, even the guards ceasing their march and listening with strained ears to the heart-rending melodies.

Sasha had become chummy with an assistant steward, and by means of him we organized a mail service. Copious notes passed every day between us, and we kept each other informed of happenings. Our friend, whom we had christened "Mac," became so devoted that he began to take a personal interest in our fate. He was very clever and ingenious, and he managed to appear at the most unexpected moments, just when he was needed. He seemed suddenly to develop the habit of walking with his hands under his apron, and he never came to us without some little gift hidden about his person. Delicacies from the pantry, sweet morsels from the captain's table, even fried chicken and pastry, we would find stuck away under our beds or in Sasha's bunk.

It was January 5, 1920, when we reached the English Channel. The mail-bag carried away by the pilot contained our first letters to the United States. For the sake of safety they were addressed to Frank Harris, Alexander Harvey, and other American friends whose correspondence was subject to less scrutiny than that of our own people. Mr. Berkshire had also consented to let us send a cable to America. The favor was rather costly, amounting to eight dollars, but it was worth the relief our friends would feel at the message that we were alive and still safe.

When we left the English Channel we were followed by an Allied destroyer. Twofold fear on the part of the *Buford* authorities was responsible for the presence of the warship. Our men had repeatedly complained about the quality of the bread rationed to them. Their protest ignored, they had threatened to strike. Mr. Berkshire brought Sasha "strict orders from the Colonel" for the deportees to submit. The men laughed in his face. "Berkman is the only 'colonel' *we* recognize," they shouted. The military chief sent for Sasha. He stormed about the disorganization of the ship's discipline, raved about the deportees fraternizing with the soldiers, and threatened to have the men searched for hidden weapons. Sasha boldly declared that his comrades would resist. The colonel did not press the matter, and it seemed evident that he felt he could not

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rely on the force under his command. Sasha offered to solve the difficulty by putting two of the deportees, who were cooks, in charge of the bakery, without pay. The colonel was loath to accept what he considered a reflection upon his supreme authority, but Sasha insisted and he won Berkshire to his side.

Sasha's plan was finally adopted, and henceforth everyone enjoyed bread of the best quality. What might have proved serious trouble had thus been averted, but the talk of a strike, and the organized stand of our comrades, had had its effect on the commanding officers. Confidence in their exclusive power shaken, an Allied destroyer was a useful thing to have near. With a crowd on the *Buford* that had no respect for epaulets and gold braid, with two hundred and forty-nine radicals on hand who believe in strikes and direct action, the warship was a veritable godsend.

Another reason was the *Buford* itself. The battered old tub had been unseaworthy at the start, and the long journey had not improved her condition. The United States government had been fully aware that the boat was unsafe, yet it had entrusted five hundred or more lives to it. We were heading for German waters and the Baltic Sea, the latter still thickly dotted with mines. The British destroyer was sadly needed in such a hazardous situation. The captain realized the imminent peril. He ordered the life-boats held in readiness and authorized Sasha to take charge of twelve of them and organize the men for quick action in case of alarm.

Many of the deportees had left considerable sums in American banks and postal savings. They had been denied time to draw their money, nor had they been given an opportunity to transfer it to their families. Sasha proposed to Berkshire that a statement be prepared of their holdings, to be sent to America with authorization for their kin to collect. The inspector seized upon the idea, but he left the work to Sasha. For days and late into the nights he worked tirelessly, collecting data and taking down depositions. When he got through, thirty-three affidavits were completed, disclosing that $45,470.39 had remained in the States. Some of the men had deposited their money in private banks and they preferred not to trust the government that had driven them out like dogs. It was all they had from long years of drudgery and economy.

V

After nineteen days of dangerous cruising we at last reached the Kiel Canal. Badly battered, the *Buford* had to remain for twenty-four hours for repair. The men were locked below deck, and special guards stationed on watch. German barges came alongside of our ship. They were in front of our cabin, and I threw them a note through the porthole, telling them who we were. They consented to forward a letter, and I covered two sheets in the smallest German script I could write, describing our deportation, the reaction we left behind, and the treatment of the revolutionists imprisoned without benefit of amnesty. I addressed the letter to the *Republik*, organ of the Independent Socialists, and I added an appeal to the German workers to make their revolution as fundamental as that of Russia.

The men locked in the steerage and almost suffocating in the vile air made vigorous protests, demanding the daily exercise they had won after the first days of the journey. Meanwhile they were bombarding the German workers on the dock with missiles in which messages had been secreted. Presently the repair men,

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their work done and my letter safe in their hands, pulled away, shouting cheers for the political deportees from America and *die soziale Revolution*. It was a stirring demonstration of comradely solidarity which even war could not destroy.

We learned that our destination was Libau, in Western Latvia, but two days later a radiogram notified the captain that fighting was continuing on the Baltic front, and the course of the *Buford* was changed. Again we were at sea in more senses than one. Deportees and crew became impatient and irritable with the drawn-out, perilous voyage. Longing filled me for those I had left behind and sickening uncertainty of the things ahead. Roots embedded in the soil of one's entire life are not easily transplanted. I felt uneasy and restless, between hope and doubt. My spirit was still in the United States.

The ghastly trip was over at last. We had reached Hango, a Finnish port. Supplied with three days' rations, we were turned over to the local authorities. America's obligation was at an end and so were her fears. On our trip through Finland we were kept locked in the train, with sentries with fixed bayonets inside the cars and on the platforms. Ethel and Dora, as well as a number of the men comrades, were ill, but though our train stopped at stations having buffets, no one was allowed to step out for purchases. On the border, at Teryoki, our compartments were unlocked and the sentries withdrawn. We were permitted to look after our supplies, but to our consternation we discovered that the greater part of our provisions had been appropriated by the Finnish soldiers.

Presently there appeared a representative of the Finnish Foreign Office and a military officer of the General Staff. They were very anxious to be rid of the American political deportees and they demanded that we cross over at once to Russia. We refused to comply without first notifying Soviet Russia of our arrival. There followed negotiations with the Finnish authorities, and finally we were granted permission to send two radios, one to Moscow, addressed to Chicherin, People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, the other to our old friend Bill Shatoff in Petrograd.

Within a short time the Soviet committee arrived. Chicherin had sent Feinberg as his representative, while the Petrograd Soviet delegated Zorin, secretary of the Communist party of that city, to receive us. Mme. Andreyeva, Gorki's wife, accompanied them. Arrangements were quickly made to transfer our luggage from the train, across the border. Just at that moment was announced the complete rout of Denikin by the valiant Red Army, and the air was rent by the joyous hurrahs of our two hundred and forty-nine deportees.

All was ready. It was the twenty-eighth day of our journey, and at last we were on the threshold of Soviet Russia. My heart trembled with anticipation and fervent hope.

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EDITORIALS

The Aesthetic Recoil

One of the salubrious by-products of Prohibition, that dreadful curse, is the discovery that moral reformers, taking one with another, have little more sweetness in them than so many polecats. There was a time, as the judicious will recall, when everyone was disposed to view the ladies of the dry legion, and especially those of the W. C. T. U., very genially; they were wrong, no doubt, but they had suffered a great deal from boozy husbands, and most of them, at worst, were nice old mammas, straight out of *Godey's Ladies' Book*. But when Senator James A. Reed's committee began prodding into their doings it became plain at once that many of them were not nice at all; on the contrary, they turned out to be viragoes of the most anthropophagous sort, with little more gentleness or squeamishness in them than so many politicians. Today they are so lightly esteemed that even the more prudent sort of Prohibitionist whoopers are shy of them, and never bring them forward if it can be avoided. In brief, their support of the Methodist hellenium, which used to be its chief asset, is now a heavy liability. Every time they do their war-dance and shake their pantalettes they win recruits for the wets.

I suspect that the newspaper photographers—a much underestimated class of men, particularly in newspaper offices—are largely to blame for this change, even beyond Dr. Reed. If you will follow their work for a little while you will find that they always exercise their art upon the homeliest W. C. T. U. sisters they can find. Not infrequently, indeed, they unearth specimens so appallingly hideous that it is hard to imagine a self-respecting God creating them. *Per contra,* they usually discover very pretty girls to represent gin and liberty. The public effect of this enlightened discretion is hard to estimate statistically, but it must be immense. For every time the dry beldames meet and effigies of them are printed thousands of readers recoil in horror, as from an autopsy or a Methodist revival, and every time the wet gals are pictured there are soft whistles and poetical thoughts.

The suffragettes—now, alas, almost forgotten, so evanescent is immortality!—won their great victory largely by putting their most sightly sweeties into the forefront of the fray. So long as they relied upon the Susan B. Anthonys and Dr. Mary Walkers to fight for them most of the space they got was the comic papers, read only in ribald barbershops. But when they began to recruit and thrust forward their Inez Milholands they were taken very seriously, and in a short while they had the priceless boon of the vote, and were delivered from white slavery. How well I remember the delegation they sent to Washington at the time of the second Wilson inaugural in 1917, to picket the White House! It consisted of such ravishing charmers that the very cops stood thunderstruck, and every newspaper reporter in town had his shoes shined and bought a new necktie. Behind the scenes, to be sure, there

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were plenty of ladies who were long in wisdom but short on beauty, but they were kept hidden. The battle line was held by cuties exclusively.

Unfortunately, the sisters of the W. C. T. U. cannot resort to this device, for Christian endeavor is notoriously hard on female pulchritude, and not many of the younger members of the sex are dry. But on the wet side, if my observations in twenty great cities count for anything, there are multitudes of girls of tender years and extremely pleasing contours. My advice to the Friends of the Saloon is that they concentrate their recruiting upon such babies. Let them be organized into battalions, and then let the newspaper photographers be summoned. These gentlemen may be trusted to do the rest.

Round Three

The issue of the next Disarmament Conference, I predict, will be precisely that of the last two: the Yankee delegates will be plied with toxic flattery and more toxic wines and liquors, and when they pull themselves together, resume their daily Bible reading, and return home it will be found that the English still have control of the seas. At this business the Sassenach brethren are incomparable adepts. Once they get a Yankee statesman into a wing collar and lavender spats and put a tea-cup into his freckled fist and a duchess in front of him he is as easy for them as a policeman is for a bootlegger.

American patriots sometimes denounce their talent as sinful, but in truth it is the product of irresistible necessity. For the only way the English can hope to win the inevitable next war is by getting the Yankees on their side, and the only way they can get the Yankees on their side is by keeping control of the seas. If they had lost it in 1914 the United States would have begun at once to run arms and ammunition to the Germans, and presently it would have been discovered by every man of vision in Wall Street that German idealism and American idealism were identical. On such lofty levels as on lower ones the customer is always right.

Fruits of a Great Crusade

Somehow I have a hunch that the Sex Hygiene missionaries will be presently celebrating an anniversary. Certainly it must be twenty-five years, or maybe even fifty, since their great *Stammvater*, the Rev. Sylvanus Stall, D.D., published "What Every Boy Should Know". The net result of their heroic campaign may be very briefly stated: it is next door to *nil*. Nine American youngsters out of ten are still learning the dreadful facts of life in what moral scientists call the school of the gutter. Well, why not? Dr. Logan Clendening is disposed to believe that it is a far better school than that maintained by the Sex Hygienists, and I see no reason to gainsay him. The gutter is not only realistic: it is also dramatic, and, above all, pungently succinct—and that is surely a lot. The Sex Hygienists, with their irrelevant gabble about amorous dahlias and philoprogenitive bees, only make the essential mystery more mysterious, and hence more baffling. I doubt if there is in the whole United States a single alumnus of their seminary who can say honestly that he derived any useful working knowledge of the subject from their botanical and moral tracts, without any aid from the gutter.

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Their essential error lies in their effort to make sex a purely scientific and impersonal matter, like a reaction in a test-tube. They forgot altogether—or, if they don't forget, they try to conceal—its overtones of ecstasy. Confronted by boys and girls who feel the pull of powerful forces within them, and are in an upset and wondering frame of mind, and want to know what all the pother is about, they talk absurdly of zoölogical and embryological nothings. What a boy of that age wants to know is not what a gene is, but why girls have suddenly grown so disturbingly charming. And what a girl wants to know is why women, in view of the horrors that she has begun to hear about, still go on having babies. Here the Sex Hygienists have nothing to offer save an illogical and disappointing shhh. All their best effort is devoted, not to making sex comprehensible, but to making it even more unintelligible than it was in the first place. So their students resort to the gutter.

Now and then one of them, more sensible than the general, jumps the reservation, and begins telling the truth. The case of Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett will be recalled. But the only effect of that treason to the code is to get the offender into grave difficulties. As will be recalled, Mrs. Dennett was presently beset by the numskulls who serve as wowsers for the Postoffice, and most of her fellow Sex Hygienists left her to their mercies. If sinful persons of no hygienic passion had not come to her aid she'd be languishing in a dungeon to this day, surrounded by lizards and bombarded by the prison chaplain. Professional opinion in the craft is strongly against such frankness as she permitted herself. The one aim of the movement seems to be to teach the young that sex is something that it is clearly not. So the net result of years of effort by consecrated men and women is next to nothing. Hundreds of thousands of children have been taught a great deal that is unimportant and uninteresting about the reproduction of flowers and ants, but what they learn about the reproduction of their own kind still comes from the gutter. Even more than Prohibition, Sex Hygiene is a gorgeous flop.

A Literary Opportunity

Writing in this place in December, 1926, I issued a clarion call for a funeral service for Americans unable in conscience to subscribe to any of the prevailing theologies—in other words, for the admittedly damned. Four years and six months have come and gone since then, but the lack remains unfilled. Thus the damned, when they die, either have to be shovelled away without ceremony whatever or buried to the tune of some ritual which, in life, they did not subscribe to. The first device is brutal and the second is hypocritical. So I renew my call for an agnostic service, with soothing music and a sufficiency of poesy, and engage to give space in this great organ of constructive optimism to any good one that turns up. It is sorely needed.

But the need is even sorer for a handbook of Christian mythology for agnostics' children. As things stand, these infants must either make their acquaintance with the dominant faith of the Western world in Sunday-schools, where it is presented to them in a biased and misleading manner, or go without any knowledge of it at all. The latter alternative, it seems to me, is to be lamented, for whatever one may say against Christianity on evidential grounds, it is at

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least an immensely various and interesting body of notions, and full of superb poetry. No child can grow up among us without getting a sniff of that poetry, for it permeates the daily thinking of all of us. But a sniff of it is not enough; it should be easily familiar, and to unbelievers as well as to the faithful. My complaint is that there is now no way to study it without being asked to accept it as legal testimony. This is as absurd as it would be to teach the poetry of Shakespeare as legal testimony—and it is as unfortunate to miss it altogether.

I believe that such a work as I have in mind might be written without, on the one hand, mistaking mythology for fact, and without, on the other hand, doing undue violence to Christian susceptibilities, which are generally shared, I believe, by the police and the courts. The Bible is really a magnificent literature, and some of the most gorgeous parts of it, happily enough, are the most dubious. The Old Testament alone is worth ten Odysseys and forty Iliads, and the New Testament, at least until Paul begins to be heard, is even better. I believe that both could be taught without any descent to hortatory irrelevance, and that both are worth teaching. Certainly, it would be silly to argue that a youngster growing up in a Christian land has no need to know what Christians believe and what Christianity is about. He should learn it even before he learns what the Constitution is about, for Christianity is still a going concern, and no man can escape its influence altogether, whereas the Constitution is only a shell.

These are evil days in the publishing business. It is hard to sell books, and many authors must resort to crime. So I heave my proposal into the public domain. Let its fruits and usufructs go to the first man (or woman) who grabs it.

H. L. M.

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RADIO CITY—AND AFTER

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

In the current architectural magazines and in the public prints there have recently been exhibited for our information and, it may be assumed, edification, counterfeit presentments of the most ambitious project of municipal magnification since Babylon. Three blocks in the heart of New York are to be cleared of their harmless necessary houses and the area thus released is to serve as a basis for a collection of Euclidian demonstrations for the housing of the world's radio and broadcasting centre, with, incidentally and unobtrusively, space also for opera, theatres, movies and, it may be, other concessions to a dying prejudice in favor of manifestly decadent forms of what once was known as art.

With wonder and, indeed, some measure of stupefaction, I study and consider the published representations of this marvel. It is no negligible thing lightly to be observed, lightly to be placed to one side. In its stupendous abnormality, in its courageous disregard of all precedent, all established tradition, in its soaring defiance of all that has been, in the arts, the visible expression of man's six thousand years of varied, yet somehow consistent culture, it is provocative of thought, of meditation, of an attempt to deduce some valid conclusions.

When, it may be thirty years ago, the Woolworth Building rose triumphantly towards the threatened sky, it was recognized that here was something vastly significant, era making. Steel as a building material justified itself in Mr. Gilbert's work.

Hitherto architects had fumbled with the product and its possibilities, tossed between the Scylla of academic tradition and the Charybdis of a revolutionary structural novelty. Where they had been wont to follow the Italian mode, superimposing order upon order of pilaster and entablature to the full sum of some three or four in all (in itself a somewhat inept device of rather dull-witted Romans confronted with a new problem and with only the Greek single element to rely on) no solution immediately offered save to continue the process when ten stories took the place of three. Steel and the elevator, fecundated by the realtor and nourished by the spirit of advertising, engendered an obvious verticality and in Mr. Woolworth's tower it came to birth.

Here at last was not only convincing logic but unquestioned beauty. To the purist (at that far-away time he still existed, though lingeringly) there may have seemed something hardly intimate in spirit in reproducing Gothic detail by mechanical means and applying it lavishly and without structural integrity to the thin shell of masonry that decently clothed the inner and ugly frame that in darkness and oblivion did all the work. Still the beauty, in spite of a certain lack of grammatical accuracy, was there in the lofty erection, its delicate crest veiled,

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from time to time, in drifting clouds, and from the moment of its completion a new style, a new organism was born.

Little by little the clinging archæology fell away. The medieval vesture was discarded and promply seized upon by the Church (or rather, the innumerable churches) for its own ends, and recovered memories of Imperial Rome and of the Renaissance took its place, to be discarded in their turn for a new series of forms and ornaments that somehow grew out of the crescent and dynamic modernism of a suddenly triumphant technological civilization, and its consort, the culture of high finance. Consistency, unity and a real measure of new beauty had been achieved at last.

For some ten years the good work went on. Towers of slender grace soared into the astonished sky from the dead level of brown-stone fronts and the arid wastes of loft buildings. Ziggurats out of Mesopotamia terraced their pyramids above the wide deserts of lower New York. Gold and silver, glass and colored tiles made glorious their fretted crests, and New York became a ninth world-wonder. And then—the calamity, the Nemesis that by the sardonic whim, the rather obvious sense of humor or the inscrutable wisdom of the high gods, has, time out of mind, overtaken all good things "lest one good custom should corrupt the world". Singly and as free-standing, self-contained monuments, these were things of beauty, as Giotto's tower, the campanile of St. Mark, the belfry of Bruges, or "Boston Stump", for each was possessed of varying degrees of form, of proportion, of silhouette, and each had distinction, aristocratic superiority over the low-lying herd at its base. Then came the rush and the independence, the anarchism and the self-assertion of the democratic multitude; and any exploiter or self-advertiser who could acquire a lot adjoining some architecturally conceived tower built vaingloriously with the sole intent of "putting something over" its neighbor, which it conspicuously did. Any man with an inside lot forty feet by a hundred who could get a loan from a bank, proudly erected a slab-sided slice of shapeless masonry. So during the fat years of post-war speculation, greed and megalomania

> Engendered nameless horrors that took wing
> And flapped in hooting millions to the skies,

to quote a favorite poet of my long dead youth. Already in many parts of New York the result is a crazy jumble of most horrendous effigies, bad enough in themselves and worse in combination. Once there was dignity, impressiveness and a certain distinction; now it is anarchy declining upon inevitable chaos.

II

All this might have been foreseen, though probably it would have done no good, for, except for a few reasoning human beings to whom is generally given the contemptuous title of Cassandras, the inevitable is never recognized until sometime after the event. If a thing is good (or even popular, which is a very different thing) it is assumed that we cannot have too much of it, like "prosperity". It is the case of "three Little Evas and three Topsys—count 'em" over again. Besides, under a democratic régime if one architect is a genius of course all others are just as good —and quite often cheaper. *Si quieris monumentum circumspice.*

It would appear that a basic law of terrestrial evolution is this: Out of the ruck and rough a discerning and creative spirit

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is raised up—*Homo sapiens*, in the singular, not the plural. Like his predecessor Prometheus he brings down some small fire from Heaven and like him he gives it to his fellows, who forthwith proceed to use the Heaven-born gift, not for creation and general beneficence, but for a comprehensive destruction that in the end involves themselves. This, so far as I know, has been the monotonous history of every culture or civilization from Egypt and Chaldea, through Greece and Rome and Byzantium, the T'ang and Sung dynasties of China, the Caliphates of Asia and Africa and Spain, the Kingdoms of the Middle Ages and the tyrannies of the Renaissance down to (and including) our own remarkable adventure which might, but will not, profit by their example.

This, obviously, is what has happened in the case of our justly celebrated art of steel, glass and reinforced concrete. It is notorious that some of the most beneficent factors in life, when they go wrong, engender the most virulent poisons. The great men have shown the way; their followers, the little men, have used the opened paths for predatory excursions and similar sinister proceedings, or for the foolish chasing of will-o'-the-wisps.

And the second law is this: When, to change the simile, the *élan vital* instilled into the unaccustomed veins of a certain culture is about to reach its climacteric, precedent to its recession and extinction, the striking results that signalize its triumphant crowning quite coincide with some equally brilliant manifestation that is marked by qualities which, though they may not be obvious to the untrained eye, and may indeed seem to be of the same ilk as their rival group, are nevertheless prophetic of the crash that is close at hand. So in Greece, Rome, Byzantium, medievalism, the Renaissance, the most splendid (if not the most exalted) art came just at the end when dissolution and corruption were no more than a generation away, and when, simultaneously, the first monuments of decadence were offering themselves for admiration and receiving it in full measure. Such, I take it, is the case today, and to demonstrate my thesis I put, side by side, the Empire State Building and Radio City.

There is nothing invidious in my singling out the first as the high-light of an era. There are many other buildings that justly come in its class, having the same qualities of dignity, structural sincerity and architectural integrity. I dare say there are as many now existing that are as regrettable in their actuality as the second is ominous of very terrible things to come. Even so, these two significant occurrences have, in their magnitude and a certain aroma of culmination, just those qualities that give them a definite prominence as crucial events and make them serviceable as texts for what is possibly a somewhat forced exegesis.

It is not necessary to enter into a detailed analysis of the Empire State Building. It is not inconspicuous and the same may be said of its many merits. With the other structures of a similar motive and equal accomplishment it expresses perfectly the triumphant arrival at the goal that was first discerned, or rather predicated, by the Woolworth Building. The whole process was one of developing an architectural language based on the novel syntax of new materials and used to express the essential quality of an equally new culture. Actually, there was no closer resemblance between the technological civilization of the last fifty years and any historic period back to the days of the sea kings of Crete than between steel, glass and ferro-concrete and the stone,

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brick, marble and wood that had been the unvarying building materials of man since he emerged as man, at last, from the caves of the last glacial epoch.

The whole *ethos* of the new thing was new and new must be its expression. Egypt, Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, even the Renaissance that marked the inception of our own era, must fall away and seek sanctuary with some of the old enduring powers that traced their honorable ancestry in unbroken sequence (though with great diversity of showing) back at least to the Egyptian Old Kingdom. A new force had been evolved; for the time at least it was subordinating all older things to its amazing prowess, and like all forceful things it demanded adequate artistic expression. The Empire State Building is the demonstration of the complete fruition of its desire.

III

And its Nemesis, Radio City, for such it certainly is: what shall we say of this new thing issuing out of "chaos and dark night"? Quadrangular prisms, casually disposed, towering incontinently and sliced off at a certain height, not for any considerations of design or proportion but, perhaps—there is no other obvious reason—because the stock of modelling clay gave out. Some of them are tall, some short, some ziggurats out of Babylon, some aggregations of cubes out of a child's box of building blocks, at least one modelled on the band-box of the early Victorian period, and all assembled with the care-free and irresponsible fantasy of a very immature child whose innate talent is manifestly unfitted for encouragement towards an architectural career. Years ago, in the flamboyant dawn of emancipated art, there was a pictorial *succès de scandale* called, in sheer defiance of rationality "Nude Descending a Staircase". Radio City furnishes the staircase.

Astounding as is this creation, viewed as a contribution to the once great art of architecture, its psychological implications are even more revealing. Here is the apotheosis of megalomania, of a defiant egotism that not only disregards the city as a consistent unity (if it still is this: the question is open to debate), hoisting its miscellaneous masses in the midst of less arrogant shops, dwellings, churches; it is even less at unity with itself, sprouting amorphous and cubicular mushrooms, each of which is some sort of a cosmic law unto itself. Individualism here reaches its perfect flowering. Gone, also, is all human scale; these raw pylons, obelisks, ovoids and pyramids have nothing to do with man; their scarps and tall cliffs crush him and his soul as do the sheer walls of the Grand Canyon. But the beauty of those walls, that do not shame man but only humble him, is not here and therefore beneath them he cannot bow, he can only cringe.

In one corner of this Giant's Causeway (and beside it that other of Ireland would look like childrens' stepping stones) is shown a tiny church. It is of the old days and neither of a type of dissident religion nor yet of an architectural style that appeals to one, but—its owners *will not sell!* There is something in this of high heroism, the sturdy standing to its guns of a manifestly desperate if not lost cause. Protestant Casabianca on the burning deck of a doomed epoch! Power to the will and increasing length to the purse of the brave reactionaries that alone, of all the local householders, would not sell their souls (or their superstitions, if you like) that the last little acre might be added to the monstrous aggregate! And

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almost in the shadow of Radio City will lurk the cathedral of the two thousand year old Catholic Church, the organic entity that has seen Rome rise and fall, and Byzantium, Venice, one France after another, Spain, the Empire, Germany, England. Once its proud and confident towers dominated the low-lying town; now, like the Wall Street Trinity, it will find itself abased and inconsiderable. That it will affect its confidence or continuance is more than doubtful. Already the thing it stands for has seen too many radio cities of civilization cast over it the shadow of proud dominance, only to sink into the common dust of perished, ephemeral things. Its policy is to wait.

Here then is Radio City, or will be, for it must be built "that the prophecy might be fulfilled". In its promise it is the only too adequate manifestation of some five centuries of the evolutionary process and of its climax and its dying fall. From these belatedly truncated towers will go out even to the ends of the earth the nourishing vitamins of the chosen culture of this climacteric age. Amos 'n' Andy, Mr. Wrigley's Musical Hour, the intimate and revealing details of the latest *crime passionnel* and, in the hours that cannot be profitably disposed of to the exponents of super-salesmanship, such varied propaganda as may covet the high privilege of being "on the air". Great newspapers, no longer the chosen organs of public opinion, fold up and die, for reading is a laborious process while hearing causes no exhaustion. Universities and colleges, and even the correspondence schools, close their doors or give over patronage of the United States mails, and except for the fossiliferous remainder of a later Neolithic period, none bothers to go a mile to concert or opera, for, lo, it is in the home for the turning of a screw. And when seeing is broadcast as well as hearing (as surely it must be in God's good time) then the last triumph is achieved and man, his money-making stint for the day accomplished, may sit comfortably at home with Mickey Mouse and Amos 'n' Andy, or form his matured political and social opinions from the eloquent outpourings of Dr. Cannon or sometime Senator Thomas Heflin.

IV

Therefore, it would appear that if we look deeper than the uncouth format of this stupendous phenomenon, we see that they speak carelessly, superficially, who condemn it as deplorable art. On the contrary, judged by eternal standards, this is great architecture, for it is the function of this art adequately to express in visible form the very soul and essence of a time.

Egypt reared her everlasting temples and chiselled her hieratic sculpture to voice her lofty aristocracy, her sublime aloofness of kingship and priesthood. Greece smote her passion for truth and her infallible sense of every beauty granted to man, into her marble shrines and god-like statues. Byzantium, half Hellenic, half Oriental, made an art of form and color that mocked high heaven with emulating glory. The Catholic Middle Ages created something that not only showed forth all they were but even what they would be but could by no means accomplish. The Renaissance effected a second and amazingly fruitful union, this time between a new-found classical heritage and a new-born modern spirit, with a resulting art that like all the others, crested in great glory and then sank into ignominy.

So we, "heir of all the ages" and dutifully following in the well-worn paths of our predecessors, build our own peculiar

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and most original civilization and, after somewhat inconsequent efforts, at last create an artistic expression. In one aspect we find it in the Empire State Building and its honorable fellows: the best, undoubtedly that we can do. In another, we shall, by the grace of oil and steel, see it in Radio City. Both are great architecture, both immensely significant, the one for showing the crest of a towering wave, the other for revealing the combing edge already breaking toward the inevitable fall that presages the crash of collapse and the wasting along the rocky shore of destiny.

Great architecture, the both of them, though so different in showing and in import!

If we must go on from the beautiful thing that expresses whatever was good in our technological civilization, to the other; if we must follow the unvarying course of all antecedent cultures and civilizations, then by all means let us see Radio City built as quickly as possible, for the sooner we accomplish the destiny it so perfectly foreshows, the sooner we shall be able to clear the ground and courageously begin again.

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AFTERNOON OF A PSYCHOLOGIST

BY PATRICK O'MARA

I FIRST got Mr. Kenilworth, the psychologist, by mistake at the Hotel Carleton. I say by mistake, but I was really the victim of a hoax played on me by a colleague, who had it in for me. It is a very simple trick, and it works something like this: You get a particularly obnoxious patron into your taxicab, and when, in departing, he asks your number so that he may call you again (this type always does) you give him the number of your worst enemy. Drunken and convivial Aframericans of both sexes are always treated thus, but the results aren't always satisfactory to the joker, for most taximen, when notified via the switchboard at the office of a "personal" call emanating from such a locality as Razor alley or Peach lane, deny its personalness and will have no truck with it. But a call from a ritzy hotel like the Carleton—well, that's something different, and certainly worth a try.

So I acknowledged the call from the office, hinting that the party in Room 409 was indeed well known to me, and beat it around to the hotel wonderingly, hopingly, and praying secretly that it might be a well-heeled widow fair of shape who had seen and become enamored of my sideburns.

In the lobby I called up the room, and behold, it was a woman's voice that answered.

"Er—this is taxi-driver Three O Five," I disclosed.

"Oh, yes—just a minute. (Aside, softly to another, 'The taximan: do you want *him* up *here*?' Antiphony: 'Sure! Sure! Tell him to come right up!') Will you come right up, please?"

The elevator boy, aged fifty-five, recognized me when I boarded his bus. Passing the second floor, he tapped my rear pocket. "Where you goin'? Four O Nine, I guess, eh?"

I like elevator boys, but I don't like nosy elevator boys.

"None of your damned business where I'm going! Take me up to the fifth tier, bum!"

"Yessir!"

Alighting on the fifth floor, I walked down the stairway to the floor below, only to find the little cuss waiting for me: he descended swiftly when he had confirmed his suspicions. The Carleton's corridors are elegant and gloomy. You feel very precious the minute your feet sink into the plush carpet. Converging on Room 409, I tapped lightly on the panelled door.

It opened an inch and a rather heavy blonde peeped out, and, seeing me, bade me enter. Almost forty I judged, clad in pajamas and smoking a cigarette. You may believe my guess about her profession, for I have been driving a taxi twelve years.

"Go ahead in," she said, pointing to the bedroom. "He's in there." Then softly aside: "And still drunk."

"Come in here, goddam you!" came a raucous voice from the bedroom. "I thought you were gonna be here at ten."

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I went in and our eyes met. He was three parts drunk, fat, of medium height, about forty-five, bald, clad in pajamas, and had a book in one hand and a bottle in the other. The title of the book was "Faith and Success"; the title of the bottle was "Rye." Drunk as he was, he was still sober enough to see that a mistake had been made.

"Say, Babe," he called, looking piqued, "this ain't the one we had last night."

"I know it ain't, dolling. But what's the difference? All them Yellow taxi boys is all right. I know—I've certainly rode in enough of them."

"But I told them emphatically I wanted Three O Five."

"That's me," I helped.

He peered at me closely.

"But you ain't the one that had me last night. That guy was a little bit of a feller, curly hair—didn't wear any cap. A dago, wasn't he, Babe?"

"Indeed, I don't know what he was."

"I know who you mean," I said. But I couldn't for the life of me understand why Tony Fonte had picked on me. "He's a pretty good scout."

"Who, *him*? Damn right he is!" He said this as if he had known the vindictive one a lifetime. "But the damn little wop, he was supposed to come up here at ten o'clock this morning and take us out. Here it is almost one, and he ain't showed up."

Babe came into the room and lay down beside him. "What's the difference, daddy, who you get? You ain't going nowhere."

"We wanna go back to that dump we were in last night. I gotta get my coat, don't I?"

She kissed him as sisters kiss brothers. "You can go, Clarence; but I'm *not*."

"Why?"

"Never mind. I'm simply not going back."

She was looking at me as she said this.

"Where were you?" I asked.

"Some cheap dump around here. Nothing but a bunch of tramps—and him a college man and a Kenilworth!"

"Aw, for God's sake, Babe, cut that out! You get me in wrong every damned place we go—with that stuff. You ought to know by now what I'm after in these joints."

"He likes to psychoanalyse people," she said informatively. "That's why he goes to these awful places. I get so impatient with him at times! Just wait till I see your sister when we get back—that's all."

"Now listen to her, will you?"

"I suppose you're forgetting you've got to get ready for school next week? Well, I haven't!"

"School?" I ejaculated quite involuntarily.

"Yes," she said. "He's got to be ready for the university next week—that's all there is to it. He's taking a post-graduate course in psychiatry over there."

"Psychiatry?"

She nodded. "Faith and Success" fell from Mr. Kenilworth's hand. I got a glass of water and gulped it. "He's one of the best psychoanalysts in the country—when he's sober."

His face was squirming in the wake of a stiff one from the near-empty bottle, which he handed to me.

"Take one," he said. "You're an Irishman, goddam you. I can see it in your face."

I made a pretence of drinking by squirming my face in like manner, then returned the bottle to him.

"That's real!" I said.

"Goddam right it is! But that's all there is. We gotta get some more. We gotta find out where that joint is I left my overcoat in last night. Do you know where the other guy had us?"

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"I tell you, Clarence Kenilworth, you're *not* going to that dump! If the chauffeur knows of some other place, all right. But you're not going there."

He looked at me hopelessly.

"Do you know of some *decent* place?" she asked, ignoring him completely. "Some place where they're not lying all over the floor, and that has a ladies' room?"

"I think so," I said.

"But I've gotta get that goddam coat!"

I excused myself and went in and called up the cab company, requesting Tony on the wire. Luckily he was in the garage.

"Hello, smarter," I said. "What's the big idea of swinging this Carleton job over to me?"

He denied it, of course, making some incredible excuse about mixed numbers. Then I asked him where he had been with them the night before, also mentioning the coat.

"Don't!" he said. "I had him over to Reilly's joint, but don't take him back there. Reilly'll kill him. If he left his coat there, it'll be gone anyway. But don't take that guy back there. Reilly says he's a hoodoo. He puts 'em on the table and mesmerizes 'em."

I hung up and sat there wondering what next to do. She wanted a speak-easy with a ladies' room. Suddenly it occurred to me that Smithy's new place, opened since he got canned from the Red-Top, might be the spot. I had seen it only once, but I recalled it as one of those aristocratic brownstone Victorian houses in the middle of a sombre block. Surely, I thought, a place like that must have at least two bathrooms.

I fumbled for his newly printed card, given to me last week and to a few other selected hackmen. But when you want anything quickly, you can never find it. There was Mike McGinnity's card and Pus Johnson's, the Du Drop Inn's, Miss Toots', the Ford sisters', Marge's, Caroline's, two florists', three shady hotels', and a mysterious card marked, "*Rafferty*—prompt deliveries. 24 hours' service." Then, at the bottom of the heap, Smithy's.

In a moment I had my number. I don't think the Kenilworths could hear me in the next room, for I talked very low.

"Hello, Smithy?"

"Smithy ain't here. This is Mac, the bartender. Anything I can do?"

"Where's Smithy?"

"Down in the Federal court. His case comes up today."

"Well, look here, Mac, I'm gonna bring a job up there. How are you workin' that ginger ale racket?"

"Same's the others. You get a half buck for every dummy you drink. Double-headers a buck."

"Okeh. Now listen: you got a ladies' room up there?"

"Ladies' room? Sure—I guess so. We ain't had time to look the joint over yet, but I guess there's one upstairs."

"Okeh. I'll be over in about half an hour."

When I returned to the bedroom, the lady had by some mysterious sleight-of-hand got the psychoanalyst almost dressed. He blinked at me sluggishly as she fixed his tie. "Well, everything all right?"

"We can't go to the joint you were in last night," I explained. "But I've got another place just as good—a more respectable place."

"Good!" said Babe, enthusiastically.

"But how about my coat?"

"Goddam the coat!" said Babe, forgetting herself, and releasing him.

He took a sidelong look at her, sat upon the bed, opened "Faith and Success," and began to read. But she took the book away from him quickly, saying,

"When he gets to reading, there's no

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stopping him. Come on, Clarence, if you're going out."

Reluctantly he obeyed and started putting the finishing touches to his wardrobe, the while she turned to me.

"I hope this place you're taking us is better than that dive last night. I was never so embarrassed in all my life." Then aside softly, so that Clarence couldn't hear her: "You know my husband doesn't seem to care where he takes me."

"Is he is town?" I asked innocently.

She looked at me in a haughty manner. "*This* is my husband!" she said very indignantly, yet very quietly. "When he's sober, he's a different man altogether—comes from the best family in Duluth. To look at him you wouldn't think he had anything, would you? Worth about two million—that's all. Just took up spychiatry for a hobby more than anything. But he's good at it." She pointed to a corner. "Look at them books there."

"How long do you figure on being in town, Mrs. Kenilworth?"

"Just till he finishes this course—about three months, I guess. Then he's going back to Duluth to practice. Might as well: it keeps his mind occupied."

Presently the savant was dressed and after one more drink and a few more constructive suggestions from Babe, we had him in the elevator. The elevator boy was the same veteran who had brought me up, and he winked at me again. "Okeh, ain't it?" he asked.

Next it was the kibitzing doorman Joe, as he tipped his hat and closed my door simultaneously. "All right, ain't it, boy?"

Two colleagues, mooching for fares, gave me the same wink as I pulled away, and as I passed Tubby the copper at the corner I was given the office once more.

"That's the time, boy!" he said as I passed him. "You gottem today!"

II

Smithy's joint wasn't very far, and presently we had pulled up outside it. An elderly Negro, be-collared and sporting a very clean blue apron worked sedulously on the brass railings of Smithy's left-hand neighbor's house, while the truck of the best grocer in town stood delivering provisions at the tradesmen's entrance of his right-hand neighbor. Over to the left, on a hillock behind a monument, the magical white of the Art Institute showed, and behind it a Gothic church nestled deep in dark-green bushes and clinging ivy. It was indeed a place redolent of refinement, and as we mounted the steps, I began to think that perhaps even so perspicacious an outlaw as Smithy might have overdone it.

Mac, the bartender, whom I knew only slightly, opened the door, and the moment he saw my hack parked outside his impromptu smile vanished. Following him through the dimly lighted hallway, we passed a cozy room on the right, through the portières of which I could see a young couple staring stupidly at each other. The girl was saying:

"Jimsey, I like you an' all that, but my art comes first with me. You know how it is—you're a sculpter an' I'm a painter. Now——"

The young man replied: "Gwen, for God's sake, you're drunk!"

We passed along the corridor, turning sharply to the right and then into the bar proper. Before I entered Mac drew me aside, saying,

"Bud, don't ever pull your hack in front of the door—you'll queer the joint."

I saw my mistake. "I'll swing it around the corner then."

"No; leave it there now. But next time leave it up the street and duck your helmet too. We gotta be careful here with these

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people. We gotta nice business around here if we take care of it. We got most of these rich art students from acrost the street. Them's a couple you saw in that front room."

"How's the people next door?"

"Okeh. The old lady's deef, an' the old man's a customer here. The old dame on the left ain't been outen the house since Lincoln died. Everything's all right—if we just watch our P's and Q's."

"How's the cops?"

"Ace high. The roundsman's a prince. You ought to know him—used to drive a Yeller."

We went in, and a more cozy little place it would be difficult to imagine. The carpetry was rich and thick. Lanterns stood on each of the four tables, giving the place the requisite mysterious touch, and supplanting the services of the chandelier which hung beautifully yet lifelessly overhead. A radio exuding soft music stood against the wall. Over in a corner a portière hung over what had once been the kitchen and what was now obviously the beverage reservoir. Slumped across one of the tables, evidently *hors-de-combat*, was a gentleman who, so I soon learned, was a steady guest. He was Old Man Rippy, slim, grey-haired, a scion of the well-known Rippys. He was mumbling incoherently to himself—the only banal note in a very charming joint.

All three of us were impressed, and especially Mr. Kenilworth who, no doubt sensing a brother aristocrat, went over to Mr. Rippy and shook him vigorously, to his extreme discomfort. Babe slumped into a nearby chair, smoking a cigarette as she surveyed the place. She caught Mac's eye as he jockeyed impatiently for an order.

"You've got a charming place here."

"Yeah. I ain't got it fixed up right yet, ma'am."

"I'm simply wild about your carpet. And those portières are just lovely."

"Babe!" blurted Clarence, who had finally ingratiated himself into Mr. Rippy's confidence to the point of holding his head aloft by the nose, "look at this old bum, will you? Another goddam Irishman!"

"Clarence, please! Leave the man's nose alone! How would you like some one to do that to you?"

Mr. Rippy's nose slipped from Clarence's fingers and his face hit the table with no break in the fall. It awakened Mr. Rippy, who shook himself and stared at his newfound friend. "What time is it?" he asked sheepishly. Then he espied Mac smiling at him. "Come on, boy, let's have a drink."

"Sure," said Clarence, catching the note of Mac's growing impatience, "let's all have a drink. C'mon Babe—for God's sake what's wrong now?"

"Nothing!" Mac was at her service very politely, but she was determined not to drink. "Somebody's got to stay sober—if he's to get to school next week," she said.

Mac stiffened where he stood, and his eyes opened wide. "School?"

"Yes. He's got to be at the university next week. He's taking a short course in spychiatry."

"Spychitery—what's that?"

Immediately, Clarence rose from Mr. Rippy's table and faced Mac, very profound, very learned, and very unsteady on his feet. "You've never been psychoanalysed, I suppose?" he inquired.

"I don't get you," said Mac, resorting to his dignity.

"No, but I can get *you*," said Clarence, slightly contemptuously. "I guess you'd think I was kiddin' you if I told you I knew every goddam thing's goin' on in your mind." Then to me: "And in his." And to Mr. Rippy: "And in this old bum's."

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"G'wane, yer big stiff!" mumbled Mr. Rippy.

"All right, Mr. Rippy—cut that out!" commanded Mac, trying as best he could to determine what it all was about.

"And hers too!"

Mac looked at me and smiled significantly. Sensing an impasse, Babe helped out: "That's right. He does."

"Now you keep your damn mouth closed, will you!" roared Clarence. "I'm doin' this. If you wanna psychoanalyse this gentleman, I'll step aside."

Babe turned away abashed. Mac, in desperate straits, gave me the office, and I responded as best I could. "Let's have a drink first," I said.

"All right," said Clarence. "Gimme mine straight." He motioned to Mr. Rippy. "And give that old bum somethin' to wake him up. And you, chauffeur?"

"I'll take a double-header," I said very loudly, so that there could be no argument about it later on.

The drinks were served.

"That'll be four-fifty," said Mac to Clarence.

I think that when Clarence handed over a ten-dollar note, he knew he was getting hooked, for I caught the unmistakable look that goes with that suspicion. I don't know what it was that Mac had given old Mr. Rippy, but no sooner had he gulped it than he sat bolt upright, very much awake and looking rather indignant.

"I'm a Rippy, goddam you!" he said, staring hard at me. "Rippy's peas; Rippy's oysters; Rippy's beans——"

"Rippy's boloney!" interrupted Mac the peacemaker. "Rippy's okeh, ain't yer, Rip?"

"My father useta own this goddam town!" said Mr. Rippy, still staring belligerently at me. Then his verve suddenly spent itself, and he stretched across the table mumbling. Mac went over to him, attempting to quiet him, but Clarence soon was at his side, pushing him away.

"Let him alone; let him *talk*," he said. Then temptingly to the moribund voice of the oldster: "Rippy's beans. Come on, old-timer—Rippy's beans!"

"That's what I said!" blurted Mr. Rippy in what sounded like a dying gasp, "Rippy's beans! Rippy's tomatoes! Rippy, goddam you. . . . Rippy. . . . Rippy!"

He kept on mumbling incoherently. Clarence faced Mac. "Listen, can you dowse those lights?"

"Sure," said Mac, perplexed, "but why?"

"Never mind why," said Clarence, indicating the change in Mac's hand. "Keep that—and turn the lights out. I'm gonna show you something you ain't ever seen before."

Babe came out of her lethargy, facing him: "Clarence, surely you're not going to do any more psychoanalysing after what happened to you last night?"

"Say, will you keep your damn mouth out of this?" He brought three tables together, and then went over to the floundering Mr. Rippy and tried to lift him bodily.

"Wait a minute," said Mac, bordering on open bellicosity. "What you wanna do?"

Again Babe saved the day.

"You don't need to worry," she said to Mac. "He just wants to psychoanalyse him. It doesn't mean anything."

Mac stared at her; then at me.

"Yeah," said Clarence impatiently as he held Mr. Rippy's left leg near the nape of his neck, the latter mumbling protestingly. "Just help me put this guy on the table, will you?"

Mac was still looking at me. "I guess it's okeh," I said. Mac then went over to the struggling Clarence, and in a moment Mr. Rippy was lying flat on the improvised bed, his eyes closed but still mumbling.

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"Now turn those lights off," said Clarence very firmly, "and let no one open his goddam mouth." Mac went over to the switch, but Clarence halted him. "Just a minute. Let's have another drink before we start. I need a bracer for this one."

As Mac clinked the glasses Mr. Kenilworth doffed his coat and rolled up his sleeves. The young artists from the parlor, tired of waiting for service, staggered into the room—and stood staring. Mac returned with the drinks, and seeing the newcomers, invited them in on the round.

"Is—is he sick?" asked the girl, indicating Mr. Rippy.

"No," said Babe, glad to see another of her sex in the place. "Just keep very quiet. My husband's going to psychoanalyse the patient." Then as the girl tittered: "He's a psychiatrist."

Mac tried his damndest to pour one more into Mr. Rippy, but he was beyond all imbibing. I swallowed my ginger-ale, Clarence downed his, and Babe stared as Mac and the artists downed theirs. "That'll be five-sixty," said Mac.

Once again came that queer stare from Clarence as he fished out a ten-dollar bill and handed it to Mac; then he bent low over the mumbling Mr. Rippy.

"Do you want 'em out now?" asked Mac, indicating the lights.

"Give him his change first," said Babe.

"Yes," said Clarence. After getting it he gave the command and out went the lights.

III

We all stood silent and immovable now as Mr. Kenilworth went to work. A train hooted into the railway station nearby. I heard the girl whisper to the young man, "Oedipus . . . subconscious. . . ." And the young man came right back, "I'd like to get a mold of him . . . just like that. . . ."

"Quiet!" said Clarence impatiently, as his hands played over Mr. Rippy's face very softly. Mac drew alongside. "What's he doin'—massagin' him?" Then he caught a stare from Clarence and was silent. The soft hand-stroking kept on for some time, then softly, with his face close to Mr. Rippy's, Clarence began, "Rippy's beans; Rippy's beans; Rippy's beans! Rippy's peas! Rippy! Talk Rippy! Rippy, Rippy, Rippy! R . . i . . ppy. . . ."

His voice faded as Rippy's became more distinct: "Rippy . . . would she? No, she wouldn't!" The old face twitched painfully; we all strained forward; Clarence's eyes sparkled like sapphires in the darkness as Mr. Rippy continued: "No, she wouldn't! I choked her! I stepped on her again! Dead! Dead! Dead! Let her lie there!" The voice suddenly hushed: "I'll get rid of her some way!"

In the darkness, Clarence's eyes flashed brightly against a pale set face. We all stared down at the patient. Mr. Rippy was mumbling again: "Me—with her! An' my father owned every goddam oyster in Maryland once! Rippy's oysters! An' me—a bum! Ain't got a quarter; and no chance of ever gettin' any!"

"Don't talk like that!" said Mac darkly. "You owe ——"

"Sh!" said Clarence.

"He owes this joint forty-two bucks!" hissed Mac. "I don't wanna hear nothin' like that! The goddam stew! I told Smithy: that's forty-two pertaters we're stuck fer!"

"Sh!" commanded Clarence again, resting his right elbow in Mr. Rippy's stomach, and massaging now with the left. "We're nearing the surface. Please, everyone, quiet! Come on, Rippy! Rippy! . . ."

Then Mr. Rippy again: "Say, who's the big bum just come in? And that old battle-ax with him? Not bad, not bad. I've seen her face before somewhere. Sure! that's it.

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Down in the Folly Cabaret—that's it. That's probably where he picked her up. . . ."

"Is he talking about *me*?" asked Babe darkly.

"He ain't talkin' about your sister, honey!"

"Is *that* nice, Clarence Kenilworth?"

"Well, he's right, ain't he?"

I never saw a woman stare more fiercely.

"All right," she said. "I'll say nothing!"

"Understand," said Clarence rather apologetically to all of us, "I'm working at a disadvantage here—in this atmosphere. I could do a better job in my own office. But I think I've shown you enough to show how us psychiatrists are helping mankind. This man here has what we would call a major complex—a depressive psychotic mental blocking caused, as you have heard, by a tragic love affair and"—his voice hushed—"at least one murder."

"He looks like a murderer!" gasped the painter. "Doesn't he, Jimmy?"

Jimmy threw his chest out, and assured Gwen that everything was under control. "Take it easy, sugar," he said.

Clarence lurched a little and almost fell over the prostrate Mr. Rippy, who now began to show sign of awakening. "There you have the reason for this man's débâcle —his reckless spending of the Rippy fortune in places like this ——"

"Yeah," interrupted Mac, bitterly, and bordering on open fight. "You done me a favor tonight, professor, believe me!"

"And that, ladies and gentlemen," continued Clarence, "is psychoanalysis, simplified. There's a lot more to it. I think, however, you can all see for yourselves the wonderful work we're doing."

"Pardon me, doctor," said Jimmy the sculptor, drawing his smock a little tighter, "but does this murderous scoundrel know he's been spillin' the beans?"

"Oh, no," said Clarence. "That's his unconscious unconsciously responding to my conscious magnetizing of his unconscious. You see, we all have two minds—conscious and unconscious. When we use our conscious, the unconscious is subdued by the working of the unconscious on the conscious. After murdering his sweetheart, he relegated the whole incident to his subconscious, but unconsciously the subconscious was always conscious of what the conscious was not conscious of, thereby causing this depressive psychotic mental blocking. Is that clear?"

"Yes," said Babe alone.

"Are you going to turn him over to the police?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh, no," said Clarence. "That's out of a professional man's line. What I'm going to do now is to show you how we prescribe cures for patients."

"How?" asked Gwen.

"Just wait," said Babe. "You'll see."

Clarence explained: "By simply talking to the patient; by showing him the fallacy of retaining harmful imagery in his subconscious when he could spew it out from his conscious. I'll show you. Turn the lights on, will you, please?"

Mac pressed the switch as Clarence hit Mr. Rippy a resounding smack on the face. Then he yanked him from his improvised bed and steadied him on his feet, coming perilously near falling himself in the effort. Mr. Rippy blinked uncertainly when he realized his surroundings. "What the hell you been doin' to me?" he mumbled. "Gimme a drink."

"You've had all the drink you're gonna get in this joint, old-timer!" said Mac darkly.

"Murderer!" hissed Gwen, clinging tightly to Jimmy.

"All right," said Clarence, "give him a drink. Give us all a drink."

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Then, as Mac went to the bar, Clarence sat Mr. Rippy down on a chair and sat opposite him.

"Now look, Rippy," he began, "you've just been psychoanalysed. I find you in bad shape; but I can get you fixed up if you'll only help. Don't be afraid now. How long is it since you choked your sweetheart?"

Mr. Rippy stared.

"What the hell are you talkin' about?"

Clarence winked at all of us. "See? The tender spot." Then to Mr. Rippy: "Well, let's put it this way: How long is it since your sweetheart died—the one you saw die?"

"Say," said Rippy, "is it you or me that's crazy? I never was in love. I been married all me life. I got a boy as big as you, you big stiff!"

Clarence was ogling him steelily: "Rippy, I'll help you if you let me. But if you're going to keep this up, I won't. C'mon—how long is it?"

"Yes, you murderer, confess!" hissed Gwen, clinging to the sculptor. "We heard you!"

"Yes, by God, out with it!" said Jimmy.

In the excitement none of us had heard Smithy, the owner of the place, come in through the outer door. He now entered and immediately had at Mr. Rippy.

"Say, Father Time, I told you before not to leave that goddam wreck in front of the joint!" Then he looked icily at me, and I knew that I too was in for it. Then to Mr. Rippy: "I don't want that daughter of yourn comin' down here raisin' hell again——"

"Listen, Smithy," said Mr. Rippy apologetically and sobering up a bit, "I just stopped there for a minute, and when I tried to start her, she wouldn't move."

"Did you do as I told yer—try the choke?" asked Smithy indignantly.

"Sure. I choked her and choked her and stepped on her, but she's just as dead as hell! I'm tired of foolin' with her: I'm gonna get rid of her—some way."

"You'll get rid of her right now unless you've got some dough for this joint!" said Mac as he brought in the drinks. Then to Smithy: "I got somethin' sweet to tell you about this *rich* old bloke after a while. We're just in the bag for forty-two pertaters—that's all. Come on in here, an' I'll tell you. Why—er—professor, that'll be five-sixty."

IV

We all left shortly afterward for a movie cathedral, where "Doctor's Wives" was having its premier. Babe was bitter because the two young artists had left us tittering outside the joint. "Fools!" she muttered, and she muttered a great many more things before our destination was ever reached.

At the theater, Mr. Kenilworth paid me off. The bill called for $4.95, which he settled with a $5 note and a request that I return for him in two hours' time—a request which I immediately relegated to my subconscious.

A few minutes later, I was in a telephone booth speaking to the office.

"Is Driver Fonte in?"

"Yes. Do you want to speak to him?"

"No. This is Mr. Pendleton. I want you to send him out after me. I'm in the Henderson Valley—that's about eight miles beyond the city line. Anybody will direct him."

"That's twenty-four miles, Mr. Pendleton. That'll be six dollars."

"All right. But be sure to send Driver Fonte. I won't have any one else."

Well, that made us even anyway.

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AMERICANA

ALABAMA

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Montgomery, the Cradle of the Confederacy:

> The Alabama Court of Appeals has ruled that the death bed statement of an atheist is not admissible as testimony in the courts of Alabama. The decision reversed the judgment of a Jefferson County Circuit Court jury in finding Laura Wright, Negro, guilty of second degree murder for the slaying of her husband, Wilbur Wright. Judge W. H. Samford of the Court of Appeals held that the Jefferson County Court erred in allowing Wright's dying statement accusing his wife of shooting him to be admitted as testimony, since undisputed testimony showed Wright to be an atheist.

CALIFORNIA

THE Ojai *Baptist Booster*:

> At any rate it can't be denied that Prohibition is as great a success as the Ten Commandments.

THE birth of a great idea in the incomparable Hollywood *News*:

> Editor, Hollywood *News*:
> *Dear Sir*—Here is a big thing that Hollywood can do to make a unique impression on our visitors, as well as natives. The idea is to place very pretty and substantial benches, or settees, in bright colors along Hollywood boulevard from Vermont to La Brea on both sides of the street. Each one is to be donated by a movie star with his or her name on it in large brass letters with an invitation to visitors to stop and rest as the guest of Hollywood and their favorite star. Friends, in the future, could say, "I'll meet you at Mary Pickford's bench" or "Jack Oakie's settee." I believe that this would add a touch of hospitality which no other city would have, and would give the stars a deeper interest in their Hollywood. A good artist would give each bench an individual touch which would create an effect that would be the talk of the country.
>
> If there is any way in which I can help, I am at your service.
>
> FRED HARRINGTON

ESCHATOLOGICAL bulletin in the celebrated Los Angeles *Times*:

> *Not To Scare You—But To Warn You!*
> HOLLYWOOD TABERNACLE
> Hillhurst at Sunset and Hollywood Blvds.
> "MARK OF THE BEAST"
> SEVEN GREAT PLAGUES
> —Coming on—
> LOS ANGELES AND ALL SO. CALIFORNIA
>
> By divine prediction the world will soon be visited by the most terrible scourges ever known.
>
> An epidemic of BOILS will break out on the inhabitants that cannot be cured.
>
> BLOOD—all the water supply of Los Angeles will become as the blood of a dead man—deadly.
>
> Extreme HEAT WAVE, never known in California, will prostrate all its inhabitants. Thousands will die.
>
> HAIL STONES fifty pounds in weight will follow the heat wave—laying our city desolate.
>
> *Earthquake Coming*
>
> that will raze every building in the city, every home will be destroyed, and the High Sierras will be no refuge to those who fail to heed the warning sent from Heaven.
>
> THERE IS A WAY TO ESCAPE
>
> Mr. Richards has the evidence of these last day catastrophes that will engulph the world just before the
>
> SECOND COMING OF CHRIST NOW IMMINENT!

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Hear this Heaven-Sent Revelation
All this Week beginning Sunday
Doors Open at 6 P.M.
HOLLYWOOD TABERNACLE
Hillhurst at Sunset and Hollywood Blvds.
Hear PROF. RICHARDS,
KNX, Tuesday and Friday, 8:15 A.M.
KMPC, Every Sunday, 5:15 P.M.

PUBLIC notice in the same great organ of public opinion:

> Man, Oxon, will utterly abandon his ideally enlightened self to the diligent pursuance of any task not altogether turpiludicrous. Will not suffer his already-disgusted self to consider programmes redolent of get-rich-in-a-hurry schemes. Romantic ladies kindly neutral. Address X, box 104, *Times* Office.

GEORGIA

ECCLESIASTICAL notice from the Thomasville *Times-Enterprise*:

> At the First Baptist Church tomorrow morning the pastor, the Rev. T. F. Callaway, will deliver his seventh sermon on "The Anatomy of Christ," the topic of the morning being, "The Knees of Jesus." The preceding messages dealt with the face, the head, the mouth, the ears, the eyes and the hands of Jesus, while the remaining three will deal with the knees, the feet and the heart of Jesus.

WHAT life has come to in the grand old town of Dahlonega, as reported by Editor Townsend of the *Nugget*:

> Robbers have gotten so they knock down and take everything a person has that they can get hold of. We notice where they relieved a fellow of $17 out in Bibb county, and then stripped him of his pants while he was away on a trip. And while dodging people in trying to get home the officers had thirty-five calls about him. At last a man's dog ran him up a tree. And it was here, while out on a limb of this tree, the poor fellow made himself known to the owner of the dog as well as his troubles. One reason the editor of the *Nugget* wears a cheap pair of overalls with a hole in the bosom: no one will have them.

ILLINOIS

WIDOW's lament in the *South Side Courier*, one of the journalistic glories of Chicago:

> In loving memory of my beloved husband, Claude Stilson, who departed this world two years ago.
>
> Poor Claude, there he lies six feet beneath under the azure sky, away from this valley of sorrows, pains and tears.
>
> There he lies, contented way down below, for there he cannot hear my cries and woes.
>
> And there he knew not the grief of my wilted heart, nor the anguish of my very soul.
>
> For of course every day I miss him more and more.
>
> But there he lies and here alone I stand to be buffooned by the Jack-all's and a prey to a sly gang, etc.
>
> YVONNE STILSON.

How justice moves against desperate criminals in the town of Al Capone:

> For stealing one bar of soap from a store, Clarence Rucker was sentenced to sixty days in jail by Magistrate Paul R. Wick. "I was just trying to keep clean," Rucker said.

MINNESOTA

THE life of the spirit in Minneapolis:

"We Specialize in Helpfulness"
7:45—PREACHING FROM A PULLMAN—7:45
The rear end of a Northern Pacific Observation Car has been set up in Simpson Church and will be used as the pulpit from which the pastor preaches Sunday night on the theme
"WHERE TO, PLEASE?"
See the big vested choir board the train. Special scenery and appropriate decorations. Lights and color galore. A service you can never forget.
SIMPSON CHURCH
28th St. and First Ave. South

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NEW JERSEY

THE Milburn-Short Hills *Item* reports progress in the local Americanization movement:

> "As to this library question, I don't think we want a public library in Milburn. They are nothing but hot beds of Anarchism and Communism," W. R. Whittingham, former president, declared at last Thursday night's meeting of the Milburn Board of Trade.
>
> "Go into any large city and you'll see these Reds sneaking out of the libraries with books under their arms. You stand there as a 100% American and wonder what this country is coming to."
>
> Members present applauded Mr. Whittingham's statement.

NEW YORK

HEARD at a recent luncheon at the Harvard Club:

> George Currie, literary editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, spoke on the intercollegiate football situation and said colleges usually found "football overemphasized" when their teams were not prospering. He felt that too often there was "classroom over-emphasis" and admitted that to him the "rage of football excitement is more thrilling than the doings of a bunch of dead Greeks."

THE latest triumph of ever-marvellous Manhattan:

> NOW—A SPECIAL ELEVATOR FOR DOGS
>
> Henceforth, when guests at the Croydon wish to take their dogs out for a walk it is only necessary to push the special elevator button in order to summon a private car to the floor from which the signal originates. This innovation will, we believe, please dog-lovers, dog-haters and neutral parties. That the dogs will revel in such special attention is a foregone conclusion. This new convenience is made possible through the installation of an intricate signalling device. Pushing the special button notifies the elevator attendants that a dog and master await private transportation from their floor to the street level.
>
> THE CROYDON
> 12 East 86th Street, New York
> Tel. Butterfield 8-4000

THE *National Underwriter* gives a friendly boost to one of the big shots of the insurance profession:

> When away from insurance cares J. A. Campbell, vice-president of the Home of New York, and recently elected a vice-president of the Western Underwriters Association, devotes a portion of his time to the preparation of cross-word puzzles. Many of his offerings have been accepted by the New York *Herald Tribune*. Large of frame and vigorous of stride, Mr. Campbell is likewise mentally active, though working so easily and quietly that his real power is not always recognized.

NORTH CAROLINA

ÆSTHETIC note in the *Wilkes Patriot* of Wilkesboro:

> A great pianist is coming to Lincoln Heights High-school, Thursday night at 8 o'clock—Prince Chester Wilburn, of Gold Coast, West Africa, the world's leading pianist. Prince Wilburn's father is the King of Monrovia, a colony of Gold Coast, West Africa, and Prince Wilburn is the Crown Prince.
>
> He will appear with his royal turban, which contains fourteen caret and a half of diamond stones. He will feature the most difficult classic spirituals and popular numbers written on two pianos. He is the only two pianist in the world. He is also a great tenor singer and has composed over forty numbers.
>
> A special section will be reserved for white people.

OKLAHOMA

SCIENTIFIC note in the Okasche *Times*:

> We need a few good old fashioned thunderstorms, with plenty of lightning, as one old gent told us, to burn up and remove the impurities of the air and prevent sickness. We have long thought that there was something in the idea that

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lightning was intended to burn up the miasma malaria and other noxious gases from the air that are injurious to health. Wind does not remove these impurities. It merely shifts them around.

SOUTH CAROLINA

CULTURAL news in the Pickens *Sentinel*:

The Dramatics Club held its regular semi-monthly meeting in the auditorium. The following programme was carried out:

Music—Mary Dorsey.

Jokes—Grace Jewell.

Debate: "Resolved, that it is more healthful, economical, and attractive to blow gum than to smack it."

TEXAS

THE Palestine correspondent of the Dallas *Dispatch* reports a lamentable clash between the Aframerican and white Nordic codes of honor in the rising town of Frankston:

Justice J. W. Moore here and Justice L. A. Brooks at Frankston today were warring on bootleggers with the same methods. Justice Moore yesterday announced in the Palestine press that he would remit the fines of all drunks who told him where they obtained the liquor. Justice Brooks today made the same terms to his drunks. The first Frankston defendant, a Negro, rejected the offer, swearing that he found the bottle.

FROM the Jefferson *Journal*:

Miss Milstead is singing her way into newer popularity in a leading rôle, Yum Yum, a character of the operetta, "The Mikado," written, titled and presented by Gilbert and Sullivan, New Yorksters of literary renown.

PROOF that the hash-house visionaries of this great Commonwealth are just as forward-looking as the local realtors, morticians and tonsorial artists:

NATIONAL RESTAURANT ASSOCIATION

DALLAS LOCAL NO. 5

DALLAS, TEXAS

The *Dallas Local* of the *National Restaurant Association* is going to throw a *Smoker* at *El Tivoli Night Club*, open to members, associate members and their friends.

Now, *Brother*, when we say *"Smoker"* we don't mean anything but an *all-stag* party,—*no ladies or women invited.*

We mean to have one of the hottest floor shows that was ever put on any place without an asbestos mat. Also, there will be a little gentleman poker, free-handed dice, etc.

The Party starts at 9:00 P.M. with the regular floor show, but just as soon as that is over it will be followed by a special *bunch of acts, beginning with the famous veil dance, running right down into the ground.* This is *not one of those fakes* that is usually pulled at a Convention, but *this is the real article.* You can recommend it, *Brother*, to your customers and we will guarantee the results.

Tickets $2 each. Just try any member of the N. R. A. and you'll get one.

VIRGINIA

SINISTER announcement in the *Virginia Churchman*:

NOTICE

We have decided to reduce our charge for an obituary notice from .03 to .02 a word. We hope that this reduction will be the means of making this column used more by our Church people.

WISCONSIN

POLITICAL advertisement in the Sheboygan *Press*:

Mr. Geo. M. Groh was born in this city and has been a successful business man. He has been interested in 10 vessels and 2 steam barges and 3 tugs which employed hundreds of men and families for the welfare of our city. He was also appointed in past years as inspector for the safety of life boats and the efficient operation of safety devices on all boats operated on the Lakes. So he now kindly puts his name on the list for

MAYOR OF SHEBOYGAN

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

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Mr. Groh has had 5 Photo Art Studios, 3 in Sheboygan and 2 in Milwaukee which he has sold. He also has retired 5 years ago.

GEO. M. GROH.

PATHOLOGICAL note from the Shawano *Journal*:

The next morning, when Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Alft arose, they went to the buggy wherein slept their two-months old daughter, Elaine, and discovered that she had died during the night. She was apparently well on Monday when put to sleep, and the cause of her death is unknown, albeit it is surmised that in some manner the shock of the tragic death of her grandmother was in some way transmitted to her, causing her death.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the *Advertiser* of Adelaide, South Australia:

ATTENTION

We read every day in the papers of lives being saved by surgeons and doctors all over the world. Much is written of their prowess.

There is at present living in Adelaide a man whose cleverness with the aid of God and herbs performs miracles unnoticed by the newspapers.

I refer to Mahomet Allum, a man who is devoting his life in the relief of our afflicted. Monetarily unrewarded (this man does not ask for money), this benefactor is working from early morning till late at night ministering to the helpless and sick.

Daily I hear of his miraculous cures; men, women, and children, acclaimed by many medical men to be hopeless cases, seek Mahomet Allum, and are relieved, and in most cases cured of their ailments.

A recent case came under the notice of the writer, where a child of a noted public man suffered for years from epileptic fits.

This gentleman heard of Mr. Allum and his wonderful treatment, so he went along and consulted him, who commenced with the child, and after a few months, under this skilful man, the child was restored to health and strength and has had no return of the fits since.

The boy had swallowed a string of beads. Small bits passed from the boy, as well as a length of six inches.

If you watch a child you will notice that everything goes to his little mouth.

Another case, that of a woman, who was suddenly stricken with severe pains, is worth recording.

Suffering terribly and nearly insane with agony, she sought medical aid, but could only get temporary relief. She heard of Mahomet Allum, and went to him. After consultation and treatment of a few weeks she passed a lot of foreign matter and small growths: also a live crayfish about two inches long. This lady is still being treated by Mr. Allum, and she told me she had never felt better in her life.

Another case that of a gentleman suffering with catarrh for a great number of years. He told me he had never felt better in his life, and that he was quite cured.

Only think—cured of CATARRH; it is absolutely wonderful!

Anyone can go into the waiting-room and read the testimonials for themselves. The tables are loaded with such. The rooms are always full of patients waiting to see Mr. Allum. Scores are turned away daily. These are only three cases that I have mentioned, but, really, one could fill the newspaper.

Mahomet Allum is also a great supporter of charity; he has helped the unemployed to a very great extent. It is generally done through other people, so I have been told.

(Inserted by a Well-wisher.)

R.

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THE GEORGIA PLAN

BY CARTER BROOKE JONES

SOME of the larger American cities, notably New York and Chicago, begin to shake off the shackles of State government as they ignore the usurpations of Federal authority. They drift, in fact, toward the autonomy of medieval Lübeck or Naples. But most American cities remain submissive to the political weight of the country districts surrounding them. Since they are not powerful enough to defy the hinds, there is, indeed, nothing much that they can do about it.

Atlanta, the largest and richest city in the Southeast, has a council, a mayor, a school board and all the other appurtenances of municipal government, but actually it is governed by the 161 counties of Georgia. It can move neither hand nor foot without permission of the Legislature, which is almost wholly the creature of the peasants. These peasants, all of them white, Anglo-Saxon, God-fearing stalwarts, do not abandon their metropolis to its evil ways. Instead they labor with it earnestly, eagerly responsive to the duties which the Georgia Plan imposes on them. That Plan is worth a glance.

Under it, population has very little to do with the weight of suffrage. The county is the political measure, and the Georgia counties have prerogatives rare even in a nation where rural control is taken for granted. Just as Nevada, with less people than Schenectady, N. Y., has two Senators, simply because it happens to be a State, so the most thinly settled county in Georgia can speak with awful tones in the councils of the Commonwealth. One citizen of the backwoods, indeed, has as much voice in the affairs of the State as thirty-five qualified electors of Atlanta or Macon. This ratio has remained fairly constant for the last thirty years, thus obviating all danger that the growth of the cities and the decline of agriculture will ever shift the scales.

Most American State Legislatures are the victims of cow-pasture majorities, but Georgia can show them all something. In the first place, it has more counties than any other State, with the single exception of Texas, which has nearly five times its area. Georgia's 161 counties cover 59,625 square miles. California, with 158,297 square miles, manages to get along with 58 counties. Colorado, with an area of 103,948, has 63, and Kansas, with 82,158, has 105. The area of Montana is 146,997 square miles and its counties number but 56; Utah's is 84,990, yet the Mormons do with 29.

The average population of the 3,072 counties in the United States is 30,200. Georgia's average is 18,000, and the State has 61 counties with less than 10,000 each. It shows both the smallest area to a county and the least average population. There can be no dispute. Georgia can lay claim to the county championship of the Union.

This multiplicity of counties, which has proved so useful to Georgia's rural politicians, came about as follows:

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In the early days there were few roads in the State, and these were impassable a good part of the year. It was hard to reach the outposts, so it came to be the custom to put up some sort of courthouse in every settlement.

The first State constitution was adopted on February 5, 1777, at Savannah. By it the State was divided into eight counties: Chatham, Glynn, Effingham, Richmond, Liberty, Burke, Camden and Wilkes. All of these still exist, but they have been subdivided innumerable times. As the Indians pushed westward, more settlements and more counties were formed. By the time the last Cherokee vanished and the railroads came, the creation of new counties had become a habit. By 1877, when a constitutional convention was called to revise the work of the carpetbag convention of 1868, there were well over 100.

The delegates to the convention brought along plats for a good many more. The new constitution provided that there should be no more counties, *except* . . . And there followed a description of the boundaries of the new counties. When the convention got through, the State had a total of 137.

After that, whenever the bucolic politicians decided they needed a new county, they had to put through a constitutional amendment, but that never presented any difficulty. A petition from the region affected, supported by its representatives, was sufficient to assure submission of the amendment to the electorate. The voters always took the position that it was a local matter, that if the people living there wanted another county, they ought to have it. Early in the present century a well-organized lobby ushered in a whole flock of new counties. The late Senator Tom Watson needed some more strongholds, and his Populist organization flourished in the sticks. A few counties have been added since 1920.

The constitutional convention of 1877, the last to sit, decreed that there should be 44 State Senators, representing 39 districts of 5 counties each and 5 of 4 each. The seats in the House of Representatives were allotted as follows:

The 6 most populous counties, 3 members each.
The next 26 counties, 2 each.
The remaining 105, 1 each.

In 1877 the towns were small and the State was still overwhelmingly agricultural. The census of 1880 gave Atlanta 37,409 people. In the decades that followed the industrialism of the New South began to take hold, and there was a gradual drift of the populace cityward. Thus some of the counties grew prodigiously, while others decreased or stood still.

The towns naturally begged for reapportionment, but they got little save the hoots of the yokels. A few large counties were thrown sops in the form of additional House members, and some new three-county senatorial districts were created. That was all. Even now the most any county has is three representatives and a third interest in one senator. The census of 1930 gave Fulton county (Atlanta) 318,587 people. Greater Atlanta, with a population of 360,691, really extends into DeKalb county and even takes in a corner of Milton county. But Atlanta still has only a third interest in one senator.

The counties rating three representatives have been extended from six to eight. They are Fulton, DeKalb, Richmond (Augusta), Chatham (Savannah), Floyd (Rome), Muscogee (Columbus), Bibb (Macon), and Laurens (Dublin). They have a combined population of 783,246. They account for considerably more than one-fourth of the State's population. But they have only

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24 representatives in a membership of 207, and share with their adjacent counties eight of the 51 seats in the State Senate.

Some of the dirt-road counties are very sparsely settled. Echols, for instance, has but 2,744 souls. But Fulton county, with more than 100 times this population, has but three Representatives—and little Echols has one. Thus one citizen of Echols is worth 35 citizens of Fulton on election day. But Fulton, having one-eighth of Georgia's population, considerately pays 24% of the State *ad valorem* tax. Eight other counties combined kick through with another 25%, and thirty-nine counties provide a third 25%. Finally come eighty counties with 21% and the remaining thirty-three with an aggregate of 4%.

Fulton, in 1928, gave the State $1,456,883.36, whereas five of the rural counties, which can gang up and suppress Fulton in the Legislature whenever they desire, paid less than $5,000 each. That year 137 of the 161 counties received more from the common school fund than they contributed to the support of the State.

II

But this bumper crop of counties was not enough for the farmers. The cities still had too much power. They were all growing rapidly, and they began to show a weight of suffrage sufficient to swing any Statewide election. They were thus likely to choose United States Senators and Governors inimical to the reign of the hillbillies. Something had to be done.

In a one-party State like Georgia it was easy. All you had to do was to make a party rule putting the towns in their place. And so, some twenty-five years ago, that omnipotent body, the Democratic State Executive Committee, devised the county-unit plan of nominating candidates for State and national offices. This plan provides that to be successful in the "Democratic white primary" a candidate must receive a majority, not of the popular vote, but of the county-unit vote.

Well, the number of unit votes allowed each county is determined by its representation in the General Assembly. It is allotted two unit votes for each House member. Consequently, Fulton county, with its population of 318,587, has only six units, while Quitman county, harboring but 3,820, casts two.

The popular vote has nothing whatever to do with it. A candidate may receive a plurality of 100,000 and still lose the nomination. To win he must collect 208 units. If there are several candidates for a given office, and none can muster a unit majority, the two highest meet in a run-over primary, with the same rules prevailing.

The thing works beautifully. The cities have less and less to say. It is as easy to put over as excluding niggers from the party primaries. The system, to be sure, is not established by law. It remains merely a party rule. But it stands as firmly entrenched as if it were in the constitution.

There has been some dissatisfaction, of course, but mostly from disappointed candidates and their friends. It has irked certain aspirants for office to carry the most populous counties, in fact to amass a majority of the State's votes, and still go down to defeat. But these soreheads, in their preoccupation with ballots, fail to appreciate the dignity and importance of acreage.

A historic example of the workings of the Georgia Plan occurred in the primary of 1914, when Governor John M. Slaton received a clear majority of the popular vote for the Senatorial nomination, but yielded to the Hon. Tom Hardwick when all the unit votes were reported to the Democratic State Convention.

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The convention, in fact, provides a further check for those who have the real interests of the State at heart. The primary, after all, is only advisory. The nominees actually are declared by the convention. While the delegates are supposed to cast their ballots the way their counties voted, in practice there is some leeway. Moreover, the convention settles all contests.

In the primary of 1930 the race for comptroller-general between William Harrison, the incumbent, and Homer S. Parker was so close that the convention went into session with each claiming the nomination. Their unit votes were almost identical, and in some of the counties less than twenty popular votes separated them. However, the Harrison forces proved the stronger politically, and in the convention they mustered power enough to unhorse Parker. When the convention ballots were counted the result was not even close. Many of the counties which Parker had indisputably carried climbed on the bandwagon and voted for Harrison.

It is true that any white man who cares to register can vote in a Georgia primary. But his vote counts only in his county. It is equally true that there is no county-unit system in the general election which follows. But a general election in Georgia is like a mother-in-law's kiss: a perfunctory performance. No Republican has been elected to any important office there since the Civil War. The State Republican organization contents itself with looking after the fat Federal patronage, and seldom troubles to enter a ticket. Nor does the average Georgian bother to vote.

The way State senators are nominated reveals another quaint property of the Georgia Plan. The counties in a senatorial district fill the seat in rotation. That is to say, the entire district never votes on a senator, but each county takes its turn. This permits every county, no matter how sparse and barren, to have its own senator every few years, although, of course, he is supposed to represent the whole district in the Assembly. Sometimes, as a special concession to urban pride, one of the larger counties, such as Chatham, is allowed the honor twice in succession.

Atlanta's senator in the Legislature of 1929-30 was the Hon. W. V. Whaley, a citizen of the village of Jonesboro, county of Clayton. Three counties—Clayton, Henry and Fulton—form the district, and it was not Fulton's year to vote.

Another feature of the Georgia Plan is a provision in the State Code prohibiting incorporated towns from amending their charters without legislative permission. Changes in local tax rates, or boundary lines, or councilmanic representation always involve charter amendments.

This law was designed as a further means of keeping in their place the cities. Its sponsors, however, found it something of a nuisance, for it applied to country towns as well as to Atlanta. So many local bills were introduced at every session that it became the custom to pass them, on approval of the delegation from the county affected, by unanimous consent. But the right to object was reserved, and it has caused trouble. The mistake the rustic politicians made was in not having the rule apply only to cities of the first class. Perhaps they will remedy that.

III

The *modus operandi* of the Georgia Plan having been sketched, it may be well to consider some of its results.

What blessings, for example, has Atlanta derived from the paternalistic concern of the counties? And what has the State as a whole achieved under this righteous rule?

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Sad to relate, the Cracker metropolis has not always appreciated what was best for it. Cities are like that. Often it has been necessary to veto projects favored by the Atlanta delegation in the Legislature and to impose other measures which the city thought it didn't want. But the rural members are never the kind to shirk their duty.

Take the matter of highways, for example. For many years Atlanta has been trying to get better roads to ship goods over and for its motorists to enjoy. Many Atlantans favor a State bond issue, so that a great many highways may be paved in a short time. Most States have found this a convenient method of financing a speedy road programme. The local motor clubs, the State Automobile Association and committees from various towns urge the bond plan. But the Legislature has always turned thumbs down on it—not once, but repeatedly, at various sessions—and today no one believes that bonds have a chance.

A constitutional amendment, to be ratified by popular vote, would be necessary to issue them. But the Assembly has refused even to submit the question. The electorate as a whole, it appears, can't be trusted with the matter. There is grave danger that the cities, which are always doing contrary things, may swing the election in favor of the bonds.

Not all the urban citizenry, of course, advocate them. A good many want some other system of financing. But all of them want the roads. Even Crackers in the remoter reaches of the Blue Ridge have begun to demand smooth flivvering to Chattanooga, Atlanta and Florida. So the Legislature lately compromised by raising the gasoline tax from four to six cents a gallon, thus adding to the burdens of the harassed motorists.

Atlanta pays something like one-fifth of this tax. The city owned, at the latest enumeration, 75,897 motor vehicles out of the 341,177 registered in the State. Most of this money goes to the highway department. But Fulton county gets almost none of it back. This, the most populous county in the State, paves its own roads and maintains them. The highway fund goes to other counties. Last year Fulton paid out in motor taxes $2,264,216.65 and received as its portion of the road money $12,380.

The lawmakers meet in Atlanta, and they have always been ready to give the capital city their personal attention. Prowling about town at odd moments, they have had many an inspiration: perhaps a special tax on pool-rooms, perhaps some new way of baiting the public utilities. Atlanta's saloons were closed in 1905, and Statewide Prohibition, adopted rather softly and stealthily, with certain exemptions for "clubs," was strengthened in 1915 with a bone-dry law—a statute as rigid as even a Kansan could devise.

The Atlanta Sabbath is the fruit of a State law. All theatres are closed. All commercial pursuits are banned. Up to the time of the World War it was taboo to move a freight train through the city, but at that time it was decided that, in view of the emergency, Jahveh would understand, and since then freights have puffed and screeched as they please. But amusements are barred as strictly as ever. Only clergymen and bootleggers are allowed to work.

All this is the county lawmakers' doing, but the impression should not be conveyed that Atlanta itself is exactly a citadel of liberality. Probably no other large city in the country is sat on so thoroughly by the pious. Just recently the evangelical clergy of the town protested against a Sunday symphony concert at which a collection was taken for the unemployed. They directed the mayor's attention to a city ordinance which forbids Sabbath enter-

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tainments—"for charity or for any other purpose."

Yet there are libertarians in Atlanta, probably more than anywhere else in the State, if they do remain inarticulate and helpless. Some of them, and others residing in the smaller but more tolerant municipalities of Savannah, Columbus and Augusta, have made diligent efforts to modify the Sunday laws. But their bills never emerge from committee.

When, a few years ago, the General Assembly decided to enact a gross sales tax, it started out with an annual exemption of $5,000, but soon it found that this would catch many of the country and small-town storekeepers, so the exemption was finally fixed at $30,000. This hit the Atlanta merchants good and proper, which was the object desired.

At a recent session a tax was levied on cigarettes and cigars. Many persons wondered why chewing and pipe tobaccos were not included. Then an observant member pointed out that all the country legislators chewed, and that most of them smoked pipes, but that few cared for cigars or cigarettes, which were regarded as urban vices.

The City Planning Commission decided, some years back, that Atlanta's most pressing traffic need was the construction of two additional viaducts over the railroad tracks that bisect the business district. The city council approved the project and arranged to finance it with bonds. Permission to amend the charter by increasing the city's bonded indebtedness got through the Legislature all right—it was a local improvement and no one paid much attention to it—and in due course the voters of Atlanta authorized the sale of the bonds. But unfortunately the viaducts were to cross the tracks of the old Western & Atlantic Railroad, owned by the State and leased to the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis line. There was no difficulty in reaching an agreement with the N., C. & St. L., but the operating railroad could negotiate only for the remainder of its lease, a matter of some forty-two years, and the city required, as a protection for the bonds, perpetual air rights over two small parcels of State property.

Thus a further parley with the Legislature was necessary. A general bill was introduced to permit the city to span the State's tracks. Then there was hell to pay. Many rural members were certain that Atlanta was trying to slip over a fast one on the State. They were a bit hazy about air rights, ground leases and such intricacies, but they knew that cities were not to be trusted.

"Atlanta wants everything," one brother sniffed.

It took several biennial sessions, considerable "entertaining," and careful and patient planning to get the bill through. Finally, a friendly Speaker appointed a Fulton county member chairman of the committee in charge, and one hot day, while some of the opponents were taking their daily nap and others were across the street shooting pool, the measure was sneaked by.

Eventually, about ten years after the project was conceived, it was possible to build the viaducts. Today the legislators stroll unconcernedly over one of them on their way from the Kimball House to the Capitol.

So many pieces of legislation originating in the cities—such as tax reforms or the reorganization of State departments—have been stifled that the urban members now resort to various expedients to get them through. One is to persuade a country member, perhaps with the aid of some prime charred corn, to sponsor the neces-

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sary bill. But such schemes often fail, for the county leaders are apt to find out who actually desires the change, and to oppose it violently.

Sometimes the system is used by one local faction to belabor another, as when a bill was slipped through placing the Atlanta schools under the Fulton county educational department, which administers the country schools outside the borough of Atlanta. This legislation was engineered by the enemies of Dr. Willis A. Sutton, superintendent of the city schools and last year's president of the National Education Association; it failed only because his supporters blocked the calling of the special election necessary to put it into effect. Had the scheme been adopted, it would have scrapped ten years of effort by Dr. Sutton and his associates to give Atlanta a modern and enlightened plan of elementary education.

IV

As for the State as a whole, apparently it is always in a financial jam. Only recently it was behind something more than $6,000,000 on current expenses. The Milledgeville State Hospital, the only State institution for the insane, was about to close for lack of funds, and the other public hospitals, charities and colleges were in a bad way. Money had been appropriated to maintain them, but somehow, as usual, the estimated revenues had failed to materialize. The retiring Governor, Dr. L. G. Hardman, that eminent phrenologist, student of finger prints and mill owner, called the General Assembly into extraordinary session, but nothing much came of it except some seventy days of *per diem* pay and travel mileage for the members, who could well spare the time, for it was after the harvest and before planting.

The common schools are in hot water constantly. In many counties the teachers go for months without pay, and frequently it is necessary to close the schools for long periods. Dr. M. L. Duggan, State Superintendent of Schools, reported recently that $2,500,000 was due in unpaid appropriations, adding,

> There are very few counties in the State that have been able to pay all bills and operating expenses up to date and can carry on their schools. These counties, not having faith in the State's promises to pay, have decreased their operating expenses and cut their school terms below the minimum required of them by the State, thus denying the children reasonable educational opportunities.

Certain critics of the State government charge it with spending too much on its schools and eleemosynary institutions, but this accusation seems unjust in view of figures collected by the Tax Revision Association. They indicate that in *per capita* expenditures Georgia ranks among the States:

> Forty-eighth in education, health and sanitation, charities and corrections, and general governmental outlay.
>
> Forty-seventh in protection of person and property.

Such economy should lighten the taxpayer's burdens, but the same organization complains:

> Georgia has more taxes than Carter had oats. It has run the whole gamut of taxation. Besides taxing property, it taxes polls, incomes, inheritances, professions, gross receipts, franchises, capital stock, business and occupations. The tax on gasoline is the highest in the country. The tag tax is one of the heaviest. The system of licenses is the most extensive any State has devised. There is hardly anything left to tax. While the *per capita* tax bill is low as compared with most of the States, the burden is so

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unequally distributed as to be oppressive, frequently grievous.

Where does the money go? The answer seems to be that most of it is required to support the myriad local governments which the Crackers insist on having. The Georgia Real Estate Association says that the citizens of the State "pay nearly $70,000,000 a year to their local governments," to which the Tax Revision Association adds:

> That many of Georgia's economic ills are partly attributable to a super-abundance of counties and that the burden of taxation is mainly due to the excessive cost of local government is the conclusion of many informed people who have given the matter serious study.

John Hammond, Atlanta correspondent for the Macon *Telegraph*, emerged recently from an exhaustive study of the State tax system to report to his paper:

> Of the 161 counties in Georgia, 154 are leeches upon the other seven. It may sound rough to put it that way, but the records tell that simple truth.
>
> If it were not for Fulton, Chatham, Bibb, Muscogee, Richmond, DeKalb and Dougherty counties, in the order named, the State of Georgia, as a government, would have to stop functioning and the other 154 counties would, governmentally, be unable to operate themselves and would starve to death.
>
> Leaving the seven counties named out of the list, the other 154 lack just $2,265,276.04 of supporting themselves, to say nothing of the State government, which is supported by the seven counties named. . . .
>
> The seven counties designated take out of the State Treasury a total of $1,274,156.74 [annually] and leave in the Treasury $2,265,276.04 to be divided up among all the other counties of the State in order to hold Georgia together. Not one other county in the State but takes out of the Treasury a very great deal more than it pays in.

A few illustrations will suffice. At the latest tabulation:

> Appling county gave the State $22,232.42 and got back $61,564.08.
>
> Carroll contributed $47,802.95 and received $131,804.03.
>
> Gwinnett turned in $39,738.26 and collected $111,260.01.
>
> Milton gave $6,873.70 and got $32,374.01.
>
> Towns donated $5,352.76 and was given $35,070.25.
>
> Worth paid $25,295.09 and cost the State $85,308.90.

Despite State aid the citizens of these 154 indigent counties pay plenty for the privilege of running the State. It may be thought that the wealthy counties have to levy the highest tax rates, but not so.

There is a constitutional limit of 5 mills on the State property tax, but the counties and towns have no such inhibition and thus assess as they see fit. Fulton's rate last year was 11 mills. Typical rates of smaller counties were:

Decatur, 17.	Calhoun, 28.50.
Appling, 17.50.	Toombs, 17.50.
Bacon, 22.50.	Crisp, 26.

Muscogee and Richmond, two of the most populous counties, tied for the lowest property rate, 9 mills.

The taxpayer, of course, must add the State's 5 mills to whatever he pays his county, and, if he lives in an incorporated community, a town tax also is demanded.

Atlanta's municipal rate was 15 mills last year, and thus an Atlanta property owner paid the city, county and State an aggregate of 31 mills. On the other hand, a resident of the little town of Conyers, some 25 miles from Atlanta, was charged 42.50, of which 22.50 went to the town, 15 to Rockdale county and the rest to the State.

All told, the counties and municipalities of Georgia make up a grand total of nearly 600 local governments. Most of them eke

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out a precarious existence in rags and tatters, hard put to maintain the army of officeholders fastened on them. Seven of the counties have populations of less than 5,000 each, 48 have between 5,000 and 10,000 each, 35 range between 10,000 and 15,000, 32 between 15,000 and 30,000 and only 39, or less than 25%, are in the class above 30,000.

One has only to visit a few of the smaller counties to realize their tribulations. Many of them are remote from railroads, with tortuous dirt roads their only means of communication. Telephones are scarce. Indeed, one of the more medieval counties is apt to have a single line, running to the general store at the county seat or into the smelly courthouse.

Quitman registered less than 300 voters for the last primary and election. The seat is Georgetown, which consists of a half dozen rickety shacks. The courthouse is an old warehouse with a tin roof. Splintery benches have been installed, and a few shelves of law books are ranged along the sides. A rough platform has been built for the circuit judge, who holds court twice a year.

Yet each county must have its quota of officials: its sheriff, coroner, clerk of the court, ordinary (probate judge), treasurer, surveyor, superintendent of schools, commissioner or commissioners of roads and revenues, and both a tax *collector* and a tax *receiver*.

State Auditor Tom Wisdom reports that the counties have acquired a bonded indebtedness of $28,268,189.99 for courthouses, jails, roads, bridges, schools and other purposes. Lately a Cedartown citizen was moved to write to the Atlanta *Constitution*:

> You can buy in some Middle Georgia counties good land for $2, $3 and $3.50 an acre, but you must pay taxes on it at the rate of $30 to $50 per acre. Why? The county-unit plan of taxation is a ghastly joke. We have too many counties, and the courthouse crowds are taxing the people to death. Georgia needs only about 50 self-supporting counties, with reduced expenses of upkeep and largely reduced tax burdens.

But you will find few countrymen or small-townsmen who take this view of the situation. Most of them are satisfied to leave things as they are. They continue to blame all their troubles on Republican administrations, Wall Street, the Pope, the cities, and the Devil. Nobody can persuade them that they are being exploited by their own politicians: they know that white, Anglo-Saxon, Southern, Protestant Democrats wouldn't stoop to anything lowdown. Of course politicians are . . . well, politicians. They get what they can. But who wouldn't?

V

The more spectacular achievements of the Georgia Plan were summed up by Orville A. Park, lawyer and member of the 1931 Legislature, in a recent address at Macon. He placed Georgia among the States:

> First in the number of lynchings over a long period of years.
> First in the census of child labor.
> First in the number of stills.
> Second in illiterates.
> Forty-seventh in the percentage of children between 7 and 14 in school.
> Forty-fifth in the number of school days *per annum*.

Others were thus encouraged to point out, in statements or speeches, additional facts bearing on the contention of cynical Atlantans that the Georgia Plan is not all that it should be.

They adverted to Georgia's population, which dropped in the rank of States from tenth place in 1910 to twelfth place in 1920 and fourteenth in 1930—a circumstance

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surely not entirely attributable to the migration of Negroes, since North Carolina, affected similarly, jumped from sixteenth place in 1910 to twelfth in 1930, while Alabama, yielding to Harlem and Chicago an immense number of blacks, moved in the two decades from eighteenth to fifteenth position.

Georgia's gain in population from 1920 to 1930 was 12,674, although Atlanta added some 70,000. Many of the counties lost thousands during the ten years. There was, for instance, Jasper, which had 16,362 in 1920 and 8,594 in 1930. Indeed, the farmers have been deserting in force, but their system goes on. Part of it is a law which requires State-aid roads to be built *from county seat to county seat*, without regard to geography, topography, traffic or anything else. Many of these county seats are remote villages, but nevertheless they exerted enough political pressure at the Capitol to get their roads improved first. Other county seats, situated on main highways, but lacking special influence, remained for years with their dirt lanes unpaved, the despair of through traffic. The result was an amazing hodge-podge, with here and there a few miles of concrete, and the rest ruts and bogs.

It is, of course, impossible to repeal the law. But of late it has come to be pretty well ignored, and as a result the State is at last getting some through highways fit to travel over. Its roads programme remains, however, far behind those of the neighboring States—Tennessee, the Carolinas, Florida, even Alabama.

There is of late some talk about the consolidation of counties, a constitutional convention, and general governmental reform. Little Campbell county, indeed, is about to merge with its big neighbor, Fulton, and much has been made of that. But the brethren who hope for better days seem to be over-sanguine. Such promises to do something about it have been heard for fifty years, but nothing much has ever happened. Optimism is mainly confined to the cities; until the people who really run the State become interested the odds on the present system continuing should remain at least 20 to 1.

The Georgia Plan, indeed, is the invention of the sacrosanct Democratic party, and Georgians are used to being bossed by it. The State, county and town committees take complete charge of all national, State and local primaries. They fix the entrance fees for candidates, name the election dates, designate the polling places and the hours they are to remain open, decide when registration is to be closed, and make whatever other rules the occasion may demand. Sometimes an indignant anti-ring candidate, charging that he was forced out of the primary by an exorbitant fee or some other device, enters the general election as an independent. But he never gets to first base.

For party loyalty is as fundamental to the Cracker as turnip greens. Despite the defection of other components of the Solid South, Al Smith carried the State. The lingering influence of the lamented Ku Klux, the ancient suspicion of the Pope and the dislike of the Cracker for civilized drinking were as nothing, beside the dread of a Republican victory. Not even the Methodist pastors could line up the electorate for Hoover.

The Georgia Plan thus suits the residuary legatees of the party of Jefferson. The inhabitants of the red-clay hills, the wiregrass plains and the cypress swamps have the satisfaction of keeping the godless cities out of mischief. So they will cling as long as they can to their multitude of counties, their county-unit nominations, and all the rest. And that is likely to be a long time.

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Constitutional Law

WAR BY REFERENDUM

By Carl L. W. Meyer

Since the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War, but particularly since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles in 1919, there have appeared in print from time to time all manner of remedies which, according to their authors, were to make wars unnecessary, illegal, or impossible.

The volume of such pacifistic literature always swells toward the end of or following the great armed conflicts of mankind. Thus the War of the Spanish Succession gave rise to the famous "Projet de la Paix Perpetuelle" of the Abbé de Saint Pierre, published during 1712-1715. This project for a time was the subject of warm discussion. Learned scholars lavished praise upon it, while in the opposing camp it was stigmatized as a "cleverly conceived scheme to secure French ascendency in Europe." Similarly the French Revolution is said to have inspired Kant's essay on "Perpetual Peace," which appeared in 1795. In it Kant proposed that all States should become republics, abolish secret diplomacy, and do away with their standing armies. He advocated renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy, but he added cautiously that as a starter "two or three of the most powerful nations" had better enter into an agreement to that effect and see how it worked out in practice.

The World War brought on a veritable avalanche of schemes, and it has by no means subsided today. As a result we have the League of Nations, the World Court, the Locarno Pact, and last but not least the Multilateral Peace Treaty, also known as the Kellogg Pact, which was signed at Paris on August 27, 1928. This treaty has been hailed by some as "the beginning of a new era in the history of mankind," and by others is dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. It may not be amiss to recall the provisions of the instrument, which was proclaimed by the President on July 24, 1929. The treaty proper consists of two short articles, as follows:

> Article 1.—The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and denounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.
>
> Article 2.—The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.

At the time of the proclamation of the treaty there had been deposited at Washington the ratifications of all of the fifteen original signatories, that is, Australia, Belgium, Canada, Czechoslovakia, France, Germany, Great Britain, India, Irish Free State, Italy, Japan, New Zealand, Poland, the Union of South Africa, and the United States, and since then forty-two other countries have adhered, including Afghanistan, Turkey, and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. Preparations are now being made for the amendment of the Cove-

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nant of the League of Nations in order "to bring it into harmony with the Pact." This, of course, does not concern the United States, since it is not a party to the Covenant.

Meanwhile Article I, Section 8, Subsection 11 of the Constitution provides that "Congress shall have power . . . to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water." With the intent to curb this power pacifistically inclined members of Congress have introduced in Congress various resolutions. Among these the most outstanding are those providing for a referendum by the people before Congress may declare war.

In December, 1923, Senator Ladd of North Dakota introduced in the Senate a resolution (S. Res. 8) "that it is the sense of the Senate that no declaration of war by Congress and no act of war by the executive branch of the government of the United States shall be taken except to suppress insurrection or repel invasion as provided for by the Congress of the United States until the question at issue shall be submitted to a referendum of the voters of the United States." Three days later, on December 6, Senator Ladd introduced a joint resolution (S. J. Res. 8) which went a step further by proposing an amendment to the effect that "except in case of invasion or when the danger is so imminent as not to admit of delay, the Congress shall not exercise the power to declare war or to *declare the existence of a state of war* until such question shall have been submitted to a vote of the qualified electors in the several States." Moreover, the President was to have power, with the approval of the Senate, to enter into treaties with foreign powers, stipulating that the contracting parties should not declare or levy war against one another until the question of declaring or levying war had been referred "to the qualified electors of the country proposing the same, and shall have been approved by a majority thereof." Both resolutions were referred to the committee on the judiciary, where they were permitted to die.

In 1926 Senator Dill of Washington introduced a similar resolution (S. J. Res. 102). As in the last preceding one, the referendum on war was to be obtained by amendment of the Constitution. Under this resolution Congress was to have power to declare war "whenever the United States or any of its territory or insular possessions are invaded or threatened with or in danger of invasion by a foreign power, or in case of insurrection or revolution within the United States, any of its territory or insular possessions," but in all other cases, the war-making power was to be exercised only when a majority of the voters of the whole country should have so cast their ballots at a special election. This resolution was also referred to the judiciary committee and has rested there ever since.

A number of resolutions proposing similar amendments were introduced during the post-war period by members of the House of Representatives. During the first session of the 68th Congress, for example, Mr. Wolff from Missouri proposed such an amendment (H. J. Res. 134). Its text was identical with that of the Dill resolution. Something more original was suggested during the 69th Congress by Mr. John M. Evans of Montana, whose amendment provided that "no war of *aggression* shall be waged by the Army or Navy of the United States *except* upon a declaration of war by the Congress of the United States, ratified and approved by a majority vote of the majority of the legal votes cast upon the question, in a majority of the congressional districts of the United

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States." Up to this time it had been generally understood that all the wars ever waged by the United States had been of a strictly defensive character. Whether Mr. Evans wished the nation to abandon that policy has never been made known. Since no action was taken on his proposed amendment he re-introduced his resolution (as H. J. Res. 19) in the 70th Congress, where it was consigned to oblivion with the rest. During the same session, as a possible answer to it, Mr. Henry R. Rathbone of Illinois proposed (H. J. Res. 323) that "no war *not strictly defensive* shall be waged by the United States except upon a declaration of war by the Congress," and that such declaration should not be valid unless it was ratified at a special election by a majority of the voters of the United States. The definition of terms, as to what was to be understood by "strictly" and "not strictly defensive" the author of the resolution was willing to leave to the discretion of Congress.

Beside these two, a third resolution (H. J. Res. 376) made its appearance during the 70th Congress. This was introduced in January, 1929, by Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York. It declared that "the Congress shall have power to declare war; but war, except in defense of the United States, shall not be waged by the United States until a declaration of war by the Congress shall have been ratified by a majority of the qualified electors in the several States." The resolution as it stood was subject to the same criticism as the one proposed by Mr. Rathbone. Since belligerents are in the habit of regarding all their wars as defensive, the question was what should be understood by the phrase, "except in defense of the United States." Mr. Fish, therefore, on the following day submitted a new resolution (H. J. Res. 378) stipulating that Congress should retain its war-making power with the proviso that "war, except in case of *invasion or threat of invasion* shall not be waged by the United States" until a declaration of war by Congress shall have been approved by popular vote. The resolution ended with a sort of safety valve declaring that "when an actual state of war exists the President shall have power to recognize it and to take appropriate action to terminate it." Like its predecessors it was "referred to the Committee on the Judiciary and ordered to be printed." And there it rests.

The proposal underlying all these resolutions has been severely criticized from various standpoints. It is argued, for example, that it would be utterly impossible sufficiently to inform the mass of the electorate upon the developments during times of crisis, when the situation is bound to change from hour to hour. Then, it is alleged that the outcome of the referendum could be materially or even decisively influenced by the way in which the question submitted was formulated. The fear is also expressed that a declaration of war by the people would jeopardize the national safety, because the method would be slow and cumbersome. Moreover, the evil influence of war profiteers would constitute an obstruction to an intelligent and satisfactory vote. Unless some plan is evolved—so the argument runs—which will include "some technique for bringing under control the militarists, the armament makers, the jingo newspaper editors, all the multifarious forces which make for war-sentiment in time of crisis" the whole scheme is bound to fail.

The friends of the referendum have attempted to meet these objections by saying that what they are after is an effective means to curb war; that the best way to abate war is to gain time, to provide for a cooling-off period, wherein reason and

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common sense may displace excitement and unreason; and that the institution of a popular vote would bring about this delay. The fear that other nations might take advantage of it is said to be unfounded, because the potential power and resources of the United States will act as a check upon hasty action by other countries. It is also believed by some that appropriate reciprocal agreements could be concluded with foreign powers which would eliminate any possible disadvantage caused by delay.

The attitude of foreign nations—if one may be permitted to take their laws in force at the present time as a proper measure of their position on the subject—seems to be adverse to the submission of the question of war to a referendum of the people. Even the national constitutions which have made their appearance since the World War do not refer declarations of war to popular vote, but provide that war shall be declared and peace concluded by the heads of the various States, with the consent of their respective Diets. Such is the case in Poland, Esthonia, Finland, Greece and Ireland. In Germany war is declared by simple legislative enactment; while in Czechoslovakia the question is decided by a vote of three-fifths of the members of both houses of Parliament. There are some countries, in fact, where the constitution expressly excludes the war and peace-making power from the popular referendum, while permitting a number of other matters to be submitted to a plebiscite. Thus, for instance article 34 of the Esthonian constitution provides that "the following matters may not be subjected to a referendum or be the subject of the legislative initiative by the people: The budget and State loans, laws relating to the payment of taxes, the declaration of war and conclusion of peace, the declaration of a state of defense and the termination of the same, the declaration of mobilization and demobilization, and treaties with foreign States." Similarly article 73 of the constitution of Latvia stipulates that "matters concerning the budget, State loans, taxes, customs dues, railway tariffs, military service, the declaration and commencement of war, the conclusion of peace, the proclamation of a state of defense and its termination, mobilization, demobilization, and treaties with foreign Powers shall not be submitted to popular referendum."

In Australia, where the war-making power is vested in the British Crown, the situation is of course different. But although the constitution does not give the Commonwealth the power to declare war it gives it authority to make its own laws concerning military service. Moreover, according to Section 128 any proposed law for the alteration of the constitution, in addition to being passed by an absolute majority of each House of Parliament, must be submitted to a referendum of the electors in each State, and must further be approved by a majority of the States and of the electors who voted. An interesting situation was created during the World War when the mother country appealed to the Dominions and colonies for more men.

In Australia the question arose whether military service abroad should be made compulsory, and on September 28, 1916, Parliament passed an "act to submit to a referendum a question in relation to military service abroad." The referendum was held on October 28 of the same year, and the following question was put before the electors:

> Are you in favor of the government having, in this grave emergency, the same compulsory powers over citizens in regard to requiring their military service, for the

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term of this war, outside the Commonwealth, as it now has in regard to military service within the Commonwealth?

The people rejected the proposal of extending compulsory enlistment by a vote of 1,160,033 to 1,087,557, with 82.75% of the electorate voting. A second referendum as to military service outside the Commonwealth was held on December 21, 1917, the question being, "Are you in favor of the proposal of the Commonwealth government for re-inforcing the Australian Imperial Force oversea?" The proposal was that, while voluntary enlistment was to continue, compulsory re-inforcements were to be called up by ballot to make the total re-inforcements 7,000 a month. The electorate also rejected this proposal, the vote being 1,181,747 against and 1,015,159 in favor of it. The percentage of electors who voted this time was 81.34.

Aside from resolutions on the war plebiscite numerous resolutions intended to decrease the possibilities of war have been introduced in Congress during recent years, some of which, if adopted, would seem to have a better chance of success than the proposed referendums on war. Among such resolutions are those which propose to curb profiteering and provide for the draft of property for the national defense. The following (H. J. Res. 23) submitted during the first session of the 70th Congress, serves as an illustration:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of each House concurring therein), That the following amendment to the Constitution be, and hereby is, proposed to the several States, to become valid as a part of the Constitution when ratified by the Legislatures of the several States as provided by the Constitution:

That in the event of the existence of a state of war waged by the United States of America against any foreign government or other common enemy, Congress shall have power when in its estimation the emergency requires it—

(a) To conscript for the purpose of conducting such war the persons of its citizens and such portion of the money, industries, and property of the United States of America or any of its possessions, or belonging to the citizens or inhabitants of said United States of America wheresoever situate, as Congress may deem necessary or advisable in the prosecution thereof.

(b) To take such steps as may be deemed necessary to stabilize prices of services and of all commodities declared to be essential, whereas such services and commodities are required by the Government or by the civilian population.

In conclusion it may be appropriate to call attention to a resolution (S. J. Res. 100) submitted by Senator Frazier during the first session of the 69th Congress, proposing an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting war altogether. It will be observed that this resolution was first introduced more than two years prior to the signing of the Kellogg Peace Pact. Section 1 stipulates that "war for any purpose shall be illegal, and neither the United States nor any State, Territory, association, or person subject to its jurisdiction shall prepare for, declare, engage in, or carry on war or other armed conflict, expedition, invasion, or undertaking within or without the United States, nor shall any funds be raised, appropriated or expended for such purpose." This is practically all there is to the resolution; the other two sections merely declare that all provisions of the Constitution which are inconsistent with this amendment shall be null and void; and that Congress shall have power to enact appropriate legislation to give effect to it. There are no provisions as to what is to happen to the Army or Navy, or what shall be done in case of invasion. There also is

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no suggestion concerning the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine, the disposal of the Philippine Islands, the use of the marines in Nicaragua, or any other question involving the military forces of this country. Since no action was taken on this resolution it was re-introduced by its author (as S. J. Res. 1) in the 70th Congress, and again (as S. J. Res. 45) in the 71st Congress. But Congress has not seen fit to take any action on the proposed amendment.

Etching

THE CONSERVATIVE ART

By Dorothy Adlow

It may be fortuitous: the gradual rise to popularity of the art of etching. Of the many departments in the field of fine art, it seems curious that so small a branch has won popular favor, when there is such a store of other objects of beauty waiting, unseen and unappreciated. The word etching seems to give a certain pleasure, even in the pronouncing. It is that decisive *t-c-h* that catches upon the tongue. Even literary critics are partial to it, referring often to Mr. X who has etched a vivid portrait which will remain for long in the minds of his readers.

Perhaps critics find a pithiness in the word because of its association with caustic acids, and the German word *essen*, from which it derives. There is something unmistakable in a medium in which the depiction is actually bitten, the lines pulled from acid-eaten furrows so that they are enduring, ineffaceable. The etched line gleams; it retains some quality from the stress and pull of the furrow, something of the hardness and ductility of the metal.

But the critics are too literal, for there are etchings which are as soft as kittens, as sheer as gauze. There are etchings in which the lines are ineffectually bundled into limp hanks, with no rhyme or reason. There are etchings the patterns of which are as aimless as the wrinkles in a letter which has been rumpled up in a rage.

The popularity of etching has helped to improve the art in recent years. There was an interval in which the product was arbitrary so far as the limits and the possibilities of the medium were concerned. American craftsmen have been coming to feel more sensitively the impressive fabrication of which lines are capable. One glances at the Best Print of the Year books of two decades ago, and there is the recurrent imagery of Venetian canals, Cathedral façades and lyrical landscapes. There is a simulation of engraving or drawing or photography. The result is effete, thinned out. Lesser qualities of Whistler were imitated. A few picked up the tradition of Jean François Millet, strained the dramatic effect, and the result was the Brangwyn sort of thing. Others there were who could not get Rembrandt out of mind (or into it either). Over and over again, they portrayed aged men in slouch hats which cast dark shadows over their faces. They did not trouble to discover the function of the master's curled and barbed lines, which are shaped as thoughtfully as the phrases of a sonnet.

To this day an Arthur Heintzelman enjoys fame because he reminds people of Rembrandt. The layman is delighted when there is something in a picture he can recognize; when he can name the artist, or an influence, he is thrilled. He does not look closely enough to see that the truly Rembrandtesque traits are wanting: volume, construction, ærial texture, animation.

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The romantic subject is glossed over with a few gracious flourishes, which miss their purpose in the way the elderly lady does when she uses make-up, often giving accent to the very traits of old age she would conceal.

In recent years, etching has become purer, more ordered. A fine craftsmanship has developed. Yet pictorially there has been little change. Etchers hold consistently to a conservative pathway. There is no new world to conquer; the old one is absorbing enough. Generally the subjects are European: the canals, the rule de la Bucherie, the Gothic traceries, the crockets, dentilations, and grotesques. The etchers are as industrious in certain respects as the German engravers of old, as persistent towards a clean, meticulous performance. Observe the display of European subjects by John Taylor Arms and Ernest Roth. A sizeable list may be drawn up to include such names as Tuttle, Handforth, Hornby, Rosenberg and Chamberlain. Add to this Alfred Hutty and Childe Hassam, for ornamental landscapes. When these etchers work in their own land, they bring to it some spirit from antique Europe: the romance, the serenity, the dignity of years. When they try to catch the matter-of-fact forms of American industrial architecture, they become very plain indeed. The artist probably looks back to the architectural opulence of an earlier day, and sighs.

Those makers of prints in America who lean toward the fashion for abstraction or archaism seem to prefer the mediums of lithography, or drypoint, or woodblock. It is interesting to see the group expositions in which the left and right wings amongst printmakers are brought together. Generally the conservatives are etchers, the liberals lithographers. Unfortunately, lithography does not fetch a price, and so etching maintains a certain aloofness.

In order to be assured a response, dealers often entitle an exhibition "Show of Etchings," whether the prints are made on copper, wood, linoleum, stone or plate-glass. Sometimes on one print there may be some etching with an admixture of other processes. For example, if we glance through a sheaf of "etchings" by Martin Lewis, we'll find he uses the roulette, aquatint and drypoint, in addition to the regular bitten line. We will discover further that he strives for tonal and lineal qualities, for an effect made by modulations of light and shade, and not by pure line. New combinations come to notice every day and they may pass muster, if only to satisfy a craving for the unique. But let the subject-matter diverge from a softened antiquity or Victorian romance, and a silent censorship is soon felt. Excellent etcher that he is, Edward Hopper won't do; there is something that is suspiciously "modern" about his prints.

Owing to its size and easy duplication, the print has become an adaptable accessory to fashion. With heraldic devices wanting, the aristocracy must cultivate new stamps of distinction. The huntsman chooses depictions of his favorite game; the boatsman has an eye for pictures of sailing craft; the owner of kennels must have his dogs portrayed. A whole school of craftsmen has arisen in America to satisfy this new need. The inferior workmanship of many of them does not interfere in the least with their success. They can sink to the lowest level of sentiment. For example, one will commit the pathetic fallacy of giving a very coy aspect to a pair of pups, wording the title of their etched portrait, "Dear me, I must powder my nose," or "Meditation."

On the other hand, etchers like Frank Benson can make noteworthy prints of the sports subject.

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Every art shop has a few folios of etchings marked $10 or $25 which make that nice, acceptable little wedding gift. A miscellany of picturesque prints is available, from views of the Himalayas to winking terriers, from cathedrals to flaxen-haired little girls, rolling hoops. Popular is the world of dreams, the remote, sentimental, romantic world. A picture is a thing to be enjoyed, and these subjects give pleasure to the multitude.

There was a time when artists were told to make a picture this way and that; to put a saint here, a symbol there; to make one thing blue and gild another. They expected to be told, and were punished for disobedience.

The artist today is quite free of these hieratic commands. The publisher is his only guide. And the publisher has a sixth sense about the sporting prints and the wedding presents, and just what will look best above a radio set. Not all etchers are so fortunate as to have a publisher, but when the good fortune comes they are generally submissive.

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THE ART OF THE PULLMAN PORTER

BY H. N. HALL

I AM one of the six thousand colored men who will be at the door of your Pullman car tonight, waiting to greet you and other traveling folk, and to watch over you as a mother hen watches over her chicks. Whether you are traveling down South on the Pan-American, out West on the Sante Fé, up North on the Century, or toward the East on the Merchants' Limited, George the porter will be your protector. In the morning your shoes will be shined, and before you are off your car you will have every reason to believe that your porter knows his business.

The Pullman Company's first step toward service is the careful selection of its men. It prefers to discriminate, and it does discriminate, for not every Negro is capable of taking charge of a sleeping-car. The Company passes by West Indians—the type so familiar to every one who has ridden in the elevators of the apartment houses of upper New York—and recruits its porters mainly from certain of the States of the old South—chiefly Georgia and the Carolinas. Indeed, it almost limits its choice to certain counties within those States. It shows a decided preference for the sons of its employés; in fact, it might almost be said that today there are colored boys growing up down there in the cotton country who came into the world with the hope and expectation of becoming Pullman porters.

The next step is their training. As soon as a rookie enters the service, he goes to school in one of the large railroad centers that is a hub for the Company, and a side-tracked sleeping-car is his schoolroom. First, he learns to swat the fly—to drive him from the car. Then he is shown the proper handling of the linen closet; the proper method of folding and putting away clean linen and blankets; the correct way of stacking in the laundry bags the dirty and discarded bedding. Cleanliness is an item rigidly stressed. The student is taught that a sheet, towel, or pillow case once unfolded cannot be used again. Though it may be spotless, yet technically it is dirty, and must make a round trip to the laundry before it can reënter the service. All these things are taught the rookie by an instructor who is a retired porter.

Another item the Company's rule-book stresses is discipline, and the instructors do not hesitate at details. They teach the novice not merely the art of making up and taking down beds, and the proper maintenance of the car; they also go into such finer things as the calling of passengers. Noise is tabooed, and even a soft knock on the top of the berth is forbidden. A porter must gently shake the curtains on the bedding *from without.*

When the recruit has finished in this schoolroom his education goes forward out on the line. Under the direction of an old porter he first comes into contact with actual patrons—comes to know their personalities and their peculiarities. After all,

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we porters are servants, and we realize that as such we must perfect ourselves, we must always do better, we must anticipate our patrons' desires.

After several trials with an old porter, the new one is turned out alone on his first trip, all excited. What an experience that first trip is! Mine was a nightmare. I was signed out to a car called the Clarice. (Many years have passed since that night, but I'll always remember it.) I was scheduled to leave New York (where I took my schooling) at 8 P.M. and to arrive at Buffalo at 7:30 the next morning. I had never experienced people yelling at me to hurry and make their beds when I was with the old porter on my trial trips (incidentally, on this same line), for he had everything well in hand, and had his passengers in bed before the train arrived at Albany. But this night was far different; passengers began calling for berths to be made up as soon as the train pulled out of the station. Grips were lying all over the aisles, and it seemed to me that everybody was calling and ringing the bell at once. My last passenger finally got to bed somewhere between Rochester and Rome, N. Y., and anyone who has ever been on that train knows that it is daylight when it arrives at those cities.

Two gentlemen—and when I say gentlemen in this case, I mean real gentlemen—found out that it was my first trip, and contented themselves with sleeping it out in the smoking-room.

II

My eighteen years in blue are full of experiences. I have met people in all walks of life, and know personally some of the best folks. I know at least 200 of the big bankers and business men of New York and Boston. I know the Boston ones better—the ones who belong to the Somerset and the Algonquin Clubs and are Boston enough to pronounce Peabody "Pebbuddy"—and they know me. But it isn't just knowing them and being able to call them by their names; I've got to remember what they smoke, what they drink, and how many minutes to call them before breakfast.

During my years of "running extra" on almost every road in the country I have met politicians, gangsters, bootleggers, football and baseball players, actors and actresses, bankers and business men, writers, sportsmen, etc. I have been asked quite often who are the best passengers and tippers. That question is a hard one to answer, but my first choice goes to the regular riders, such as traveling salesmen, who ride weekly or monthly. These men know service; they are reasonable; and your tip, though only standard, is sure. Then there is the working class, who work a year to take a vacation. This group includes young men and women who do office work, etc. They have itemized every little detail for the two weeks' trip. They are off for fun, and they never forget the porter. Newlyweds are also good. The groom tips fast and heavy, especially in the presence of the bride, and he is always in her presence. Women traveling alone are very conservative with their tips.

Baseball players are the limit; most of them are vulgar and uncouth. They tear up the linen, destroy the pillows in battles, and many walk out without even saying "thanks" for the service they receive. Not all of them bear such a name, but one big league team in particular has this reputation; and when a porter is assigned to its car he is in for a miserable night, and all porters know it. Yet one of the finest passengers I ever had the privilege to wait on was a ball-player, Mr. Ed-

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die Collins, very quiet and dignified. Among the most generous tippers of today are the underworld characters. Drunks were once also listed among the best. They were good for tips ranging from $5 to $10, but now, in this age of rotten liquor and bad beer, they're only good to lose something—a shirt, suitcase, or a shoe.

Among the women passengers I have served, I think that Miss Mary Garden is my favorite. I seldom catch her, but whenever she appears in a concert in my city she always calls my District Superintendent, and demands that I have charge of her car. She knows service, and is kind to those serving her; and even if she didn't tip above the average, her kindness and consideration are worth the chance of waiting on her. Fatty Arbuckle is a prince to all porters who handle him—jolly, kind, and considerate, and one of the best crapshooters in the business. He is not fussy or exacting, and it's a pleasure to serve him.

Some actors and actresses are ill-bred, and like to impress their friends with their importance, but as a general rule they're pretty fair. Some of the best I have served during my years in blue are Mrs. Estelle Taylor Dempsey, who knows service and pays for it; Mr. Charlie Chaplin, who is not quite as funny to the porter on his car as he is on the screen; Miss Ann Pennington, who is easy-going and makes everybody around her happy; and Miss Gloria Swanson, who knows service and demands it. It is always a pleasure when I have Mr. Jack Pickford on my car. I shall never forget that he and his young first wife were my passengers just before they sailed for Europe, where she died. Mr. Tom Mix is far different from his pictures; instead of being full of life and romping all over the place, he is always calm and easy.

There are many more whose names I could call, but space will not permit. But I must mention Mr. Wally Reid. I hauled him a few times on the Coast on short trips, and he was always happy and bubbling over with life. The last time I hauled him was during his illness, when all his pep and dash were gone, and he was just a shadow of his former self. One of his requests of me on that trip was that I be the porter on his funeral car. I was.

Speaking of heavy tippers, Mr. Tex Rickard was very good. He often traveled with a large staff of newspaper writers, and he always fixed the porter for the crowd. Writers and reporters are a good bunch, all jovial, with a few exceptions. Among the very best ones, who are easy to please and whose tips are good, are Mr. Paul Gallico, Mr. Damon Runyon, Mr. Albert Payson Terhune, Mr. Frazier Hunt, Mr. John Held, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, and Mr. Sidney Sutherland. Boxers are also fine, Mr. Dempsey being the choice of the lot—a gentleman always. He never allows a porter to address him as Mr. Dempsey, but always wants to be called plain Jack. Mickey Walker was tight the first time I hauled him, but he had just been badly handled by Harry Greb the night before he rode with me, and maybe that accounted for the slenderness of his tip. I carried him later on after he had won a fight, and he and Mr. Kearns more than made up for that first trip.

But the boy of boys, the lord of lords, the king of kings, or what have you, was that man Siki. What a man! I caught him the night after he fought in Buffalo; he had slipped from his manager and trainers and taken in Niagara Falls all day. The train left the Falls about midnight, and he and a bunch of his parasites came aboard. It was an awful mob. Siki was dressed in evening clothes and wore tan

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button shoes. He remained up all night drinking and tipping everybody in sight.

There is one man whom all porters delight in serving, but they are really afraid of him, and that is Mr. Thurston, the magician. When the bell rings and the indicator points to Mr. Thurston's drawing-room, nothing but the porter's head ever goes inside the door. Too many things can happen in Mr. Thurston's room. I shall never forget the time that he had all the porters gather in the smoking-room about three o'clock in the morning for what he called "some African tests." After all the lights had been turned out, we knelt in a circle; then things began to happen and we began seeing things. It seemed that everything was in the room, noises of all kinds. When he turned on the lights only one porter was left (so I heard), and he had passed out. Mr. Thurston said that the tests were satisfactory.

Speaking of sportsmen who are genuine, I believe that the late Mr. Arnold Rothstein would head my list. He tipped well; and when he traveled with a lady friend she was always of the type that tipped well also, and for the slightest service. The finest wardrobe I ever had or ever expect to have was a suit, overcoat, and hat that were presents from Mr. Rothstein. Any party that he headed was good for a big tip. The last time I hauled him was from Philadelphia to New York, and he promised me a new Ford if he won the big bet that he had placed on some election that was soon to be held; but he did not live to see the election, and I did not get the new Ford, and happen not to have one yet.

A wealthy traveler is always good when the service is good. He knows service, demands it, and pays for it; but if he is traveling with his valet or secretary, it is always a bad proposition for us porters, for he leaves the tipping to them, and they are as a rule hard on porters, and often keep part of what the employer allows for service. Sometimes, I hear, a valet tosses the money his employer allows for tips in the air, and all that comes down he pockets, and all that hangs on the bell cord he gives to the porter.

The better class of riders and tippers are in the East, and many of them seem to ride the New York Central. It is an old saying among porters that if you are not railroading for the New York Central you are not railroading at all.

There are many trains a porter does not like to ride; for instance, one of the stag trains out of Chicago to Detroit. It leaves Chicago about midnight. It is always heavily loaded, and the passengers are regular riders who know every stop on the line. A porter need not make the Detroit "all out" call. Three-fourths of them will not take any service, such as a brush-off, or assistance with baggage, but will sneak off any way they can to keep from tipping.

In the days when I made that run the porters became desperate; caucus after caucus was held; scheme after scheme was tried, but nothing seemed able to stop them. We tried locking the doors, but they would get through the locked doors, and swing off before the train came to a stop; some would go up to the smoker and get off; and one porter declares that he caught one trying to get through a transom. Most of those stag riders could make Houdini look small when it came to getting out of tight places. But we finally found a remedy: we got wet towels and placed them in the doors. When those heavy steel doors swing on a wet towel it's a job for a half dozen men to open them. It's funny now to see them walk by and get their brush-off after they have tried to open the back door and failed.

Many folks will probably be surprised

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to hear that the crack trains are all disliked by porters. Tips as a rule are smaller, for the fare is much higher. Many people ride these trains just to say that they have been on them, and after they pay the excess in fare they are hardly able to tip. Then you never know when you are going to have one of the road directors aboard, or a Wall Street banker who owns half of the company. Inspectors are on your neck every step, and write-ups are quite common. Of course, the world's biggest ride these crack trains, but the common riders are the best for the day-after-day grind, and their demands are less exacting.

Of the big politicians whom I have served, the following named are always gentlemen: ex-Governor Al Smith of New York; Mayor James Walker of New York; Mayor Francis X. Schwab of Buffalo; Mr. John F. Curry, head of Tammany Hall; former Secretary Newton D. Baker; Senator Robert Wagner; ex-Mayor Thompson; Senator Borah; and Senator Fess. I should add the late Nicholas Longworth.

III

The Pullman Company does not pay the porter very much for his work—in fact, not enough for him to live on if tips were abolished. This tipping question is the nub of the whole situation. Almost since the day when the first Pullman car (the Pioneer) began to blaze the trail of luxury over the railroads of the land, and the autocrat of the Pullman car created this servile but entirely honorable calling, it has been a much mooted point. In recent years the public has taken notice how small the salary of the porter really is, and the Pullman Company has received much criticism. A few years ago the late Robert Todd Lincoln, son of the Emancipator and at that time president of the Pullman Company, sat before the Federal Trade Commission in Washington and answered some pretty pointed questions as to the division of the porter's income between the company and the passenger.

The salary at that time was $27.50 a month for the first fifteen years of service, slightly increasing thereafter to $30. Today the porter gets $77.50 a month for 11,000 miles service, and out of it $4.20 a month is taken for a group insurance policy and for membership in the Pullman Benefit Association. The former is compulsory. The policy provides no benefit if the porter is injured or killed on duty. When he is dismissed from the service, regardless of his years in the service, the policy terminates.

A porter is required to report and work —receiving passengers and seeing that his car is in order—two hours before his train leaves, and for this he receives no pay, since his time doesn't begin until the train departs. Many times he hangs around the "sign out" office from 8 o'clock in the morning till 8 or 9 o'clock in the night, waiting to be assigned to a car. If he gets no car he gets no pay, since porters are paid only for the time and mileage they make.

A recent survey made by the New York Labor Bureau showed that the average monthly tips of a porter came to $58 and that the porter was compelled to pay out $33 a month for food in transit and at terminals, and for two uniforms a year and shoe polish to shine passengers' shoes. Tips are uncertain, irregular and often inadequate, but it seems that the system has fastened itself on the porter securely, and he must smile genially as he views what he thought was a quarter tip, only to find it to be a Canadian penny.

A quarter seems to be the standard Pullman tip. Some men give more; some—alas

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for poor George!—less. A tip is not a humiliation, but a living salary is preferable, for in these days tips sometimes run far below the most modest living standard. A porter whose run carries him from New York to Chicago and back now-a-days averages around $45 a month in tips. For this he works pretty hard.

Take, for example, a porter who runs between New York, Chicago and St. Louis. He leaves New York shortly after lunch on Monday, having reported at his car nearly three hours before, so as to make sure that it is properly stocked and cleaned for its long trip. He is due at St. Louis near eleven o'clock on Tuesday evening, though it will be nearly two hours later before he has checked the contents of the car and slipped off to the porters' quarters or made his own bunk in the smoking-room.

On Wednesday evening at seven o'clock he starts East and is due in New York about dawn Friday morning. He cleans up his car and himself, and gets to his home in Harlem some time before noon; but by noon on Saturday he must be back in his car, making sure that it is fit and ready by two-thirty o'clock—the moment the conductor's arm falls, and they're headed West again.

This time the destination is Chicago, which is not reached until about six o'clock Sunday night. The porter bunks that night in the Windy City and then spends thirty hours or more on a slow train, going back again to New York. He sees his home one more night; then he is off to St. Louis again, started on a fresh round of his eternal schedule. During these trips he has had plenty of time to count the telegraph poles, think about the Hoover prosperity, and the unequal distribution of wealth, and reflect on the mutability of men and things, for passengers are scarce today. But he is hard-schooled in adversity, so he carries on.

He will tell you that many are the times he gets back home from St. Louis or Chicago with a fifty-cent profit. This, gentle reader, is likely to create an anarchist—or at least a socialist—down under that black skin. Nor is it all of his woe. Though he is permitted three hours' sleep on the bunk in the wash-room on these long trips—generally from midnight to three o'clock in the morning—there may come other hours when his head begins to nod. Those are sure to be the hours when some sharp-eyed inspector comes slipping aboard. Pullman discipline is strict. So up goes George before his District Superintendent—to spend ten days or more on the sidewalks of New York.

With the railroad paying the Pullman Company a mileage fee for hauling a half or three-quarter empty car over its line—in addition to permitting it to take revenue from the passengers—the company can stand hard times, but poor George sees his end of the business as a dead loss when his car is nearly empty. One cannot, of course, blame the company, for it is hardly to be classed as a charitable institution.

Today it has nearly 27,000 cars in use. It operates the entire sleeping-car service and most of the parlor-cars in the United States and Canada, with a sprinkling of routes south into Mexico. On the average, 95,000 persons—a community equal in size to South Bend, Ind., or Johnstown, Pa.—sleep in its cars every night. Sometimes it avers that it is a transportation company; at other times it prefers to regard itself as a hotel organization; but at all times it is a business proposition.

Many Negro boys have had to depend on it for the means to acquire an education, and thousands of Negro men and women have relied upon it for a living.

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Fashions have changed, and in many fields the black man has been shoved aside. Once the Negro servant was the pride of America, and a black man stood at your elbow in the dining-room of every great hotel, and a colored butler was the joy of the finest homes along Fifth avenue or around Rittenhouse Square. But those days have passed, and despite the vexing questions of tips, the Pullman Company might fairly be called our salvation; for it is one of the few companies wherein we retain our old time prestige.

It seems that the colored porter is the best for sleeping-cars. Experiments have been made in using others. One or two of the Canadian roads, which operate their own sleeping-car service, have employed white men as porters; down in the Southwest the Mexican has been placed in the familiar blue uniform, and a few years back the Pullman Company tried out Filipinos, but none of them has been satisfactory. Many porters on Pullman cars today are college and high-school trained men who found the life on a Pullman too pleasant and exciting to leave for good. I, for one, left and attended high-school and came back; left again for Uncle Sam's postoffice work and came back again. The chance to meet people and see the country, and the opportunity to make a living in a pleasant way are all magnets that draw us back.

But like nearly every other job, that of the Pullman porter has its hardships as well as its glories. It is far from being merely a pastime. If you do not believe me just go upstairs some hot Summer night to that rear bedroom—the little room under the tin roof which you keep for your relatives—and make up the bed fifteen or twenty times, carefully unmaking it between times, and placing the clothes away in a regular position. Let your family nag at you and criticize you during each moment of the job while somebody plays a solo on the electric bell, and places leather grips and shoes underneath your feet. Imagine that the house is bumping and rocking—and then try to keep a smiling face and a courteous tongue through it all.

Or do it on a bitter night in mid-Winter; and between every two or three makings of the bed in an overheated room, slip out of your linen coat into a serge one, and go and stand outside the door from three to ten minutes in the snow and cold. In some ways that is the hardest part of the porter's job. Racially, we are peculiarly sensitive to pneumonia and other pulmonary diseases. Yet the rules require that at all stops we must be outside of the car, no matter what the hour or condition of the weather.

What becomes of the old porters? Many passengers have asked me that question. Sometimes, when the rush of the fast trains, the broken nights' rest, the exposure, and the hard work begin to be too much for them, they are rewarded with soft runs on parlor cars—a leisurely seventy or a hundred miles a day, or perhaps on a sleeper on a side line, where travel is light. When Father Time takes his toll and the old porter is unable to hold even his soft run, probably he has saved enough for his dreams to come true: a small sandy farm on a Carolina hillside, where an old man may sit and nod in the warm sun, and dream of the days when steel cars were new and went bounding over the rails—may dream and nod; and then in his waking hours, stir the grandchildren to the glories of a fast train and a fat run.

For if it is true that any white boy has the opportunity of becoming President of the United States, it is equally true that any colored boy may become the Autocrat of the Pullman Car.

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RIO GRANDE

BY HARVEY FERGUSSON

III. *The Feudal Lords of the Spanish Days*[1]

THE Rio Grande country is a land of fallen walls, littered with ruins of all ages and in all stages of decay. Tribes, cultures, classes have lived and died here, leaving their shells to crumble slowly in the dry preservative air. From the first rude buildings of the pre-pueblo people, lasting for centuries, to the ghostly mining camps of the '70's and '80's, where two or three old men live in towns built for thousands and spiders spin their webs over bars and pool-tables in ornate deserted saloons, the whole procession of human life down the river has left its record in adobe, stone and wood. Usually it has left some human vestige too, for the descendants of the men who built the first walls are still building new ones and almost every deserted gold town shelters some old-timer who remembers the booms and battles of fifty years ago.

Of all the walls men built in this valley none have more nearly disappeared than those of the great adobe houses that belonged to the aristocracy in the years of Spanish empire. Adobe houses are many and there are still a few large ones built around courtyards, but usually the spot where one of the famous families lived is marked, if at all, by a pile of sand.

Gente de razon these people called themselves, and the phrase, ringing with pride, means literally "the right people." They were called also *ricos* or rich ones, and *gente fina,* the fine people. Their descendants still live here and many of them are valued citizens, but that is a triumph of adaptation to a way of life wholly alien to their traditions. As a class the right people are gone.

In old Mexico the same aristocracy is now falling to pieces under the impact of a proletarian revolution, just as it fell after the invasion of the gringos in New Mexico three generations ago. To visit Mexico City now and meet the wistful remnant of the people who ruled under Díaz is to go back into the past. There one may still encounter the pride, the perfect courtesy and the absolute self-assurance which are born of the conviction that the right people should rule because they are the right people—that human life is a hierarchy based upon land and blood and privilege. And there one feels the same charm that one discovers in the records of old days on the Rio Grande.

These men were proud and lazy and often they were cruel, but the society they created had charm because it was imbued with respect for the past. Charm in human society is a cumulative thing and it does not survive rapid change. It depends upon the faithful observance of customs and traditions, slowly perfected. It requires that men shall live for generations in the same

[1] This is the third of a series of six independent articles. The fourth will be printed next month.

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houses, tilling the same lands, having the same relations of class to class and man to man. Perhaps this aristocratic ideal was never more completely realized, on a small scale and in a rude way, than it was along the Rio Grande when the wars with the Pueblos were over and the great valley was settled.

For a while after the conquest of de Vargas many settlers came to this new colony of the North. Soon fifteen thousand Spaniards lived along the river. New towns were built, campaigns were launched against the Navajos and Apaches, new missions were established to convert the Pueblos. Armed expeditions set out to conquer new lands. Daring priests mounted their mules and departed to risk their lives preaching Christ to the Moquis. The barren New Mexico hills were searched for gold and silver.

This burst of colonizing energy soon subsided. Neither gold nor silver was found in paying quantities. Even precious metals to make ornaments for the churches had to be imported. The Spaniards were always treasure-hunters and when it was learned that New Mexico contained little gold interest in it waned. It was found too that the country was a lean one and its arable lands soon were all taken up. But there was another reason why this colony became an isolated and neglected place. The Spanish Empire itself was dying. Power had passed to England. The splendid discipline that had conquered South America and Mexico was falling to pieces. This colony on the Rio Grande was the last expansive thrust of religious empire in America. Faith in God and King had been its spiritual nourishment and both were on the wane.

The rest of its story is a study in decay —the inevitable decay of pride and privilege sitting in isolation.

II

The lands of the Rio Grande region were granted in great tracts by the King of Spain, some of them to communities, but most of them to individuals, so that a few aristocrats literally owned the earth. This land-owning class was probably never more than one-fiftieth of the whole population. The Pueblo Indians were granted the lands about their villages and they maintained a precarious economic independence, tilling their own fields. The priests still tried to make good Christians of them, but the effort became more and more perfunctory as its futility became apparent. The Pueblos tolerated the churches and went to mass on Sunday, but they kept their own heretical faith intact. In the early Eighteenth Century a junta was held to discuss whether they should be allowed to paint their faces. They are still painting their faces.

Some small land-owners took up homesteads, mostly in the less desirable sections north of Santa Fé, where the valley is narrow and rugged. But in the South, where it is wide and fertile, nearly all of it was owned by a few rich men who claimed to be of pure Spanish blood. This southern region came to be known as Rio Abajo or lower river, the northern region as Rio Arriba or upper river, and the geographical division became more and more a social one. It was in the rugged upper valley that the fraternity of the Penitent Brothers, wholly a plebeian organization, had its headquarters and its greatest strength. There, too, the Pueblos were strongest and most independent.

In this northern region the Pueblos still are strong and the Penitent Brothers still lash their bare backs every Holy Week. The *matachines* is still danced, witches fly, serapes are woven on hand-

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looms, and magical cures are worked at the shrine in Chimayo. The life of the humble still goes on much as it did a hundred years ago, but their first lords and masters have disappeared. Here once more the mighty have fallen, and if the meek have not inherited the earth, they have at least clung to some of it with an astonishing tenacity. And here the collapse of pride and power has the beauty of completeness, because this little aristocracy was so long cut off from the rest of the civilized world to work out its destiny alone.

It was about eight hundred miles from the Rio Grande to the nearest American settlement on the Missouri and more than a hundred years elapsed after the conquest before men found their way across that thirsty plain. Chihuahua was almost as far to the South. North and West lay wilderness, unexplored and impassable. But on the Rio Grande life became safe and easy for the right people. Apaches and Navajos raided outlying settlements and stole cattle and sheep, but they seldom if ever struck the great houses of the rich.

These houses had been built as forts. With walls three or four feet thick, they enclosed each a courtyard, called a *placita*, and behind this was always another square enclosed by a high adobe wall with quarters for slaves and peons built inside it. Here the carts and wagons were kept and the horses could be driven in when danger threatened. Windows were barred and a trusted servant asked every comer his name and business before the doors were opened. Storerooms were filled with grain and dried buffalo meat, and a well in the courtyard supplied water. Life here was secure. It was shut in and well nourished. Each great house reproduced the isolation which beset the colony as a whole.

The men who owned these houses lived pleasantly lazy lives. In the valley they raised grain, vegetables and grapes and on the mesas they pastured great herds of scrubby sheep, yielding little wool but abundant meat. All the work was done by peons, who in effect were serfs. They were paid in goods and were never out of debt. Sons inherited the debts of their fathers and generations lived in bondage.

Law held the peon but not the patron. It provided that officers in the army and priests of the church could be tried only by their peers. The army in New Mexico was at best a few hundred ragged peons, but it provided berths and immunities for young men of the right people, as did also the church, and the powerful landowner was just as immune by reason of his property. Always less than a thousand soldiers, priests and gentlemen ruled the country.

This lower valley in the early Eighteenth Century, then, although surrounded by unmapped wilderness, was itself a well-settled and well-cultivated place where men had lived for generations. From Bernalillo to Socorro the great houses were only a few miles apart—long, low, recumbent structures with porches supported by round wooden pillars, extending the full length of their gleaming whitewashed fronts. They looked as solid as the mountains, but they existed only by the incessant toil of the slaves who plastered the earthen walls and mended the flat dirt roofs after every heavy rain. They were all sheltered by old cottonwood trees with their generous spread of thick whispering foliage, which seem designed to create havens of shade in a land of burning sun. Sometimes they were surrounded by adobe walls, and often in the old days the bushy vineyards and the fields of grain were enclosed by lower ones, for labor was cheap and there were no other fences.

Along the roads passed many riders.

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Rich men rode fine horses with heavy silver-mounted saddles housed in bearskin. Poor men bestrode burros, sitting well back on a humble rump, dispensing both guidance and encouragement with a club which is all the equipment necessary for burro-riding. Women rode rarely, sometimes in chairlike side-saddles, sometimes on postillions. The peon commonly held his woman before him on his steed, as he did a sack of corn for the mill. The only common vehicles were one-horse carts, made without iron, the huge wooden wheels sawed from the trunks of cottonwoods. The terrific screech of their ungreased wooden axles was a familiar voice of the valley. Quite early a few great coaches were imported by the richest men, and these, rolling on important social errands, were impressive symbols of an unquestionable power.

Within, the homes of the rich were Moorish. An oriental influence had been brought from Spain, and it was strengthened by the scarcity of furniture. Bedsteads there were none but only mattresses, folded against the walls in daytime and covered with Navajo blankets, black, red and white. The wealth of a man showed in the quality of these coverings rather than in the amount or kind of his furniture, for the latter was all home-made and included only a dining table, a few wooden chairs with rawhide seats, and heavy carven chests for clothes and jewels. Most preferred to sit on the floors, which were earthen but often covered with woolen carpets of native weave in black and white checker patterns. The walls were washed bonewhite with gypsum and covered with colored cloths to a height of four or five feet, so that the whitewash would not rub off. Pictures were few but mirrors in gold frames were much esteemed and they multiplied after the wagons began to come from Missouri until some of the salas offered the guest his own image from every angle. Nearly all the houses had sacred images in little corner shrines.

The principal room of every house was a long reception hall. Scant daylight shone in through translucent windows, wooden-barred. Cool, dim, and quiet were these great rooms—carefully guarded sanctuaries of faith, power and family life, where idle, soft-voiced women chatted away their long days, waiting for men who were truly both lords and masters.

III

For this society belonged to the vanished world in which man was supreme and woman only his pleasure and possession. Here the father was an absolute ruler by divine right and treated as a sacred being. His sons, no matter how old, uncovered when he approached, and they dared not smoke in his presence. He could chastise a grown son or give his daughter in marriage as easily as he could sell a horse or kill a slave. His power sprang from his loins and multiplied with his family. One man had thirty-six legitimate children by three wives, and almost all had large families of a darker shade by Indian concubines.

When men rule and women are subject the differentiating qualities of the sexes are always exaggerated, just as they are minimized when men and women meet on equal terms. So these men were belligerently, aggressively masculine. They were arrogant, lazy, truculent, cruel and brave. They ruled, fought, wandered, and made love. Cock fights and gambling were their sports. Commerce, except in slaves, horses and the products of their own lands, was beneath them, as were the professions. In 1831 the province contained only one doc-

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tor and no lawyers. There were almost no books except Bibles.

Feuds were many and generally sprang from love affairs, for this was a time and place of romantic passion, furious and blind. There were few formal duels but many fights, especially at dances. A beauty promised the same dance to two young men of the proudest blood. The lie was passed and they met at dawn in the plaza. Their pistols cracked and both fell dead. They were men of honor, as were all of these *ricos*, and in a country where every man carried pistols on his saddle and a Spanish dagger at his belt, honor costs blood.

Life was not dull for these men. There were three long and adventurous journeys to be made every year. In August or September a fair was held at Taos, where the tribes of the plains and mountains came to trade with the Mexicans, offering captives as slaves, and also furs and skins for knives and beads. Horses were sold and swapped and much property changed hands over races, cock fights and monte games. There were dances and fights and a great flow of red wine.

Those must have been strange and dangerous gatherings. Navajoes, Apaches, Comanches, Arapahoes, perhaps a few Cheyenne all came to Taos, and they were not peaceful Indians but warriors fresh from their raids, with scalps at their belts and captive girls to sell, observing a precarious truce. The Taos Pueblos held a fiesta with ceremonial dances and footraces. Mexicans came, of every degree from *ricos* looking for bargains in human flesh to the poorest peon that could get there on a burro. Early in the eighteen hundreds tall blond mountain men began to appear, with their long rifles and packs of beaver—deadly men, forerunners of change and destruction.

Later in the Fall the New Mexicans went East by way of Pecos, across the mountains to the buffalo ranges in organized communal hunts. The buffalo furnished the province with most of its beef, for there were never many cattle on the Rio Grande. In the late Eighteenth Century these hunters from the valley killed as many as twelve thousand buffalo a year, and rich and poor had meat. Almost every family had one horse that was kept for buffalo-hunting and nothing else—a swift horse trained to stick to its prey like a dog. The rider carried a lance with a twelve-inch blade, sharp as a razor, and he drove it through the crook of his left arm into the buffalo's heart and out again. If his weapon stuck between the ribs he was in for a fall.

Rich young men hunted luxuriously with peons coming behind to skin and butcher the kill and hang the meat in strips a yard long to dry in the sun. Dried buffalo meat cooked with *chile* and beans was the staple of the poor and a dish to be found on every table.

Sometimes they also hunted wild mustangs on these expeditions, wearing them down by a relentless relay pursuit or driving them into some corner of the country where a trap-corral had been built. Often the wild horse, when he had been roped and thrown, was tied neck and neck to a burro half his size, and the burro would always master him and bring him to camp.

In January there was another trip, called a *conducta,* to the Southern fair at Chihuahua—a perilous journey of six hundred miles, with danger from Apaches and from death by thirst in the desert. This Chihuahua fair, like the Taos fair, took a large part of the male population away. It was apparently led and organized by the *ricos,* while many poor men went along to trade their woolen weaves for

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chocolate, silver and silks. The *conducta* that Lieutenant Pike saw drove also a herd of fifteen thousand sheep and was guarded by a small detachment of Mexican troops. It was the custom among the *gente de razon* for an affianced youth to make one of these expeditions for his prospective father-in-law, and he was expected to bring back an Indian slave girl as a present for his beloved. The trip to Chihuahua was the only contact the New Mexicans had with the outside world. There they saw men and goods that had come across the sea and got some faint inkling of what lay beyond the Rio Grande.

In all this life of adventure and movement the women had no part. Their lives, before marriage, were a guarded and cloistered virginity and afterward one long series of pregnancies. It was necessary that many babies be born because so many died. The death of an infant was accepted as a matter of course. "One angel more" was the usual spoken obituary, and the first gringos who came to New Mexico were shocked to see children's funerals moving through the streets at a brisk trot and to cheerful music, with the tiny corpse often uncoffined.

The women tended, by reaction, to be everything the men were not. As the men were cruel the women were notably tender and compassionate. Kendall records how they saved the lives of the Texan captives, bringing food to them, secretly if need be, and he broadly hints that they brought love as well. For these women, after marriage, were not celebrated for fidelity to their proud masters. All early observers testify to this. Gregg remarked that "marriage changes the legal status of the parties but it scarcely affects their moral obligations," and Abert said that "nowhere is chastity less valued or expected."

This last is not exact. The male expected chastity of his bride and considered himself cheated if he did not get it. He would resent any invasion of his family honor with knife and gun. Yet infidelity was all but universal, for this was almost the only possible form of feminine revolt against a complete and brutal masculine domination. To the blond invaders the women gave themselves especially, as though there had been some instinct in the blood to breed to the coming conqueror. Both of the Taos conspiracies against the American occupation were betrayed to the Americans by Mexican women. When Doniphan evacuated Chihuahua his army was followed by a crowd of Mexican girls in men's clothing, who trailed his soldiers and camped with them in the desert until he drove them all back home.

These women in all essentials were slaves and they had the deep duplicity and the spirit of revolt, unresting even when only half conscious, which tyranny always breeds. From this same source doubtless sprang their quick warm sympathy for everything helpless and oppressed—for children, captives and motherless lambs. *"Pobrecito!"* (poor little thing) was an exclamation often on their lips. It comforted the ears of the Texan captives all through their march. The word is still often heard all through Mexico, Old and New, and almost always from a woman. It articulates a feminine protest against the cruelty of man, which perhaps never achieved a more complete and bloody expression than it did in the empire and colonies of Spain.

IV

In their Moorish houses these women lived like inmates of a harem. Slaves did all the work—ground the corn on *metates,* baked the bread in hive-like outdoor

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ovens, tended the cauldrons that hung before the wide cooking-hearths, beat the thick chocolate to a froth in wooden bowls. There were five meals a day and three of them were heavy ones. It is no wonder that the women, married at fourteen and fifteen, were fat and middle-aged before they were thirty. The idle always tend toward gluttony.

All smoked corn-husk cigarettes and all drank native wine, copiously, with meals and between them. Brandy was made, but it was used sparingly and chiefly as a medicine. One old man, who had been a youth of the aristocracy in its decline, assured me that American whiskey had done much to ruin the *ricos*. Accustomed only to wine, they could not stand the deadly corn juice of the invaders.

For marriage the girls could only wait and take what their masters willed. Some were promised before they could walk. Usually a suitor called with his parents on the parents of the chosen girl, and if they agreed she might be called in, as a special indulgence. If no refusal was sent in eight days the man was accepted. Betrothals were often long, as they still are in Mexico City, where the girl dare not even dance with any but her affianced, though he keep her waiting for years, while he has the run of the town. One wealthy New Mexican, becoming engaged to a girl of thirteen and humanely judging her too young for marriage, sent her to a convent for four years to keep her safe, and she became celebrated as the best-educated woman of her time. A few of the girls went to Durango to school, but many never learned to read. Small private schools were kept in New Mexico but only for boys.

There was much visiting among the houses of the rich, especially late in the afternoon when chocolate was served, and then the local society exhibited all its graces. It moved with grace, as Spanish society always does, and it had an eye for appearances. You must picture the men of that early day dressed in buckskin, dyed black, well cut by native tailors and ornamented with silver buttons. Their hair was long and hung in queues on their necks. They wore full beards and moustaches and wide flat black hats imported from Mexico. Each had over his shoulder a blanket called a *serape,* of bright colors and striking pattern, and it might be worth as much as two hundred dollars. The women wore short skirts, often of red wool, and low cut bodices, and each always carried a *reboso*, or shawl. The quality of this *reboso* marked her wealth and station, as did the *serape* that of the man.

Manners were elaborate, ceremonious and truly charming, as they still are wherever Spanish influence lingers. Bows were profound and a man took off his hat even to offer a light for a cigarette. Salutation was an art, with room for originality. "May you live to be a thousand, Sir!" "And may you, Sir, live to see the last of my years!" Where men go armed they speak with exaggerated deference.

These people were not afraid to touch one another. When old friends and relatives met, all embraced and kissed—a custom still sometimes to be seen. Girls publicly embraced and kissed male friends whom they would never see alone unless in marriage or by stealth. Men embraced each other, kissed on the cheek and expressed the degree of their affection by the heartiness with which they hammered each other on the back. All sat usually on the floor and drank their chocolate from hammered silver mugs. All service was silver—even the bowls and ewers used for washing.

These people were without a formal

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art, but not without a culture. Where there is no written literature poetry escapes the danger of becoming the possession of a class. Here almost everyone was a poet of a sort. Almost every youth could strum some kind of a stringed instrument, serenade his lady and sing verses of his own making. They varied in kind from the innumerable couplets and quatrains that embodied folk wisdom to long narrative poems celebrating important events. The latter were sometimes written down but they seem never to have been associated with the names of authors. All poems and stories were common property, as were also the dramas and charades they enacted. Some of these came from Spain but there was a great deal of indigenous work, most of it now forever lost. It was the kind of rich compost of folk fancy, of rhythm and tradition from which a literature may spring, but here it was doomed never to bear its fruit.

There were many dances and everyone danced, rich and poor, layman and priest. Formal dances were held in all the houses of the rich and these were called *bailes* or balls, while the dances of the common people were called *fandangos*. At the *bailes* they performed all the old square dances with intricate figures, requiring both knowledge and command on the part of the leader. The musicians were commonly peons and often blind. They played fiddles and a stringed instrument like a guitar which was often home-made. Sometimes a woman with a special gift for verse sat on the platform beside the players and as each couple passed she improvised a rhyme about them, to the hilarious merriment of all. They danced also waltzes both fast and slow, and their most distinctive dance was called the *cuna* or cradle waltz. The whirling dancers embraced each other loosely about the shoulders, making a cradle, "which was never bottomless" as one shocked observer from Missouri remarked.

About Christmas time all New Mexico danced. There were dances of every kind, both sacred and profane, for in Winter the Pueblos held their most elaborate dances and in the holidays there was dancing in every great house, and blind men rode fiddling through every village to gather the slaves and peons for *fandangos*. To violins from across the sea and to savage drums, to courtly minuets and to the rolling chant of the Katchinas, all up and down the valley feet went dancing.

V

Such was the life within the walls of the right people—a life of feasting, dancing, fighting and amorous intrigue. Outwardly it was a struggle with savage tribes. The vital and determining factor in the fate of these people for over a hundred years was their relation to the Indians—an intimate and subtle relation of blood shed and blood mingled. For the whole of the Eighteenth Century, while the rest of the world was making over its ideas and institutions, the written annals of New Mexico are little more than a list of Spanish governors with long resounding names. Forms and customs did not change, but change was working under the skin.

With the Pueblos there was peace, since they had nominally accepted the Cross. They were a part of the community but a separate and self-sufficient part. They traded with the Mexicans, raising most of the fruit for the valley, but there was little social intercourse. Mexicans were not welcome in the Pueblo villages and some of the Pueblos still living will not let a Mexican stay within their walls at night.

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So these sedentary Indians ceased to be a problem, but on all sides the settlement was beset by savage nomads—Navajoes to the West, Apaches to the South, Comanches and other prairie tribes to the East, Utes and Arapahoes in the northern mountains. These tribes surrounded the little civilization on the Rio Grande much as the barbarians surrounded Rome. With all of them the New Mexicans were sometimes at war and with all they traded, but the Navajoes were their most persistent and intimate enemies. Fighting is always an intimate relation, and when captives are carried into slavery on both sides, then the most implacable enemies are struggling to become one.

The Northern Indians seldom invaded New Mexico and the Apaches generally preferred to prey on the richer provinces to the South. For a while in the early Eighteenth Century the Comanches were a scourge. They had killed and robbed and taken Mexican children captive. Don Sebastian Martinez of San Juan, who had lost relatives to the savages, called for volunteers, and five hundred young men came forward, each well-mounted and leading a pack mule. Some of them had blunderbusses and muskets, and there were horse pistols and a few swords, but many had only the bows and lances of their foes. They travelled east by way of Pecos across the mountains to where they knew the Comanches were camped.

The Spaniards then all threw away their hats, let down their long hair, painted their faces and rode forward chanting and yelling like Indians. They knew the Comanches had war parties out and they were taken for one returning. Suddenly they charged upon the unprepared warriors and slaughtered most of them. Seven hundred Indians were taken prisoners, and there was a long discussion as to what should be done with them. It was finally and appropriately decided to present them to the Spanish Crown, and it is a matter of record that several hundred Comanches were taken to Vera Cruz and shipped to Spain. The miserable and bewildered savages touched the heart of Queen Isabella, who had them all baptized and allotted them lands in Cuba. There they speedily died of the climate.

The New Mexicans composed a long narrative poem commemorating this campaign and for generations it was recited and enacted as a drama at Christmas time. The Comanches never became a serious danger again. When the young warriors wanted to raid the settlements, the old ones would lead them to the spot where the massacre had taken place and point to the whitening bones and skulls that littered the ground for many years.

No such easy triumph could be won over the Navajoes, who were numerous, proud and powerful, and never far away. Navajo is a Spanish word. The Indians call themselves Tinneh, meaning simply "The People," with the accent on the first word. They still consider themselves superior to all other men and they condescend when they talk to any stranger. They also long believed that they were the most numerous and powerful people on earth. When he heard that the United States Army was to be sent against his tribe, a Navajo scornfully picked up a little sand to represent the army. He waved his hand at the prairie and said the Navajoes were as many as the blades of grass. These bold warriors were entirely willing to take on the whole United States, with the Utes and Piutes thrown in to make it interesting. It took fifteen years for the Americans to subdue them. Three proud generals marched into Navajo-land and were glad to march out again.

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Almost every campaign against them ended in the deep red sandstone gorge of the Canyon de Chelly. The Navajoes had the rocky walls fortified and they could be neither surrounded nor dislodged. Kit Carson finally starved them out in a hard Winter, and put them on a reservation. There were estimated to be six thousand of them then and now they number over thirty thousand. They are probably the only American aborigines who have increased since they were conquered. Sheep-herding and silver smithing they learned from the Spaniards, and weaving from the Pueblos. In the old days they were proud but not too proud to learn. Neither were they too proud to accept into the tribe any man who proved his mettle. All sorts of renegade Indians joined the Navajoes. Their blood was not pure but it was rigorously selected. And they were always at war. While the Mexicans were getting fat and lazy in the valley, the Navajoes were keeping themselves fit by incessant fighting, and by weeding out weaklings and cowards on the battlefield.

It was thus an arrogant and deadly tribe of barbarians that the *ricos* of the Rio Grande fought for over a century, and it was from these people that they took most of their slaves. Indians of many tribes were both captured and bought, but the Navajoes made the best slaves. They were tall, well-built and intelligent. The Navajo women were especially prized because they were lighter in color than most Indians, had better figures, and were reputed to be especially voluptuous. A Navajo girl would generally fetch a higher price than one of any other tribe.

The valued captives were boys and girls under fourteen, and provided they were weaned from the breast, the younger the better. An adult Indian was nearly always untamable. Even a girl of sixteen would often steal a horse from her captors and run away at the risk of her life. But young children were baptized and given Christian names and they became good Catholics and good Mexicans. They would have nothing to do with their own people. Moreover, the same was true of many Mexican children taken into slavery by the Navajoes. When they had grown up among the Indians they generally refused all offers to purchase them and return them to civilization. So many a good Mexican was a Navajo and many a good Navajo was a Mexican.

Literally, the right people took their enemies to their bosoms. It was the peons for the most part who worked the land and herded the sheep, while Navajo slaves became house servants, and also and inevitably the concubines of the men. The children of these unions were of course born slaves, and in time many slaves must have had more Spanish than Navajo blood and many were close relations of their masters. This doubtless happens in all slave-holding societies, as it certainly did in our own South, but there the slave blood could never invade the ruling class because color would betray it at once. No such bar existed in New Mexico. Some of the right people were Catalans and Basques and there were some blonds and red-heads among them, but many, of the Moorish strain, were nearly as dark as Indians.

How this mixture of Navajo blood got into the veins of the right people must be left to the imagination. Doubtless there were likely boys among the slaves as well as likely girls. It is certain that some of the proudest families came to show the high cheek bones and the coarse hair of the Indians, though none of them ever acknowledged a drop of Indian blood and to call a man an Indian was an insult. Their pride of race never abated, but the

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right people grew steadily swarthier, as though a dark flood were seeping up from the earth to engulf their pretensions.

Perhaps there was never a better example of a contact long continued between a civilized people and a primitive one that remained unconquered. Anglo-Saxon pioneers, ruthless and puritanical, have generally exterminated primitive peoples when they could not rule them, and kept their own blood comparatively pure. Here their racial instinct was probably sound. Certainly the contact between the Mexicans and the Navajoes seems to have worked always to the benefit of the Indians. Mexican blood probably improved the Navajo stock, but Indian blood was a doubtful asset to the right people. Moreover, in a desperate effort to keep their lineage pure, the members of this small and isolated group were always interbreeding. Marriages between cousins, even first cousins, were common, and in time almost all of the best families were interrelated.

VI

In war also the Navajoes had all the advantage. They had little to lose and everything to gain. The Mexicans were the producers and the Navajoes came to occupy the status of a powerful race of bandits who levied tribute. They made peace only to be given presents. They roved in small bands over a vast wilderness of high well-watered mesas and low mountains cut with deep impassable gorges. In Summer they lived in brush shelters and in Winter they built brush huts wattled with mud, called *hogáns*. They had no permanent settlements to be attacked and when they fled they were as hard to find as a scattered covey of quail.

When they needed meat they swooped down on a herd of sheep, shot the peons in charge and made off with what they wanted. They sacked lonely ranches and sometimes villages, but I can find little evidence that they ever struck the *ricos* in their homes. The great houses were nearly impregnable, and all their retainers as well as their walls stood between the *ricos* and their enemies. It was the peons and the small independent ranchers who suffered and they knew almost nothing of security. They had few guns, but fought with bows and knives, and their horses were seldom as good as those of the Indians.

The Apaches said they always sent a few of their number to be captured by the Mexicans in Chihuahua and baptized, so that they could report to the tribesmen. It is probable that the Navajoes did the same in New Mexico, and that some of the slaves were spies. Certainly the Navajoes seemed to know always when to strike and where.

This guerrilla warfare was cruel and treacherous on both sides. The Indians tortured and killed without mercy all they did not want for captives. The Mexicans once lured a band of Navajoes to Jemez, under the pretense of talking peace, got them all drunk and murdered them with clubs. It is said that a baby was born from the body of a Navajo woman and baptized in the Church.

But despite these wars on all their borders, throughout the Eighteenth Century the right people were gaining in wealth, in power, in arrogance. Their slaves increased and they held more and more of the common people in peonage as the Indians robbed them and drove them to the rich for protection. They were always acquiring more of the land, because poor men were not strong enough to hold it,

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and much of it lay uncultivated. Nearly all the sheep were theirs, and some of them owned more sheep than they could count and more land than they had ever seen.

They were rich and they held power in their hands, but both as a stock and as individuals they were weakening. Not only had slavery and intermarriage weakened their blood, but their young men became idle and dissipated in the comparative security of their wealth. Moreover, although they were despots they increasingly neglected their obligations as leaders. They were hated and feared by their retainers whom they left at the mercy of savages.

Yet as long as the Spanish Empire lasted this aristocracy could stand. It was wholly feudal in form and spirit—in all essentials a fragment of the medieval world, surviving long after the rest of that world was dead. Men cannot live without a faith and a discipline and these men had both as long as they were part of an Empire. They believed in God and King and their discipline was obedience. Every man owed allegiance to God and King and every man was both a God and a King in his own household. This was a lazy and voluptuous people, but everyone knew whom he had to obey, from the humblest peon up to the Governor and Captain-General who was the representative of the King, who derived his power from God. Obedience here was beautiful and as nearly perfect as anything human can be. The peon without question accepted the debts of his father and assumed his status. A daughter bowed her head and married the man her father chose. If one obeyed one's masters it mattered little what else one did. The individual was nothing, the order of society everything.

The Spanish Empire had long since lost its vitality, but it remained as a symbol and its visible representative in New Mexico was the Governor and Captain-General. These governors were sometimes titled men and often they were men of ability. Coming direct from the Spanish court, they kept alive in the New Mexicans the consciousness that they were part of a great empire, that they lived in a great tradition. Ceremoniously the governor ruled from the ancient "palace" in Santa Fé, creating there in replica the dignity and authority of the Spanish Court. Each of them, too, brought a fresh access of administrative energy, which would doubtless have died had anyone of them long remained.

José Chacon Medina Salazar y Villasenor, Marquis of Penalosa, who ruled in New Mexico from 1708 to 1712, is a good example. He was a true servant of God and King. He had the church at Santa Fé rebuilt and all of the principal churches in the province were improved in his time. The priesthood was already degenerate but at least he could refurbish the temples of God. He made three campaigns against the Navajoes, and while he could not conquer them, he could give them something to do beside stealing sheep and girls. Even the last of the Spanish governors, Facundo Melagres, was a man of ability. He was the one who, as a young army officer in 1806, had led an expedition eastward to the plains and captured Lieutenant Pike on Mexican soil.

VII

As late as 1810 the New Mexicans sent a delegate to the Spanish Cortes. He was Don Pedro Bautista Pino of Santa Fé, a fat, good-humored gentleman of great wealth and of the very best blood. His fellow *ricos* raised nine thousand dollars to help defray his expenses and he went

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to Vera Cruz and crossed the sea—an envoy from a dying colony to a dying empire. He told the gentlemen of the Cortes, among other impressive things, that there was great danger of an alliance between the United States government and the wild tribes of the plains, which would overwhelm New Mexico, and he asked for troops to protect the province. The Cortes listened, probably it yawned, certainly it did nothing.

Don Pedro Pino, having talked, had done all his duty as a statesman. He staid three years abroad, spending all the money they had given him and much of his own beside. In state he visited London and Paris and then returned to Santa Fé, expensively bringing with him a magnificent landau, probably the only vehicle of its kind that had ever been seen in New Mexico. A few years ago very old men could remember that equipage and its owner and how irreverent souls of inferior birth used to shout after him in the streets a couplet which summarised his achievements: "Don Pedro Pino went, Don Pedro Pino came."

For a few years more, representatives of God's empire would futilely come and go but that was all. In 1822 Mexico declared its freedom from the Spanish Empire, and the New Mexicans awoke one morning to learn that they were the citizens of a republic. Then they belonged to an empire again—an American empire—and almost before they had got used to the idea, it was once more a republic.

What of it? Nothing visibly had changed here in New Mexico, which was so far away from all capitals. And yet, subtly, everything had changed. This last bit of the feudal world had been cut off from the sources of its spiritual life. No more Spanish governors came, bringing the divine authority of empire. Life was no longer supported by a changeless hierarchy. Obedience no longer was enough. Democracy had reached New Mexico, and individualism. These ideas had effectively reached a people who could never have conceived them, who could not understand them.

In Mexico there were twelve Presidents in eight years. The New Mexicans duly celebrated each change of government. Speeches were made by important persons, oaths of allegiance were sworn, and always there were balls that lasted until early in the morning. If the world was falling to pieces, at least one still could dance. It took so long to get reliable word from Mexico City, and changes of administration were so rapid, that the New Mexicans were always in danger of celebrating a conqueror after he had fallen.

Important men of the right people were appointed governors, and some of these tried hard to exercise a real authority—to hold back the Navajoes and keep order within the province. But their tenure of office was too uncertain. Many of them held on for less than a year. And they got little or no support from the government in Mexico City, corrupt as it was and torn by endless revolution. In 1827 the unspeakable Armijo got himself appointed governor. He did not hold the place long, but his administration meant that democracy had fully arrived, for he was a man of lowly birth, who had stolen sheep for a living. Yet he had curried favor with the politicians in Mexico City, and what could anyone do?

Who now were the right people? Not those born to power but those who could seize it. Ability and money were what counted now. Gertrudes Barello had been a common prostitute in Taos, so Gregg assures us. She became one of the most skillful monte-dealers in the province, and

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she moved to Santa Fé, where everyone gambled, and opened a gambling hall. She was a born administrator, that woman, and knew how to hold on to money. Her gambling hall was a show place with magnificent chandeliers, and it ran all the way through a block. She had been called Tules in her days of ill fame, when she had a figure that aroused the lust of men. Now she was a mountain of fat and was called Dona Gertrudes. She had money and she knew where to lend it, where to give it. This woman became a person of political importance, and even of social consideration. Gregg says that some of the best families entertained her in their houses. Truly, on the Rio Grande one more world was coming to an end.

The Navajoes, more and more, had their own way. Who was to fight them? There was neither leadership, troops, nor money for arms. One Colonel Vizcarra of the Mexican army made the last effective campaign against them about 1830. From then on they robbed and murdered as they would. They called the Mexicans their shepherds and said the only reason they did not take all the sheep was that they preferred to leave a few for seed. Even so, the herds declined eighty per cent and even some of the *ricos* began to feel poor. The Navajoes would kill herders and run off with sheep a few miles from the capital. The Apaches came to Santa Fé to make a treaty, received presents and killed a few people on the way out of town.

Every Spring the Navajoes would solemnly make peace, so the Mexicans might sheer their sheep and plant their crops, and in the Fall they would make war, so they could steal the fat wethers and the ripe grain. Small land-holders in outlying sections ran to Santa Fé for safety. The government decreed that all who abandoned their holdings must lose them, and so the number of the dispossessed was always growing. The gap between rich and poor was widening. Drought struck the country and there was famine, although thousands of good acres, owned by rich men, lay untilled. As though God himself were angry, a scourge of smallpox came to kill nearly ten per cent of the people.

It seems probable that if the civilization of the right people had been left to its destiny, it would have been overrun and destroyed by the Navajoes. The union of bloods and cultures, begun in war and slavery, would have been complete.

But this was not to be. A deadlier race than the Navajoes was on its way to the Rio Grande. Even before the revolution there had begun to appear in Taos a few tall Yankees with long rifles who bribed the *alcalde* to let them trap in Mexican streams. The men feared and hated them: the women adored them. Then one day came more men of the same breed, driving a pack train laden with goods, cheaper and better than those the *conductas* brought up from Chihuahua. The pack train was followed by wagons and the common people turned out in crowds to greet them, all the women decked in their best.

A road was forming across the prairie —across the thousand miles of wilderness which had been for two centuries an impassable barrier. The wilderness had been a wall between the right people and all the rest of the civilized world. The wall was broken, the infidels were pouring in, and slaves and women were shouting them a welcome.

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THE PROGENITOR OF PROHIBITION

BY DANE YORKE

On a pleasant June day of 1825 the famous Marquis de Lafayette, then on his triumphal tour of America, was greeted in the little town of Portland, Maine, by a proud cavalcade of Portland's best citizens. Among them, riding on a big white horse from his father's tanyard, was the young Neal Dow. If Lafayette had but realized that he was then meeting his second Napoleon! In France he had known the great Bonaparte; in Portland, in the small person of Neal Dow, he unwittingly beheld the man who was to be hailed as the grand and glorious Napoleon of Temperance. A Napoleon, too, whose St. Helena was to be the Confederate Libby Prison; while for his Wellington he was to have . . . Old Cock-Eye Ben Butler!

But Lafayette had no vision of all this. Nor had Neal Dow. He was just twenty-one. His chief ambition at the time was to enter college, but prayerful consideration led his Quaker parents to refuse him permission—"for fear of the possible bad influences upon me of associations that I might form while away from home." He next desired to study for the law—a field in which his distant cousin, John Neal, had already won distinction. But again his parents demurred and on the same point of "possible bad influence." It seems strange that they should so have mistrusted his strength against temptations. Certainly he was a bravely moral youth. He was quite abstemious, he did not smoke nor swear nor gamble, and he was happy in the company of the two admiring sisters whom he zealously escorted to the evening parties of Portland's élite. At such festivities Neal Dow did not dance. But he was always ready for "improving discourse," or a merry game of Hunt the Thimble, and to warble nobly on the flute. One of his schoolmates was the genteel Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Dow was prone to say (in after years) that of the associates of Henry and himself he could not remember one "who was ever vulgar, coarse or rude."

But despite such obvious virtues, his parents still feared the seductions of college and the law. To temper their refusal they sent him, immediately following the Lafayette parade, on a grand tour of his own. He visited New York (where he saw pigs roaming Broadway), travelled over the newly opened Erie Canal, and thence came back to Portland. There he obediently entered his father's tannery and settled down to be a good man of business, and a good volunteer fireman.

His service in this last field had come about as a Hobson's choice. The law then made militia duty compulsory but granted exemption to volunteer firemen. The youths of the better classes, looking down upon the sweaty ranks of the "vulgar, coarse and rude" yokelry, took refuge from the militia in the ranks of the volunteers. The fire companies thus became social clubs whose members, armed with bag, bucket and bed-wrench (for taking apart

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the old-fashioned bedsteads), heroically turned out to save any property (of their own members chiefly) that might be threatened by fire. In Dow's case the distaste for militia duty also had a deeper personal basis. Once as a boy, playing about the parade-ground on a muster day, he had got in the way of a drunken militiaman who, "to my intense horror and disgust," tripped and fell heavily upon him. "The feeling then engendered was ever afterwards associated in my mind with the old-time militia" . . . and rum.

As a volunteer fireman Dow soon lost his taste for flute-playing, being "convinced that the time thus spent could be more profitably employed." He discovered that his voice—the big voice so often found in the man of small stature—was the more potent instrument, and he began to train it in debates and political stump speeches. In 1826, at the age of twenty-two, he got his first thrill as an amateur lawmaker by personally drafting a bill reorganizing Portland's volunteer department, and this he successfully lobbied through the Maine Legislature. For reward he was made clerk of one of the new fire companies and later became its captain. Then followed six glorious years of "leading his gang" to fires and other riots, at the end of which (in 1837) he became chief engineer of Portland's entire department of 700 volunteers. Glory, in that direction, could grow no further. He was then thirty-three.

II

But a second glory was already looming, sprung, curiously, from his volunteer fire service. As clerk Dow had been called upon to approve the wine bills of his company's annual dinners. They struck him as waste and he promptly lifted his big voice in protest. He did not (then) object to the drinking at the dinners; his point was simply that the company treasury should not bear the expense and thus make him, and such of his fellows as were abstainers, pay for something they did not consume. A little to his own surprise his thrifty argument carried the day. Thereafter at the dinners of the Deluge Engine Company such members as drank brought their own.

This minor victory encouraged him to attack another, and even more personally grievous, waste. At that time (1829-1830) it was the custom all over New England for employers to provide a rum-ration for their employés. This was figured as part of the wage. The man who did not drink received no higher pay; the good New England rum was there for him; if he did not drink it the loss was his and not his employer's.

So firmly entrenched was the ration that in Portland each morning the town fathers rang an Eleven O'Clock Bell as a signal for all labor (even that of the Dow tannery) to rest and drink the rum provided. Nor was that bell peculiar to Portland. In Boston, at this same period, the bell of the North End Church over which Ralph Waldo Emerson presided, was rung each weekday at 11 A. M. for rum, at 1 P. M. for dinner, and at 9 P. M. for curfew—and without thought of incongruity. The morning bell was a pleasant bucolic survival—of the forenoon rest and drink in the hot farm fields—just as was also the dawn-to-dark working-day that was still the rule for farm labor and city labor alike.

But men were already rebelling against that long day's work. They were also asking for better wages than the prevailing two-dollar-a-week scale. Dow, in Portland, talking to his uneasy fellow-employers, pointed to the rum-ration and the thirst-provoking bell. If the bell were stopped, he argued, men would not be teased to drink.

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the forenoon rest could be discontinued, more work would be done, and from the resultant gain the employers could make some slight conciliatory wage advance—at a profit. Again his thrifty reasoning won. Even before the bell of Emerson's church had discontinued its eleven o'clock call to rum, Dow had silenced the similar idyllic bell of Portland. And the Dow tannery was no longer forced by competition to spend good money for grog.

With characteristic reasoning Dow began to see temperance (he was still far from Prohibition) as the great panacea for all social maladjustment. Labor complained that it could not accumulate wealth on its wages. But labor drank and Dow did not, and Dow was accumulating wealth steadily. An English observer had just reported that "In America a man can get drunk for sixpence," so cheap—and potent—was the prevailing rum. But still Dow argued that labor could not "afford" to drink. To prove his point he had himself appointed an overseer of Portland's poor and the tales of poverty he thus gathered (effectively embellished) served him well as he travelled about Maine and New England selling leather for his tannery, inspecting timber lands for personal speculative investment, and everywhere—in stagecoach and shop and inn—talking in his big voice of temperance, temperance, as the great economic cure-all. For a time it was simply a hobby, a new big white horse on which to parade, but in 1835 he one day wrote his wife: "We had an interesting company today in the stage, much temperance talk, and I trust with good effect upon a farmer from New Hampshire, a very sensible old man, . . . who said I ought to leave off exploring land and become a temperance lecturer, for I should do a great deal of good. Think of that!" He afterwards confessed that he then first glimpsed the coming glory. It was his vision on the road to Damascus.

But he was never the mere visionary. No sudden change came about in his life, and all his temperance argument to the contrary, he did not himself rely on mere abstinence from drink to procure him wealth. It was about this time that an aged distant relation, troubled with an estate which a nagging wife and daughter itched to absorb, sought peace and safety by having Dow appointed as his guardian. Dow accepted the trust and promptly built an addition to his own house so that his ward might be under his close protection. But within a few months after the addition was completed, Dow declared the old man to be perfectly competent to manage his own affairs, and had the guardianship ended. Whereupon the ward senilely tangled himself up in a series of conflicting wills and died, leaving his estate to be fought over in court during the next twenty years.

During the litigation it was discovered that Dow had received from his ward, during the guardianship, a substantial gift of securities for the ostensible benefit of Dow's infant son. It also seems that he had charged (and collected) as an expense of the guardianship the full cost of the addition made to his home, even though his ward had been allowed to occupy it for a few months only. Worse still, his cousin, John Neal, later testified that Dow's zeal in the litigation was such that he offered to talk privately to members of the jury in an effort to insure a favorable verdict, and further proposed to influence the testimony of an important witness, who was also an employé of the Dow tannery. Whereupon John Neal's wife, overhearing the proposal, said to her husband after Dow had gone: "And *that* you call an honest man!"

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At any rate Dow's private fortune grew steadily as a shining example to the poor wights who fuddled their minds with drink. He began to crave power. It was during the will litigation that he confided to John Neal that he "felt more than half-inclined to take up with the Abolitionists; they were a growing party and likely to get in power." But his success with the Eleven O'clock Bell made it evident that temperance work could bring power more quickly, and slavery became for him a minor issue. The temperance views of a General Appleton had begun to prevail in Maine. Appleton, a veteran of the War of 1812, was the first man in Maine, and probably in this country, to agitate for the suppression of drink by law. It was his firm belief that law was not so much an expression of popular will as "that it is the nature of law to mold the public mind to its requirements." The old temperance effort had been based on moral suasion. Appleton's followers coined the phrase "legal suasion" and their object became the coercion—or "molding"—of men to virtue. Becoming intimate with Appleton, Dow, after some hesitation, finally adopted the old General's views. And by the time the great Washingtonian movement of reformed drunkards swept the '40's, he had become the most ardent of the Wring-necks, as Prohibitionists were then called.

He had also attained to a satisfying leadership in the reform. His practical genius quickly saw that the road to success lay through politics, and for politics he had an innate flair. His growing fortune left him free to "afford" reform work, and year in and year out he labored to pack the Maine Legislature with men who would vote as he wished. By 1850 he had gained such control that he was able to have a drastic prohibitory bill passed by both houses. It was promptly vetoed by a sturdy Maine Governor, but even so Dow's work stood out as the greatest success yet won by any radical reformer. It gave him a national standing and in New York the American Temperance Union published and sold a special Dow biography entitled "The Napoleon of Temperance."

That grandiloquence he justified the very next year (1851) by putting upon the statute books of Maine a new and even more drastic bill. He had written it personally, and he had watched over it so closely (even sitting by the side of the Speaker in each house as the votes were cast, and himself acting as a messenger boy to carry the bill to a newly elected Governor for signature) that he could afterwards boast that his bill had been enacted "without the crossing of a *t* or the dotting of an *i*" . . . and all within the remarkably efficient time of three days. It was an All-American, all-time record in reform legislation.

The Wring-necks went wild over that Maine Law of 1851. It was hailed as the perfect law; the millennium was obviously on its way at last. Their idolatry of Dow was voiced most feelingly by the Rev. Dr. Tyng of New York who cried aloud: "I would rather go with Neal Dow's reputation to posterity than to be any man who lives or has lived in this nation, the magnificent Father of His Country not excepted!" Within four years, or by 1855, eighteen of the then thirty-seven States of the Union had passed laws that copied or were based upon the Maine Law of Neal Dow. Even in England the Earl of Harrington praisefully erected a monument to mark the advent of a new epoch.

Dow was at the peak of glory. He stood before the world a great hero; a curly-haired, blue-eyed, "pretty, dapper little man" (to quote a portrait of the day) "who goes well-dressed, wears a nice blue jacket and fancy vest and has his hat cocked on

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one side of his head." Reason enough for the cocked hat. He was Neal Dow, Napoleon of Temperance!

III

And then came the Civil War to try men's souls. It surely tried Neal Dow's. Not that he was troubled by conscientious scruples against bloodshed. True, he had been born and bred a Quaker, but that church had solemnly expelled him when he was a mere youth—and long before he was a Wring-neck, or possessed of fame. His expulsion had been due to his refusal to obey the Quaker doctrine of non-resistance, and to his fondness for firearms or "carnal weapons." More than this, he had directly caused the first bloodletting under the Noble Experiment when, in 1855, in defense of the liquor ("for medicinal and manufacturing purposes") which he had bought for the Portland Liquor Agency, he personally called out the local militia. And it was his big voice which gave the order for the muddling volley that killed one man, wounded three others, and brought about the horrified (though only temporary) repeal of the Maine Law itself.

Nor had he any love for the South. For one thing, it had been solid against Prohibition. For another, as already noted, he had been attracted early by the limelight that beat upon the Abolitionists. He called himself a radical anti-slavery man and such occasional speeches as he made on the subject were fiercely fire-eating. But in his political maneuverings to achieve the Maine Law he had more than once deserted the anti-slavery forces and openly joined their opponents, the party of compromise, because the latter had been more quick to promise help for his Prohibition aims. Repeatedly he had shown that he regarded slavery as the lesser cause.

And then the first shot on Sumter wiped out all other issues. It left Dow standing flat-footed, obviously hesitant. Left to himself, he would, on his own testimony, have stayed at home. But his hand was forced when his son enlisted at Lincoln's first call for volunteers. Dow promptly had the enlistment withdrawn (he said the boy was too weak and, anyway, he was needed in the Dow tannery), but was compelled to promise that "if necessity demanded," he himself would go to the front. Accordingly he wrote to the Governor of Maine, making an offer of his services. Then he sat down to await "necessity."

Months went by. Lincoln called again and again for volunteers, but Dow made no move. Bull Run was fought, the war grew grim, and still Dow waited. Recruiting began to lag; people were saying "the Abolitionists brought on the war, and the Abolitionists should fight it," and in October of '61 the Governor finally sent for Dow and asked him to raise and lead a regiment. Dow modestly demurred—he had had, he said, no military experience. Whereupon the Governor, who apparently had foreseen such modesty, pointedly quoted an excerpt from a pre-war fighting speech that Dow had made . . . and soon the Thirteenth Maine Infantry was mustered into service with Colonel Neal Dow perforce commanding. A photograph taken at the time shows him already equipped with the English whiskers which were later such a prominent feature of his physiognomy.

Then Fate began her japes. Busily standing men upon barrelheads for profanity, and modelling his regiment upon Cromwell's Ironsides by insisting upon religious services at each evening's parade (which gained those luckless soldiers of the Thirteenth the sobriquet of the Hymn Singers), Dow suddenly learned that he and his men

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were destined to go with Ben Butler's expedition to New Orleans. It was dismaying news. About Ben Butler with his drooping lids (Old Cock-Eye, the Army called him), his open preference for Democrats (Dow was then a Republican), and his magnificent talent for publicity, there was something so "vulgar, coarse and rude" that Dow, in horror, forgot that the Union needed New Orleans and men and action. He used all his influence, pulled every political wire, made all manner of delay in preparation, seeking to evade *that* service to his country. But Butler quickly grasped the situation and his peremptory orders brought the reluctant Dow and his men to Boston for embarkation. There he met from Old Cock-Eye such stinging reproof and contempt for his dilatory tactics that he seriously thought of resigning his commission and returning home. He wrote to friends that he did not like Ben Butler.

The two men were dramatically contrasted. Butler was big, physically, and "as ugly as an old stump fence." He was fourteen years younger than Dow, and almost as many times the abler. Moreover he was a product of the very militia service that Dow had disdained, and by clever political jockeying had been made a brigadier-general of militia just before the war. When Sumter was attacked, the troops of Butler's Massachusetts brigade were the first to reach—and save—Washington. The feat made him a major-general and he immediately became a national figure by his famous ruling that escaped slaves were contraband of war—a ruling still hailed as "the first and only sensible thing done about the slaves prior to the Emancipation Proclamation itself." By '62, when Dow was compelled to join him, Butler was the coming man of the Union volunteer forces. The limelight followed his every move and so brilliantly did he shine that in Washington, at the time, it was an open secret that his Republican rivals were fervently hoping that the expedition to New Orleans would prove to be "a hole big enough to bury that Yankee elephant."

Against such a figure Fate had matched for the favor of the limelight (which both men loved), the diminutive Dow with his long curly hair, his English whiskers, and his inclination to careful dress that made him the picture of a gallant toy soldier. It was a shabby trick on the part of Fate. The former fire chief of Portland, the ex-salesman of tanned leathers, the great Napoleon of Temperance, simply had no chance against burly, shrewd Old Cock Eye.

He first stole Dow's temperance glory by issuing (without consultation with Dow) a general order strictly forbidding all liquor to the troops. He broke up the hymn-singing regiment and scattered it about in small guard details, thus leaving the dry Napoleon with only a shadow command. When New Orleans fell and Butler moved in to the hanging of Mumford and the roar of his famous "common women" General Order No. 28 (which reverberated all the way to England), poor Dow was left behind on Ship Island to guard its sand and scrub—unhappily mute while Butler roared upon a world stage. Even when friends at home secured his promotion to brigadier-general, Dow still was kept from the limelight. Butler simply moved the new brigadier a little farther away. He made him the jailer of Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, which had been turned into military prisons. It was there that Butler slyly flicked Dow upon a raw spot with the following letter: "I am informed [he wrote] that wines have been distributed between the officers and the prisoners in the Forts [under your command]. I depend upon your well-known temperance principles to

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have a stop put to this most pernicious and criminal practice!" Such words to the Napoleon of Temperance!

But it would seem that there was more than mere sardonic contempt behind Butler's treatment of Dow. The official correspondence between them reveals Dow more than once in a very sorry light. In fact, there are curious reminders of the on-the-make young man of 1836 who offered to influence jury and witness in the contest over the wills and estate of his ward. For example, at Fort St. Phillip he busied himself in having his men drag from the river a great iron chain which the Confederates had stretched to prevent the passage of Farragut's fleet. The recovered chain was valued at $5000. It seems to have oddly tempted him, for he wrote to Butler asking that some percentage of the value be awarded to him personally "as salvage." Whereupon Butler promptly met him with the obvious truth: "No allowance for salvage can be made [you], as the recovery [of the chain] was but your duty to the United States."

Later, when Pensacola was captured, Dow was transferred there to guard its tar and turpentine. And again his foot slipped. Butler, preparing for an expedition on Texas, sent a vessel to Pensacola to be armed and returned immediately for Texas service. But Dow, it seems, commandeered the boat for a little expedition of his own. At any rate the vessel disappeared. After nearly a week Farragut, then at Pensacola, wrote Butler that the ship had been armed on the day of its arrival and should have come back at once; he did not know what had become of it. But Butler soon found out and thus wrote Dow:

> It has been informally reported to me that your expedition [and the missing ship] was sent for furniture up the Blackwater. . . . I cannot permit the shipping of furniture or other articles North by an officer for his own use. Such taking of property, whether belonging to rebels or others, comes under the order of the War Department, No. 107 —and is there denominated "plundering".

To add point to the incident, there is also the letter of a civilian Union observer in Pensacola urging Butler to revoke the proceedings of a board (appointed by Dow) which had been confiscating horses and other property and making sales at gross undervaluations to Union officers. "Candidly speaking," wrote the observer, "the whole thing is a complete swindle of government property, and this is a little the damndest command I ever saw. Everybody here is complaining of General Dow." Dow's command of Pensacola lasted only three months but it was long enough for him to earn from the inhabitants the title of the Nigger-stealer. He gloried in their hate.

It was May of 1863 before Dow had his first taste of actual warfare. He was given command of a brigade and sent to join William Tecumseh Sherman. But his field service lasted only five days, at the end of which he was slightly wounded in the bloody assault on Port Hudson. A month of convalescence followed and then he suddenly became front-page news. But without glory. A daring party of six Confederate troopers stole into the Union lines about Port Hudson and ignominiously carried off Dow and his two orderlies without even a shot or the clash of a sword. Then for twelve days his captors shamefully paraded the little brigadier through the heart of the Confederacy.

It was the first glimpse the people of that section had had of a full fledged Union general and this one was curiously unimpressive. He had been captured out of uniform and, to his deep chagrin, the only garment he had in which to draw himself

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up in proud defiance was a soiled linen duster. To make matters worse, the Confederates at first even refused to consider him as a prisoner of war. Instead they turned him over to the civil authorities of Alabama and he was paraded again, this time from Richmond to Mobile, to be tried on the charge of Negro-stealing. The penalty for the crime was death, and ardent Prohibitionist stay-at-homes in the North sent a frenzied petition to Abraham Lincoln demanding immediate and drastic action to save him. "He is," said the petition, "an exception to ordinary men . . . one of the prophets of this age and as such of special worth to the country and the human race."

Just what happened at Mobile is obscure. But after two months Dow was returned to Richmond and placed in Libby Prison. There, he says, "I resigned myself entirely to my situation as a prisoner, . . . not only as a matter of duty to my country . . . but as an example to my comrades in misfortune." In a sense it was his St. Helena. So resigned was he that when, in February, 1864, 109 Union officers crawled through the famous tunnel from Libby to freedom, Dow argued strongly against the attempt, "not desiring to have the Union government back down from its enunciated policy of exchange." But Colonel Rose and the other leaders of the project argued just as earnestly (and seemingly with more soldierly logic) "that they could not see how making their escape would affect the policy of exchange. Their principle was that it was their personal right to escape if they could, and their duty to their government to make the attempt."

In after years Dow did not mention his first objection. He did not join the escape, he said, because his strength did not permit. But in that escape there went Union officers so enfeebled by wounds and disease that they had "to be dragged through the tunnel by main force and carried to places of safety until such time as they would be able to move on their journey." Perhaps such men were not so "resigned" as Neal Dow. Once more he had missed the chance of glory. The war was just not for him. He was luckless throughout.

IV

Finally, in March of 1864, he was exchanged, and emerged from Libby to report again to Ben Butler (how the man haunted him!) who had become commander of the Army of the James and Union commissioner of exchanges.

But this time Butler was kind. Dow was given leave of absence and went home to Portland to be welcomed by his fellow-townsmen as a returned hero, and in a manner reminiscent of that greeting to Lafayette in which he had ridden the big horse. The welcome so stimulated him that he was inspired to make a five column speech, fiercely insisting that the war must be fought to a finish. Shortly afterward he resigned his commission. The great and bloody Wilderness campaign had begun. Dow cheered it on—from Portland.

Figuratively, he never came back from Libby. He lived until 1897, but after '64 his life seems almost an anti-climax. The title of Napoleon is never heard again; the war had cut a great gulf between the 50's, when his fame had been won, and the reconstruction years that followed Appomattox. He found it very difficult to interest the people in Prohibition. One by one the States repealed or emasculated their Maine Laws, and even in New England only Maine itself stood firm. But the law was openly defied and Dow's home town of Portland boasted famous saloons that he could not keep closed.

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His path was made more bitter by the echoes of his Army career. The stories might gradually have died out, but unfortunately they were given new life when in 1876 he was dragged into court in the noted Bradish Johnson case, which had arisen from the taking of sugar and silver spoons by a raiding party he had sent out from Fort St. Phillip in 1862. The case dragged its slow way to the Supreme Court of the United States, where Dow finally escaped.

But the verdict was not based on the facts but rather upon the relative technicality that as a military commander Dow had not been subject to the jurisdiction of the civilian court in which judgment had been won against him. He was freed from legal responsibility but he could not escape the whispers about his war-time fervor in such forays as that up the Blackwater, for which Butler had reproved him, using the distressing word "plundering." It was such troubles that once led someone in John Neal's presence to call Dow a Pharisee. "Ah no," said Neal, "he's just a little Sad-you-see!"

As the years passed his English whiskers grew more patriarchal, and his dress more clerical. He lived to see Prohibition reborn in the Women's Crusade that sprang up in the West. But he had no part in that rebirth. In 1880 the infant Prohibition party honored him by nomination as its candidate for the Presidency, against Garfield. But the honor was empty and so distasteful to his practical political sense that even during the campaign he wrote to James G. Blaine that "I was never a more stalwart Republican than I am now, and [am] most earnestly wishing success to Mr. Garfield." His own candidacy did not affect even the electoral vote of Maine.

His life touched every decade of the Nineteenth Century (1804-1897). His last years were devoted to writing his voluminous autobiography (only half was ever published), and to the pasting up of his temperance clippings in great scrap-books, "each of which would make a heavy armful." It was to these books that he pointed in 1888 when visited by Miss Frances Willard, the great Maiden Crusader against rum. "Here," he said to her, "I think I have done substantial service to reform, for I doubt if there is anywhere to be found another record so complete of its documentary evidence during the last forty years."

The small pride was significant. His last days were those of disillusion. Back in the 50's he had written—and believed—"When the temptation to indulge is taken out of their way [by Prohibition], the people will not take much trouble to obtain strong drink." But after keeping his State almost continuously under Prohibition for a full generation and a half, he finally wrote in his autobiography: "If the absolute suppression of the liquor trade all through our State were required to prove the usefulness of Prohibition, it might be said with truth that it is a failure." But then, he added, the Ten Commandments were even more unsuccessful.

Somehow the thought consoled him.

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THE *APPEAL TO REASON*

BY GEORGE MILBURN

EIGHT years have passed since the *Appeal to Reason*, the great Socialist weekly, got out its last issue, and the short-grass country has been a humdrum place to live in ever since. Perhaps there will never be another like it. It called itself the Greatest Political Newspaper in the World, and its modest programme was "the salvation of the working class, the utter, final emancipation of the world." For nearly thirty years the *Appeal to Reason* was a power in the land.

Not, of course, a power in the sense that the despicable Plutes, those gross, checker-vested Interests with their monopolies and trusts and Pinkerton thugs and "black-robed puppets of bench and bar," were powerful. Rather it was a power, the more formidable for being clean and bright, to confound those foul adversaries. As an *Appeal* advocate deftly phrased it, a power "to lay bare the grafts, extortions, abuses, murder plots, steals and slimy capitalist filthiness"; a power "to voice the wrongs of millions, otherwise mute, rallying them, otherwise impotent, to war against oppression and vast wrongs; dispelling the tears, the blood, the woe of Capitalism"; a power for "bringing to pass that New Time which seers have longed to behold." Briefly, the *Appeal* was the force that was to bring the true faith of Socialism to the benighted American masses, in the process, of course, delousing them of any stray pieces of silver that they had got in their contacts with the curs of Plutocracy.

And it appears that the vaunted strength of this Socialist weekly indubitably had more than hot air back of it. A flimsy sheetlet, published in an obscure Kansas village, execrably printed and proof-read, even for a newspaper, slathered with red ink, filled with fancy fulminations that must have turned the thesaurus wrong-side out, its appearance was anything but prepossessing. And yet two Presidents of the United States were so incautious as to take serious personal notice of its jibes. Repeatedly, when attempts to suppress it were made "by every subterfuge, trick, meanness and abuse the unclean harpy-brood could possibly think of," the *Appeal* sent the Federal buzzards wheeling for cover.

Its anomalous pet name, the Little Old *Appeal*, was belied by its circulation figures, which regularly ran into the millions, and one mighty special edition of 4,100,000 "beat all newspaper records in the entire world." An enraptured statistician figured that if all the *Appeals* printed in 1912 were "opened out and placed end to end they would make a path some *two feet wide by more than* 110,000 *miles long*, on which you could walk around the entire earth more than four times, without ever setting foot on anything but this marvelous output."

It set the vogue for muckraking in America, and published exposés of everything exposable, from the hellish traffic in innocent young girls to the equally cul-

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pable Boy Scout menace. In its pages, from week to week, Upton Sinclair's great stockyards novel, "The Jungle," made its first appearance, and the nation's lawmakers were aroused to the extent of passing a Pure Food and Drug Act.

It built up an espionage system through such white-collar slaves in government offices as were its loyal customers. In thousands of outposts over the nation its pinched, sharp-eyed subscribers watched the polling places to prevent election steals. Within its ubiquitous family of readers it numbered an organized army of 80,000 ardent subscription hustlers.

The walls of the *Appeal's* editorial rooms were completely covered with picture postcards, sent by its readers from all parts of the world. Letters piled in at the rate of 1,500 to a mail. A silver dollar labelled "To the *Appeal*" was promptly delivered.

Indeed, this extraordinary magnetism that attracted the silver dollars so unerringly from people who were obviously penniless was the final and surest evidence of the *Appeal's* puissance. Everything took money, and somehow the starving readers were as quick to send it in as the editors were to ask for it. Trifling litigations were made the basis for outcries by which defense funds of $20,000, $35,000, and even $50,000 were raised. The inevitable surplus was scrupulously returned—in the form of credit cards exchangeable for *Appeal to Reason* subscriptions.

The stated policy of the paper was twofold: (1) "violently exposing and attacking Capitalism"; (2) "constructively upbuilding the ideals and practical framework of the Coming State." But the *Appeal* usually was too preoccupied with firing its "paper bullets of the brain" into the rotten bulwarks of Capitalism to pay much mind to the Marxian Revelation. Few of its later issues ran long on doctrine. Notwithstanding, the spondulix was never overlooked, and the printers in the composing room joshed one another, swearing that the man who set a line of type that didn't coax money would be summarily docked.

The readers, however, thrived on such stuff. Socialism had been little more than an academic theory in America at the time the *Appeal* began publication. The Socialist party was unborn. The *Appeal*, in its heyday, saw the party poll almost a million votes and elect a thousand minor candidates. But the fine points of the millennium made tedious reading, and the paper, save for its early numbers, remained strangely vague about Marxian theory.

Instead it laid into the Rotten Rich. That was something the Faithful could understand. And occasionally it took time out from inveighing against those "blowflies of a putrescent civilization" to turn some of its invective on the less resolute comrades. For example, under a cartoon depicting bloated barons and their wasp-waisted, décolleté females at a banquet would appear:

> You working ass! Feast your eyes on this picture of a feast. That's about as close as you will get to the festal board. And yet—
>
> You built the palace—
> You made the furniture—
> You raised the grapes—
> You made the wine—
> You cultivated the tobacco—
> You rolled the cigars—
> You planted the corn—
> That fed the sheep
> From which was taken the wool
> Out of which you wove the cloth
> Worn by these nobles.
> You picked the fruit—
> After planting the trees—
> And you cooked the food—
> And serve as lackeys—
> Then you eat the crumbs—
> And walk the ties looking for work,

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And then every few years
You vote for a continuation
Of hunger and want and cold!
You are a P-E-A-C-H!

And what peaches they were, those Socialist janissaries who read the *Appeal*! What gluttons for punishment! Not that they ever really voted for a continuation of want and hunger and cold. That was an unkind assumption on their editor's part. Many of them, unquestionably, would have been quite willing to suffer martyrdom for the Cause. But curiously enough, the first and only one among them to fall was the editor of the *Appeal*.

II

Julius A. Wayland, its founder and guiding spirit, came out of Indiana, that State which has exercised such a profound influence on American letters. At first he roamed about the Middle West as a tramp printer, but at the age of twenty-three he married and settled down as editor of a Republican newspaper in Harrisonville, Missouri. He conducted the campaign so valiantly in that quarter that Rutherford B. Hayes rewarded him with the Harrisonville postoffice. Even at this early date, however, there was no danger of respectability settling upon Wayland. Harrisonville was a violently Democratic community, and, as an *Appeal* pamphlet biographer pointed out,

> Carpet-bagger was the mildest of many terms of abuse applied to him. . . . Many a time he was threatened with personal violence and even death. Once a mob roped him round the neck and talked lynching. At another time, utterly unarmed, he stood off a sheriff and a mob by merely reaching for his (empty) hip pocket and coolly announced that he would perforate the first man who should advance a step.

The sheriff was a local bad man with several notches on his pistol, but that didn't feaze Wayland. He proceeded to brand the fellow as corrupt and to publish certain proved charges against him. A few days later the sheriff, meeting the editor on the street, pulled out his six-shooter and announced that he, too, was prepared to do some perforating. Wayland calmly looked him over, spat in his face, turned around and leisurely walked away. "Then as since," his biographer comments proudly, "his quick wit and unflinching bravery repeatedly saved his life."

Such surroundings proved a severe strain on salivary repartee, though, and after sticking it out for four years Wayland decided to return to Indiana. Things were not going so well there, so he moved West again, this time to Pueblo, Colorado, where he set up another printing business. With characteristic humor, he called his press Wayland's One-Hoss Print Shop. "It was very properly named," he thought, "and that queer imprint brought me much work. I soon had the largest commercial printing house in the city."

The drollery was so fetching, indeed, that he used One-Hoss for a pseudonym in later years, and thousands of readers knew him, affectionately, as Old One-Hoss Wayland.

"He now began playing the real estate game," the recording comrade writes. "Money flowed in, and all grew prosperous." The young printer-realtor, it would seem, was in a fair way to become a hell-bound capitalist. But he was saved. A radical English shoemaker, doing missionary work in the American wilderness, came along and handed him a tract written from the "economic or Socialist viewpoint."

> To be brief, he "landed" me good and hard. He carefully nursed me into reading Carlyle, Ruskin, Gronlund and other works,

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> and I realized for the first time that I was an ignoramus. . . . I saw a new light and found what I never knew existed. I closed up my real estate business and devoted my whole energies to the work of trying to get my neighbors to grasp the truths I had learned.

His biographer, however, has a shrewder, if somewhat preternatural explanation for the business change. Faith, apparently, had endowed the young convert with a power suspiciously like second-sight.

> His new understanding gave him increased business acumen. He saw what others could not see, predicted the panic of '93, and sold his properties for gold. His friends mocked him, turned on him and ostracized him as insane. Still he persevered and when the crash came that wrecked so many, he survived. His wealth increased rapidly. . . .

He was soon confronted by the stiff problem of investing this incumbering capital in such a way as to maintain his position as a communal-property evangelist. Before long the big idea came to him, the idea that eventually was to place him with William Lloyd Garrison and Horace Greeley, Frances E. Willard and George Creel, in the ranks of the nation's great propagandists.

> I planned that if I were to start a cheap paper in the center of the great industrial cities, I would soon get a few thousand readers, so I moved to Greensburg, Ind. in February, 1893, and began publication of the *Coming Nation*. I thought I would get my circulation among the workingmen in the cities. . . .

Surprisingly, it was the farm-hands, and not the working-class slaves in the cities, who responded to the *Coming Nation's* clarion. Subscriptions began pouring in from the drouth-stricken tundras of the Middle West, and shortly Wayland was making money hand over fist. Here was a perplexing situation: sixty thousand lousy dollars multiplying like rabbits. Again the zealous proselyte cast about to get shed of his soul-stifling wealth, and the second time he met with complete success.

He bought 2,000 acres in Tennessee, and there, with a band of 125 followers, established a coöperative commonwealth named after his idol, Ruskin. It took this Utopian venture only a year to separate him from all his accumulated cash and much of his optimism. More than once, in after years, he found occasion to refer to the "invincible ignorance of the average human mind," and there is evidence to show that, for all his published eagerness to save humanity, there was always a misanthropic tinge to his private meditations.

Comrade Brewer, of the *Appeal* staff, in the biographical pamphlet, "The Wayland I Knew," records a Boswellian conversation. Debs, who had become a special correspondent, had been "wasting his time writing personal letters to the down and outs." Wayland railed at him:

> Debs, you're a fool. What is the use of wasting your time on these human wrecks, hopeless victims who can never be of service to themselves or to society? Let them perish. They are only rubbish in the stream, clogging the world's progress. . . . Every day you write from twenty to fifty personal letters, in many of them enclosing money to pay a widow's rent, or an old man's doctor bill, buy clothes for some poor children, or pay the interest on a mortgage for some old couple who ought to have been dead ten years ago. Cut it out and devote yourself to the movement in a larger capacity. Fight the System and let the victims go to the devil.

Harsh, unphilanthropic words, and enough to set the conscientious office force aghast, but Debs, the old veteran of the hustings, replied mildly, "I know, J. A., that you are philosophically correct, but for me to follow any other course would be impossible. We are not constituted

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alike." Wayland turned abruptly and left the room.

"It would have pained us," the biographer goes on to explain, "had we felt that he had given a true expression of his real self. But happily we knew the inner man. . . ."

How much of this later pessimism had clouded Wayland's outlook when he landed in Kansas City, the Fall of 1895, cleaned of $100,000 in one fell year, and a penniless tramp once more, is not shown. He was forty-one then. "I was now thrown again into the necessity of creating another paper to continue the work I had planned for the benefit of the working class."

His first paper, the *Coming Nation*, presses, name and all, had been appropriated by the rapacious Ruskin colony, so the deposed editor had to think up a new name. The choice finally narrowed down to the *Rights of Man* and *Wayland's Weekly*, with the latter a strong favorite, but before the matter was definitely decided a friend suggested the *Appeal to Reason*. This, in truth, was a snappy title, and when an old German Socialist said, "Give it a name that in time will be better known than the man who made it!", the *Appeal to Reason* went to the masthead. "And today," exclaims the staff historian, "the name *Appeal* is known in every land whereon the sun shines or the winds of Heaven blow free."

Happy inspiration though the name was, village wags, always tickled to set a squib under solemn, fervent town Socialists, soon evolved the *Squeal for Treason*. Among impious detractors it was the nickname by which that beacon for the disinherited went for many years.

And, for all its engaging masthead, the new weekly's beginning was not auspicious. The Bryan presidential campaign with its God-given-ratio catchwords was in full swing, and the wage-slaves were flocking to the van of their new champion. The infant *Appeal* was no match for any such spellbinder as the Boy Orator, although it, too, was shouting lustily, "Shall the People own the Trusts, or the Trusts own the People?" Wayland was giving his readers "clear-cut, scientific Socialism," and the oppressed masses were not breaking their necks, precisely, at taking in his message. Things were soon at such a sorry pass that he decided to suspend publication temporarily, and to move his plant to some small town where operating expenses would be lower.

He picked Girard, Kansas, a gesture to be fully appreciated only by one who has visited that dour, hidebound little county-seat in the southeastern corner of the State, within yelling distance of the Ozarks. Here, on April 3, 1887, after a suspension of several months, the *Appeal to Reason* resumed publication.

The country air had an exhilarating effect on the puny enterprise and circulation figures bounded up. Wayland was soon exhorting his readers:

> If you like this kind of a paper, this is the kind of a paper you'll like.
>
> Trial trip, 10 cents!
>
> Try this paper three months and it will kill you or cure you.
>
> No man is rich enough or great enough to get this paper on credit. . . .

The dimes came rolling in, and for a while it seemed that the Marxian apostle had repeated his success of a few years before. But gloomy times were still to come. When the paper's circulation had grown to 45,000 the Spanish-American War broke out, "stampeding public opinion to jingoism and national insanity." Appeals to reason were decidedly out of harmony with the times, and Wayland's readers deserted by the thousands.

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Meanwhile, other afflictions had beset him. The Kansas villagers were giving him more than he came after. He and his family were pariahs, as he must have foreseen they would be, had he any of his old soothsaying power of '93 left. His children were hooted by their schoolmates. His neighbors turned sour glances on him when he began his apostolic expositions in the village stores. Hate and suspicion hemmed him in, and "more than once he wept because, as he said, he 'couldn't make the poor fools see the light'." But he was quick to forgive the bigotry and abuse of the townspeople since it was easy to perceive "the cause for it in the poison of Capitalism."

And the ingrates' hostility was not always passive. Sometimes it was necessary for Wayland and his printers to work behind closed shutters, anticipating brickbats and other missiles more malodorous. When news of McKinley's assassination came to town, a mob surged around the printing plant, shouting threats of lynching.

"I don't know how it seems to you," One-Hoss began one of his polemics wearily, "but to me it seems that life is one continual struggle and disappointment."

III

Fortunately for the *Appeal*, there was a man in its organization, one Fred Warren, a $15-a-week typesetter, who was destined to put the paper on its feet, and to fill it with the sort of reading that would build the circulation to stupendous figures. Warren gradually worked his way into the position of sub-editor, and when he became managing editor in 1901 things began to pick up around the Temple of Revolution.

Wayland had been prone to give his readers "a Socialism pure and undefiled," but he was subject to bewildering vacillations. One week he would be extremely saturnine: the world was in a hell of a shape and nothing was being done about it. The following week he would preach: "If every conscious Socialist will only do his share in the work of agitation, we will soon have the children out of the factories, the sweatshops out of business, the capitalist out of existence and the people out of misery."

High and mighty stuff, but bait too impalpable to attract a large clientèle.

The mercurial Warren changed all that. The beacon of the oppressed became a searchlight. Juicy exposés began to empurple the hitherto stolid grey pages of the *Appeal*, and red ink, laid on in generous streamers, heightened the effect. A columnist was imported and his pithy produce began appearing under the infectious heading of Hot Cinders. Within the year the circulation popped up to 150,000. The *Appeal* was on the make. Soon "Capitalism began to feel the sting of its savage goadings and the Beast turned with a snarl." Presently a Federal grand jury was indicting the editors for depositing "scurrilous, defamatory and threatening" matter in the mails, and from then onward everyone around the Sanctum of Revolution stepped high, wide and handsome.

The dowdy paragraphs and parables of Wayland, bringing home Socialistic tenets to the common man, were displaced by such front-page tabasco as:

> A Negro porter of a Pullman car on the Santa Fé Railroad some time ago attempted rape on a woman passenger whom he had choked into insensibility. Discovered in the act, he was seized by the train crew and turned over to the sheriff of Mohave county. . . . The brute was sentenced to fourteen years at hard labor in the penitentiary. . . . Promptly the Pullman company, backed by the Santa Fé Railroad,

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> turned its legal batteries upon the Supreme Court at Phoenix and that body ordered that the Negro be released from the penitentiary. . . .

Correspondents exclaimed, with touching delicacy,

> You can imagine my surprise when evidence was submitted to the *Appeal* showing that underneath this veneer of respectability existed a sink-hole of iniquity and graft that would make a Sodomite blush with shame.

The Boy Scout movement was branded, in turgid headlines, as "the most sinister and diabolical attempt ever made, akin to the White Slave Traffic itself, to debauch youth."

As early as 1904 the *Appeal* was publishing a "smashing White Slave story, 'Breaking Up the Home'," stressing the "respectable, higher-up element in this thoroughly organized capitalistic business."

The muck-raking monthly journals of New York, segments of a corrupt and prostituted press though they were, soon began to look to the *Appeal* as a bellwether, and it was not long before white slavery exposés had reached the proportions of a vogue. Regrettably, these Eastern magazines were actuated by greed rather than by any high moral purpose. The *Appeal* continued its sporadic disclosures about the infamous traffic in females over a period of eight years, but it was always careful to point out that such enormities were the result of the iniquitous Profit System.

In fact, the spiciest of the *Appeal's* copy never failed to point to a moral lofty enough to justify the paper's entry into the most decorous of family circles. Frequently it would pause in the midst of an exciting bit of pornography to make a pious explanation: "The *Appeal* does not relish digging into this muck of filth and degeneracy, but we honestly believe it is a duty we owe to the victims of corrupt Federal judges to tell this story in all its hideousness."

In 1905 it serialized Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle." This, it felt, was "the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the class war."

> It opened the eyes of multitudes concerning the true nature of the Beast [Capitalism]; it forced even Theodore the Insolent to act; and in its wake followed more sweeping reforms than could have been brought about by years of academic discussion. . . . True, as Sinclair himself says, "It was aimed at the people's hearts, and struck their stomachs."

The *Appeal* gave it a big play, broadcasting it with enormous editions. Many Eastern periodicals climbed on the band wagon uninvited. An *Appeal* commentator complained with pardonable ire, "Only after the *Appeal* had run 'The Jungle' did other publishers step in—as usual—to rob the paper of the fruits of this great scoop."

Meanwhile, Wayland was slowly being muscled out of his editorship. The staff was ready to allow that the old man had been a great propagandist in his day, but new methods were coming in, and he was no match for that up-and-coming searchlight journalist, Warren. The latter had been tacitly dictating the paper's policy for several years, but not until 1906 did a crisis show that Wayland's administration was definitely at an end.

Debs had contributed his first article, "Money Power Exerts Barbaric Sway," in October, 1895. His diatribes appeared in the columns of the *Appeal* frequently after that. On one occasion, in February, 1906, he sent in an "immortal classic" entitled "Arouse, Ye Slaves," a preachment so incendiary as to give even the bellicose Warren pause. Wayland, as editor-in-chief, was called in for consultation.

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In silence the Debs article was placed in his hands. Not a word was spoken as he stood a little apart and read it carefully. Three times he paced the length of the room and returned, stopped, glanced hastily over the manuscript again and then dropped it on the desk of the Fighting Editor, with the calm remark, "Fred, you have been doing most of it lately, and I guess you'll have to do as you please about this."

Warren, with singular cautiousness, said, "J. A., you realize that the publication of this article may mean the suppression of the *Appeal* and the arrest for feloniously inciting to armed rebellion of every one of us, followed by imprisonment and possible execution?"

And Wayland replied, "Yes, and the only question I want you to settle in your mind before acting is, Will it work to the best interest of Socialism? . . ."

Warren handed the article to the ever-ready messenger with a note to the foreman to set it in big type on the center of the front page. Before night this fiery and revolutionary message was gorging the mails on every departing train.

Debs' immortal classic brought no disastrous repercussion, but from that moment until his death Wayland was editor *emeritus*. The muckraking policy of Warren dominated the paper, and, my God, how the money rolled in! But with the prosperity the portents of evil materialized thick and fast.

Those were feverish times. Girard swarmed with secret agents. Conspiracy followed counterplot. The *Appeal* offices were ransacked nightly. The pressmen, each morning before starting, searched the machinery for infernal machines. The editors of the *Appeal* were in court continually. One Father Pompeney, a Jesuit, was sent by a Catholic magazine to get the evidence that would put the entire staff behind the bars. Another enemy, an ex-convict who had been employed by the *Appeal* to give the low-down on Federal penitentiaries for a series of exposés, turned on his benefactors, attempted to blackmail them, and then appeared as a witness for the State. An elaborate defense, with a big fund, had been worked up for the McNamara brothers, the California dynamiters, and then they showed their gratitude by confessing. Hectored and harried by the Postoffice, the circulation, still running into the millions, faltered. Uneasy times, indeed.

Wayland, nearing sixty, stuck on bravely until November, 1912. Then a wooden-headed district attorney ranted, "I'm going to bankrupt the *Appeal*, force its editors into suicide, or land them behind the bars at Leavenworth." Propagandist to the last, here, One-Hoss Wayland realized, was his cue.

One Sunday night he went to his bedroom and wrote in his copy of Bellamy's "Looking Backward,"

The Struggle Under the Competitive System is not worth the Effort. Let it Pass.

Then he took up an automatic pistol and put a bullet through his brain.

The *Appeal* was quick to charge that its fallen master had been hounded to death by the dogs of Capitalism. Socialists everywhere hailed him as a martyr. Even some of the kept newspapers published obituaries calling him, with cautious generosity, "the Lincoln of Socialism".

Other newspapers acted with less decency. General Otis, in his Los Angeles *Times*, began a series of counter-exposés, matching the *Appeal's* own berserk attacks. The *Live Issue*, a Catholic sheet, sponsor of the Jesuit Pompeney, and as rabidly against Socialism as the *Appeal* was against Capitalism, exclaimed:

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> The *Appeal* has reached its zenith. Without Wayland it will have far less circulation and influence. The *Appeal* is a menace to the workers and our country and the death of its founder paves the way for its end.

Wayland's children were soon wrangling over his estate in a most un-Socialistic fashion. The martyr had left a private fortune on which local rumor placed a fabulous figure. But in the ensuing legal battle the plaintiffs were awarded a split of only $75,000.

IV

The death of Wayland naturally slowed up the *Appeal* a bit. But the paper had always profited by adversity. When there were crop failures the farmers flocked to Socialism by the thousand. Strikes and labor troubles always perked up the circulation. And a court action against the editors was always the occasion for a two- or three-million edition and the raising of a fat defense fund. Wayland's martyrdom gave the weekly new impetus. Warren, now editor-in-chief, wrote:

> When the news of the tragic death of our comrade, J. A. Wayland, was flashed across the country, there was great rejoicing in Camp Plutocracy. With ghoulish glee they announced that "the death of Wayland paved the way for the *Appeal's* end. . . ."
>
> The *Appeal* will continue on its way, growing in influence and circulation because the *Appeal* Army is back of it. It will grow because there is a need, a crying need for a paper that speaks in clarion tones for the working class. All the imps of this Capitalist Hell cannot prevail against the *Appeal* Army.

Although Warren was mistaken about the future, he gave a true estimate of the *Appeal* army. Those fanatic myrmidons, pitted against the fiends of Hell, would have made short work of them, beyond a doubt. Eighty thousand strong, they went charging about the countryside, taking subscriptions, selling credit cards to be exchanged for Socialist literature, circulating petitions, writing letters of protest, raising defense funds, terrifying the village *bourgeoisie* with their howls. "With men of such mettle," said the *Appeal*, "what wonder the Plutocracy gnashes against us in vain!"

But even in a Socialistic host there must be individuals who will forge to the front with a spirit dangerously like that of the hateful Competitive System. For example, there was the redoubtable Louis Klamroth, whom Wayland had called his "mightiest war horse." This valiant soldier in the War of Human Emancipation rode a bicycle all over this country and Canada, hustling *Appeal* subscriptions. Rotten-egged, knocked down and clubbed, drenched with fire hose and water bucket, arrested and deported, in his time he sold more than 100,000 subscriptions to the *Appeal*, not to speak of 20,000 pamphlets. And, as final proof of his stamina, "he would never accept any of the many premiums the *Appeal* has given away."

Wayland exclaimed exultantly:

> We have the greatest army in the world! Our soldiers invade every city, town and hamlet in the land. They solicit subscriptions, sell and distribute booklets on economic topics on every highway. They work without money and without price. They not only pay their own expenses, postage and costs of money orders on what they solicit, but often pay for the subscriptions out of their own scanty purses.

Wayland, although he was out-stripped by Warren's sensational journalism, had always been a shrewd circulation manager, and as early as September, 1897, he had marshalled the first contingent of the army in a department headed "Patriots—Men

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and Women who are Stirred by the Sufferings of Humanity." The next year this became a Roll of Honor in which new recruits were recorded weekly. When Warren took charge he found the *Appeal's* champing phalanxes straining for the fray.

There was a protracted series of skirmishes with the Postoffice, but the first big battle was delayed until January, 1907. Moyer and Haywood, two Colorado miners, had been kidnapped by means of forged extradition papers, to stand trial for murder in Idaho. The Supreme Court had held that no law had been violated. Warren immediately printed, in flaming red, on *Appeal* envelopes, as well as in the *Appeal*:

> $1000.00 REWARD!
>
> The *Appeal to Reason* will pay $1000.00 in Gold to the Person or Persons who will Kidnap Ex-Governor Taylor and Return Him to the State Officials of Kentucky. . . .
>
> . . . The *Appeal* has absolutely no interest in the Taylor-Goebel feud of Kentucky, but I want to put it up to the Supreme Court of the United States to decide a case of kidnaping where the victim is a Republican politician and a personal friend of the President of the United States. It will be remembered that Taylor and Goebel were the Republican and Democratic candidates for Governor of Kentucky. Taylor held the office and Goebel was a hot aspirant for the same. Goebel was assassinated; Taylor fled the State and a warrant was issued for his arrest. The Governor of Indiana refused requisition papers, as did also the Governor of Pennsylvania—both Republicans. . . .
>
> Let us put it up to the capitalist courts to treat a capitalist as it does a workingman. . . .

Four months passed before Warren got action. Then, in May, 1907, the Department of Justice (to the name of which the *Appeal* invariably appended a sarcastic [?]) instituted criminal proceedings against Warren for having deposited for mailing "scurrilous, defamatory and threatening" printed matter. Two years later, after the prisoner had delivered a "wonderful forensic" in the crowded courtroom, bully-ragging everyone from the judge down, there was nothing left for Mammon, "dull-eyed and huge of jowl", but to pass sentence: "Six months at hard labor and $1500 fine."

The case, started during Roosevelt's term, had extended over into Taft's administration. The *Appeal* army had subscribed $35,000 for a defense fund, although, at a generous estimate, $10,000 would have paid the fees, costs and fine.

Taft sensed that Warren was capitalizing on his martyrdom, so he reduced the fine to $100, read a lecture, and mailed the belligerent editor a full pardon. When Warren received this, covered with "all sorts of seals and curlycues," he examined it closely for a union label. Finding none, he placed a sticker across the scab document, "Demand the Label on all Your Printing," and returned the pardon to the President. "No doubt Taft experienced a fatly agreeable sensation on receiving it," was the *Appeal's* mordacious surmise.

But it was impossible to get another rise out of Taft. Warren baited him for weeks, issuing a photostatic copy of the pardon in a Red Special edition, and "declining to pay the $100 fine otherwise than in the form of *Appeal* sub cards." Still the fat man in the White House was too wily for the faunching little radical, and he maintained an Olympian silence. The *Appeal* took this as evidence that the odious Plutes had turned tail, and yah-yahed Taft all around the lot, addressing him with every epithet that his girth-measurement could prompt.

There was one President, however, who was lacking in Taft's magnificent restraint, and in whom the *Appeal* found a more satisfying foe. In May, 1906, it con-

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cluded that it was "time to drop all delicacy of verbiage in dealing with Roosevelt." And it went on to scoff: "He has nothing in him that suggests the statesman; he is merely a mouthing mountebank on the political stage, one who uses wind as a substitute for wisdom; a bladder of blatancy whom the veriest pin-prick of truth would hopelessly puncture."

Before long the *Appeal* had the doughty Theodore on the defensive. It published an article proving to the satisfaction of many readers that the late colonel of the Rough Riders had had nothing to do with the winning of the Battle of San Juan Hill, and proceeded to pillory the nation's idol as a fraud and a bad sport. Roosevelt wrote an elaborate reply for the *Outlook*, explaining exactly how the misconception arose, and how he had, indeed, won the Battle of San Juan Hill.

Delighted with this veiled recognition, the *Appeal* had at the toothy colonel with furious yaps. Presently its red headlines were screaming

> Attorney-General Bonaparte vs. the *Appeal*
> Roosevelt's Attorney-General Personally Orders Criminal Proceedings Against the *Appeal*.
> Stung Into Frenzy by Scathing Indictments the Washington Administration is Thoroughly Aroused. Another attempt to Suppress the *Appeal*, This Time Through the Federal Courts.

Roosevelt's term was drawing to its close, and he never had the pleasure of seeing the "vituperative organ of pornography, anarchy and bloodshed" brought to book. But he did manage to get in a highly satisfying parting shot. On the eve of his sailing for Africa and big game, he wrote a sanctimonious message for the *Outlook* of March 20, 1909:

> Socialists occupy in relation to all morality, and especially to domestic morality, a position so revolting—and I choose my words carefully—that it is difficult to discuss it in a reputable paper. In America . . . the leaders have been cautious about stating frankly that they intend to substitute free-love for married and family life as we have it. . . . In places on the Continent of Europe, however, they are more straightforward.
>
> I wish it to be remembered that I speak from the standpoint and on behalf of the wage-worker and tiller of the soil. These are two men whose welfare I have ever before me and for their sakes I would do anything, except anything that is wrong. . . .
>
> What their [the Socialist] movement leads to may be gathered from the fact that in the last Presidential campaign they nominated and voted for a man who earns his livelihood as editor of a paper which not only practices every form of malignant and brutal slander, but condones and encourages every form of brutal wrongdoing, so long as the slander or violence is supposed to be at the expense of the person who owns something. . . .

When the staff members of the *Appeal* read this they whooped: "An unspeakably vile attempt to smirch the character of every Socialist, impugn the chastity of his mother and his wife, and place an insufferable stigma upon his daughter."

They promptly set about preparing a special Reply to Roosevelt edition to hurl back at this "vaudeville warrior." "His foul tirade will be met point by point," the *Appeal* promised, "and his venomous and sophistical argumentation torn to tatters." The day of publication was a significant one: May 1, International Labor Day. "There will be no resort to abuse," readers were assured with magisterial unction. "The answer of the *Appeal* will be on a plane of dignity that will put to shame the coarse tirade of its swaggering assailant."

A strange mode of attack for the *Appeal*, and something to cause its readers to sit up and take notice. The drone of battle was causing them to doze, and the *Appeal* howled: "Throw off your lethargy

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and gird on your armor! Like a heroic blast from the trumpet of Revolution this edition summons to duty all the hosts of emancipation!"

Before the magnificent response to this call was satisfied, the Reply to Roosevelt edition had run to three million copies. The *Appeal's* statistician reported that "the letters and postals ordering this edition, when packed closely together on a table, extended more than eight feet."

Debs wrote the reply, a full-page article which "met and utterly overthrew every invective of T. R." It began with this piercing riposte:

> Capitalists occupy in relation to all morality, and especially to domestic morality, a position so revolting that it is difficult to discuss it in a respectable paper. . . .

A comrade exclaimed in febrile ecstasy, "So splendid was the peroration of that reply, so noble in ideal and poetic in diction, so utterly antithetic to the coarse vituperation of the braggart who attacked the Cause. . . ."

Unhappily, the blustering Theodore had departed for Africa. The Dark Continent had swallowed him and the answer to the *Appeal's* reverberation was silence.

V

There stands in Girard, Kansas, a trim Federal building, built with the $25,000-a-year postage bills that the *Appeal to Reason* paid in the old days. That, perhaps, is the only effect of the mighty weekly perceptible today.

Some of the reforms that it advocated, it is true, have come into effect, but scarcely as a result of its efforts. It was the first newspaper to propose the eight-hour working day, and it once rallied a bloody strike for that objective.

Back of its bombast there were many worthy projects. It opposed, with unmistakable sincerity, imperialism, compulsory military training, the employment of child labor, and peonage in the South. It was writing about the hijacking of Nicaragua ten years before the *Nation* noticed it. It was always lively in the defense of civil liberties, and admitted that, out of hundreds of cases, it was wrong about only one—"the McNamara affair, in which it was misled by false reports, in which it honestly believed the innocence of the Catholic non-Socialists accused. . . ."

And while it was always careful to keep itself aloof from "those bawdy sheets . . . the pink atrocities that lie on the tables of innumerable pool-rooms and barbershops, filled with scandalous illustrations and advertisements of so revolting a character that even to mention them is beyond bounds," it was pretty racy, too, and it seldom failed to be entertaining.

The postal smellers tried repeatedly, but they were never successful in barring it from the mails. The ultimate conspiracy, "an almost unbelievable plot, as foul as ever hatched in the maggot-infested brains of capitalistic bootlicks," failed miserably.

But the *Appeal's* record after Wayland's death, save for that short-lived rally, furnishes a dismal anticlimax. Warren imported a young managing editor from the New York *Call* in 1913. Before leaving for a grand tour of Europe to enjoy the fruits of his toil, he confessed to a comrade that "muckraking was at an end and that he didn't know how to run a paper except to biff every head that appeared."

Only once after that did the *Appeal* attempt an edition of the stupendous dimensions of the old days. The President had set apart a Sunday, October 4, 1914, for prayers of peace. The Old Guard of the *Appeal* army stood at church doors handing out copies of the paper, which con-

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tained arguments for disarmament. But there was little of the old religious vigor in the *Appeal's* announcement that this strategy had been "a great stroke toward securing a better understanding of the aims and purposes of Socialism and the dissolution of fogs of prejudice."

It was war and prosperity, of course, that finally did for the *Appeal to Reason*. During the war, while dozens of other Socialist papers were being thrown out of the mails, it hedged prudently and held its second-class entry. Debs was in jail, Upton Sinclair had deserted to Democracy, Wayland was dead, and Warren was rich—all the old fire-eaters were missing. Occasionally the editors rose to take mild pot shots at conscription, and when Quentin Roosevelt was shot down and a day of national mourning was declared, the *Appeal* complained querulously that Quentin was no better than any other mother's son.

Capitalism was in on the death blow, however. A young copy-holder named Emanuel Julius, who had come out from New York City to work on the paper, married a local heiress. He promptly bought a controlling interest, and assumed the editorship early in 1918.

The circulation had been on the downgrade since the roaring days of 1912. Contributions to the Agitation Fund continued to come in, not so briskly as once, but still at a gratifying rate. The subscription list, however, had dwindled frightfully. Presses built for great editions were going idle. The death of the paper was a startling metamorphosis. It occurred on November 23, 1922, when there appeared in the stead of the *Appeal to Reason* the *Haldeman-Julius Weekly*. It promised to all comers "individual self-help and development through one's own effort, . . . a literary feast for real culture-seekers who want to know the truths of science, philosophy and history and want to establish weekly contact with the vast beauties of literature and art."

The Kansas City *Star* noticed the great weekly's passing with a front page, six deck story. In distant towns, faded veterans of the *Appeal* army received the new paper in lieu of unexpired subscriptions, snorted, and sat down to write last letters of protest. In the file rooms the homilies of Wayland, projecting a "Socialism undefiled; not in a thousand years, but as soon as possible," were crumbling to dust.

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MUSIC

SOME RECENT ENGLISH MUSIC

By W. J. Turner

In England for some time after the war there was a violent reaction against what was called the "Teutonic influence" in music.

A nationalist movement began to be heralded loudly in the daily press by bright journalists who were more at home writing stunt propaganda than criticizing music. This propaganda was artfully kicked forward here and there by the emerging foot of some eminent English musician, generally of foreign extraction, who, feeling his position shaky in the aftermath of war-hatred and race-prejudice, was engaged in manœuvring the ball of public opinion through the goal of opportunity and by loud hurrahs for England and English music, concealing the fact that he really was on the other side.

The prejudice of the English against their own musicians was great. Before the war English musicians had even taken foreign names, one gentleman having discovered for himself the imposing name of Hindenburg, under which he progressed rapidly until about 1915, when the real Hindenburg emerged and his English namesake had to abandon his now dangerous disguise. The reasons for this prejudice against English musicians were various and require lengthy analysis. In passing I may just say that they were well founded, but not on any lack of musical talent or receptivity in the British Isles. In fact, some foreign musicians who are acute observers are of the opinion that the natural talent and taste for music is, if anything, higher in England than on the Continent. What is lacking is a tradition and a standard, and this lack will be found on examination, I believe, to be due to the philistinism which, since the Restoration and the collapse of the Renaissance culture in England, has been a symptom rather than the cause of the fatal division between the body and the mind, the senses and the intellect in English life.

Immediately after the war the most prominent names among English composers (ignoring the slightly older generation of Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst) were Eugene Goossens, Arnold Bax, Arthur Bliss, Lord Berners and Philip Heseltine; of whom Eugene Goossens, perhaps, made the most noise as he was certainly the most definite example of the new tendency to look to French, Russian and Spanish composers rather than to German for models.

I have an unpleasant recollection of having heard masses of new English music from 1919 to about 1927 (when the wave of Russo-Franco-Hispano-philism evaporated finally into the hot air of which it had been chiefly composed) which was a compound of Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakov, Stravinsky and Spanish dance music. All these compositions and composers have vanished, leaving one with a strange feeling that it is impossible that Eugene Goossens, Lord Berners and William Walton are all that is left of that multitudinous musical fracas.

Frenzied attempts were made by journalist musicians and musicologists to per-

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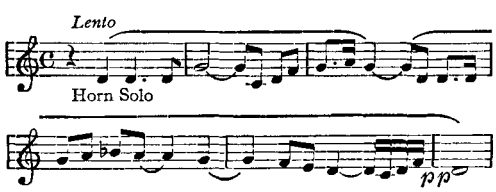
suade us that Rimsky-Korsakov, Ravel and Manuel de Falla were great composers. But the English musical public has got steadily more and more bored with their works. Even Stravinsky, the one indisputable popular success, is now a little dimmed and every concert of his compositions given in London puts another film upon his lustre. Mrs. Courtauld is going to give us his "Symphonie des Psaumes" next season for the first time in London and that can arouse still a faint flicker of interest among the cognoscenti, who are, however, much more genuinely thrilled by the prospect of hearing, during her season, Verdi's little known and last work, "Quattro Pezzi Sacri," for voices and orchestra, and Beethoven's "Diabelli Variations," played by Artur Schnabel.

Of the younger composers I have named Mr. Goossens at one time seemed the most musically talented, but one hears more now in London of Arnold Bax, Arthur Bliss, William Walton and Constant Lambert. Arnold Bax's Symphony No. 3 was praised on its first performance for being more tightly knit than most of his music. It has had several performances, but to my mind it is a piece of turgid musical prose in which such romantic ideas as:

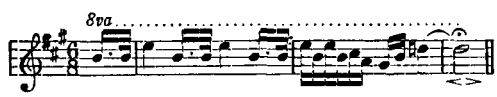


are not improved by what emerges from them, for they remain always the very essence of the music and are merely elaborated harmonically. Mr. Bax shows no sign of having been influenced by the modern French school or by Stravinsky. Like Delius he uses a full palate and like Delius he has as admirers those who like lush luxuriance. These composers are all by "Tristan" out of some Nordic muse, since they have nothing of the Latin clarity of outline and lucidity of texture. I may not be fair to this type of music since I would give the whole of Delius's work for a single good aria by Donizetti or Rossini, so much do I dislike acres of water-color done in oils.

Mr. Arthur Bliss, whose "Morning Heroes" received its first performance at a B.B.C.[1] symphony concert on March 25 last, has in his time shown himself more susceptible than Bax to influence from Stravinsky and from what we may call the Russian Ballet school of French composers. This influence, however, has worn off and is no longer perceptible in this, his latest work, which is literary in conception —containing two long sections delivered by an orator, one in prose from Homer's Iliad translated by W. Leaf, and one in verse—the poem "Spring Offensive," by Wilfrid Owen.

Unlike Hector Berlioz, whose inspiration frequently came from literary sources, Arthur Bliss does not succeed in making a specifically musical utterance which speaks for itself without the association of words. In this he rather resembles Dame Ethel Smyth, whose new choral symphony, "The Prison," text by H. B. Brewster, recently exhausted the Bach Choir at the Queen's Hall less than it exhausted some of us who merely sat listening to it. A few extracts may give an idea of the extraordinary and, shall I say, tactless mélange of styles in this composition.

The Thrush



[1] British Broadcasting Corporation.

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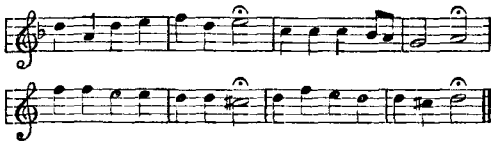
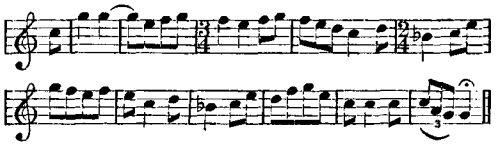
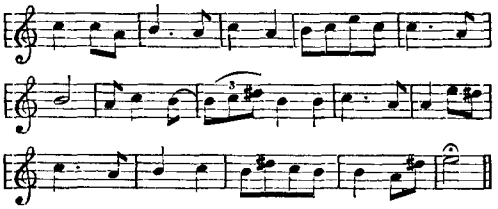
The Chorale



A First Century B.C. Greek melody, "The Aidin Inscription"



A Fifth Century B.C. Greek melody, "The Ajax Fragment"



Final Bars of "Last Post"

Dame Ethel Smyth has declared that the Greek melodies "fit in strangely with Brewster's essentially Greek turn of thought." I think "strangely" is the correct adjective. As I have quoted the two Greek melodies, I shall now quote some of the late H. B. Brewster's poetic Greek prose, so that musicians and writers who are sensitive to both arts may see how justified Dame Smyth's "strangely" is.

Tell them that no man lives in vain,
For some small part of our work
For reasons unknown to us, has been tossed aloft
And garnered in forever.
It was perhaps not our best work,
Perhaps not a great or a good work,
Maybe a moment of despair or of joy,
Of passion or of kindness . . .
Perhaps almost nothing,
A sight, a sound, a dream . . .
Perhaps what men call a sin;
But as a child drops a coin in the money-box
His big friend keeps for him
So we have flung that moment into eternity
Beyond the sun and the stars.

Many may approve of what they think is the meaning of these lines but when we recognize trite ideas tritely put are we entitled to call this an "essentially Greek turn of thought"? The music of Arthur Bliss in "Morning Heroes" and of Ethel Smyth in "The Prison" lacks that preciseness and simplicity which results when an artist has something of his own to say and succeeds perfectly in saying it, and it lacks also that obscurity and complexity which results when an artist has something to say which is so difficult and new that it is not yet quite clear to him; or, if to him, not to his audience. Brewster's free prose (which is neither precise nor obscure but merely vague) derives not from Greece but from Walt Whitman. The music of Bliss and Smyth in these two works bears the same relation to previous Nineteenth Century music as Brewster's ideas do to earlier Nineteenth Century ideas, with which we are all familiar to weariness. There is nowhere one bar of fresh individual utterance.

Mr. William Walton's viola concerto, composed in 1929, which has had several London performances may be taken as his best and most representative work to date. In it we may see the influence of the French Russian Ballet school of composers at its clearest and we may see something else that is extremely interesting to a critical eye.

The last part of this work is not in the same mood as the first. In the first and second movements we are aware of a talented young musician rather self-

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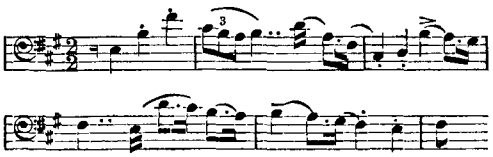
consciously employing his talent in the direction of his taste by imitating the polyphonic texture and the harmonic ambiguity so much in vogue, particularly in Paris, today. The tentativeness and noncommittal character are as plain to the ear as is the author's talent for logical development of his material. In the last movement however, which opens with this theme of distinctly fugal character:



the composer lets himself go and writes a coda which is the richest and most expressive thing he has yet done. Here something more than a mere faculty for writing polyphonic music is at work; yet emotionally this music has a curious and unexpected suggestion of Sir Edward Elgar.

The musical talent of William Walton is undeniable, but what powers lie behind his faculty still remain, in spite of this coda, uncertain and obscure.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

"TANNHÄUSER."

Bayreuth Festival Recording
By Richard Wagner. *Columbia*
$36. Two Albums, eighteen 12-in. records
New York

The first of the Bayreuth series presented excerpts from "Parsifal", "Siegfried", "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre", under Dr. Karl Muck, Siegfried Wagner and Franz von Hoesslin, respectively. The second was "Tristan und Isolde", directed by Karl Elmendorff. Now, under the same baton, comes a glorious performance of "Tannhäuser" . . . "Tannhäuser", truth to tell, is not an undimmed delight in the opera-house. It has long moments of aridity against which not even the most determined Wagnerians are proof. Why is it, then, that it seems so fresh, so uncommonly arresting in gramophonic form? One reason may be that we are not distracted by scenery or by the spectacle of fat ladies and gentlemen struggling against the limitations of carnal mortality. Again, one does not have to hear the opera at a single sitting; one returns with refreshed spirit to the continuation. The opening discs, even to ears long jaded by the overture, sound like a revelation. Thus to have renewed a long-famous work is no minor achievement; the recording must take place well near the top of the list.

"HAMMERKLAVIER" SONATA.

Orchestral Version by Felix Weingartner
By Ludwig van Beethoven. *Columbia*
$10. Album of five 12-in. records *New York*

If orchestral scores may be reduced for piano, why may not piano pieces be expanded for orchestra? The first process of course, is a common musical utility; against the second there is much prejudice, which has not been silent concerning Herr Weingartner's bold and, one may add, generally successful, venture. Yet each may be well or badly done, and the good job is too infrequent to be allowed to pass unheralded. In a sense, too, he who orchestrates a piece written originally for the piano writes an original work that is to be evaluated on its specific merits. It is impossible that a man like Beethoven should write a sonata like the "Hammerklavier" without certain orchestral implications in mind. These Weingartner has attempted to discover and to recreate in Beethoven's idiom . . . Mr. Ernest Newman, in the February issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, devoted a special article to the problems inherent in Weingartner's task, and to the varying success that met his efforts. It remains therefore simply to add that the recording is good, —that the orchestration is uncommonly clear, not only as transcription but as writing, if at times somewhat overweighted—and that, apart from its æsthetic merits, it provides for students of instrumentation an excellent opportunity to follow, with the score of the original in hand, the devices by which Weingartner expands its essential pianism.

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"EN SAGA." *Tone Poem for Orchestra*
By Jan Sibelius. *Victor*
$3. Two 12-in. records. *Camden*

Sibelius is considered, by some, the leading composer alive. To others, and for *a priori* reasons, he cannot qualify for that eminence. Why? He does not, for example, suffer from melophobia, as a proper modernist should. He is not addicted to a wilful percussiveness, refusing to dethrone the violin and its outmoded sweetness. He deals frankly in folk-matter rather than in strident primitivity. He has "moods", and the dominant one seems to be a tender, even dulcet melancholy. . . . These qualities are all to be discovered in his Saga, which is played by an unnamed orchestra conducted by Eugene Goosens.

SONATA *in G Major, Op. 78.*
For Violin & Piano
By Johannes Brahms. *Columbia*
$6. Album of four 12-in. records *New York*

There are numerous lovely passages in this opus, characteristic of their composer, but the soloist consistently refuses to do them justice. From the evidence at hand in other recordings, too, it appears that Mr. Seidel has not yet learned to transfer to the discs the violinist that he is on the concert platform. Mr. Loesser's accompanying is more fortunate; the combination, however, lays a film of undifferentiated style across the face of this composition.

"THE RIO GRANDE."
For Chorus, Orchestra & Solo Piano
By Constant Lambert, to words by Sacheverell Sitwell *Columbia*
$4. Two 12-in. records *London*

The river of the poem is not the Spanish stream (as the London firm's catalogue misled so many into believing) but the Brazilian one, in Rio Grande do Sul. The poem itself is a languorous evocation, in which the musical suggestiveness of the words is considered of greater importance than their meaning. . . . Foreign jazz has been so generally inept with our melodic line and our polyrhythms that so signal a success as Mr. Lambert's becomes important. His "Rio Grande" is easily among the finest adaptations of the jazz idiom to a non-American work. With ease, with technical proficiency, with sound musicianship, he crosses the bridge between the night club and the symphony hall. He shows, for England, as Gershwin has shown for the United States—and Lambert has not been unaffected by Gershwin, whose visit to England in 1924 sowed the seeds—that jazz, like any other music, receives its quality from the quality of the mind through which it passes. . . . In New York, owing perhaps to inadequate performance, Lambert's work was not a success; in Boston, under Koussevitzky, it made a delightful impression, which was continued at the pop concerts under Arthur Fiedler. Lambert is a most promising composer, well under thirty. . . . The vocal and piano score of the piece, already reviewed in these columns, is issued by Carl Fischer, who has taken over the musical publications of the Oxford University Press.

"WITHOUT A SONG" (*Youmans*).
Baritone with Orchestra
"LIFE IS A DREAM" (*Oscar Straus*).
Victor
$1.50 10-in. record *New York*

Lawrence Tibbet's resounding voice has been used in the talkies to glorify music good, bad and indifferent. This recording salvages some of the better things. One is especially happy to have Vincent Youman's "Without A Song", which was heard originally in his ill-fated production, "Great Day". (That musical comedy had a number of fine tunes and happy scenic conceptions; unfortunately, in preparation it was allowed to become over-ripe). Both Eliscu's words and Youmans' music for "Without A Song" are well above the common cut.

TOCCATA & FUGUE *in D Minor.*
For Organ
By J. S. Bach. *Brunswick*
$1.50 12-in. record *New York*

A powerful, and at times overpowering, record by the European organist Alfred Sittard, who has made many splendid discs for Brunswick, on the organ of St. Michael's Church, Hamburg.

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CONCERTO. *For Harpsichord, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Violin & Violoncello*
By Manuel de Falla. *Columbia*
$3 Two 12-in. records *New York*
"NOCHES EN LOS JARDINES DE ESPAÑA." *For Piano & Orchestra*
Ibid. *Columbia*
$4.50 Album of 3 12-in. records *New York*

The concerto owes its existence to that excellent virtuosa and propagandist of Eighteenth Century music, Mlle. Wanda Landowska. It is, largely, an experiment in timbres, and as such provides a novelty in instrumental combinations. It is less ambitious than the "Nights in The Gardens of Spain", but more Spanish. These gardens, indeed, are fragrant with flowers transplanted from France, brought back, no doubt, from the composer's stay in Paris; there, in 1907, he made friends with Ravel, Dukas and Debussy. Falla's musical Hispanism is no merely obvious, self-conscious flaunting of folk-tunes. He is an artist before he is a nationalist.

SHEET MUSIC

NUMBERS FROM "AMERICA'S SWEETHEART". *Voice & Piano*
By Lorenz Hart (Lyrics) & Richard Rodgers (Music). *Harms*
30 cents each 9 x 12; 5 pp. *New York*

While Mr. Rodgers, since the sprightliness and the *nouveau frisson* of "The Connecticut Yankee", has found it difficult to keep the pace he there set for himself, he suggests in his newest score that his vein has by no means run dry. The selections include "We'll Be The Same" (a tune that establishes a typically Rodgers style), "I've Got Five Dollars" (ditto), "How About It" (pleasant for its rhythms and for some trick internal rhyming), "A Lady Must Live" (with open-work words), "There's So Much More" (the chorus alternates between triple and duple rhythm), and "I Want A Man" (a rowdy little piece). The ditties are eminently singable. Rodgers gives the distinct impression that he is far from having shot his bolt, and that a real opportunity—which doesn't mean wallowing in the flesh-pots of Hollywood—will bring out the good stuff that is undoubtedly in him.

CONCERT TRANSCRIPTIONS FROM BACH. *For Piano*
Arranged by Richard Burmeister.
The Oliver Ditson Company
Various prices 9⅜ x 12 ⅜. *Boston*

The transcriptions include the sarabande from the Sixth English Suite (50 cents; 5 pp.), the gavotte from the Third English Suite (50 cents; 6 pp.), the sarabande from the Second English Suite (45 cents; 3 pp.) and the bourrée from the same (60 cents; 9 pp.). They should be welcomed by pianists seeking relief from keyboard routine. The concert arrangements—they are not formidable, and are well within the capabilities of many "home" players—are done with a true appreciation of the Bachian spirit.

COMPOSITIONS. *For Violin & Piano*
By Erich Sorantin. *Carl Fischer*
Various prices 9 x 12 *New York*

The pieces comprise a sonatina (in C, Op. 7; 90 cents, 9 pp.), a rondo (in G, Op. 3; 50 cents, 5 pp.), and "Cappricio Amoroso" (Op. 11; 65 cents, 7 pp.). They are not only melodious but, throughout, musicianly, and excellently adapted to the advancing skill of young players.

SCORES

TROIS DANCES CUBAINES.
For Symphony Orchestra
By Alejandro García Caturla.
Editions Maurice Senart
60 francs 10½ x 13¾; 52 pp. *Paris*

Señor Caturla (born at Remedios, Cuba, on March 7, 1906) is one of a surprisingly alert group of musical modernists in Havana. In addition to sponsoring concerts of the *dernier cri* they foster native creative talent. Caturla, with the enthusiasm of youth, has for the nonce dedicated himself to the exploitation of island rhythms, as witness his somewhat baffling "Bembe", which has been played in several continents. His "Three Cuban Dances" carry further these polyrhythmic experiments. They enlist the services of a large orchestra, even if the score at times is plentifully besprinkled with rests.

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MINUET. *For Woodwind Choir*
By W. A. Mozart. *M. Witmark & Sons*
35 cents 9¼ x 12; 5 pp. *New York*

Mr. Lee M. Lookhart has made a neat arrangement of this melodious minuet from the Divertimento No. 17, for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon. The publication belongs to a series specially devoted to this delightful combination.

"WOZZECK." *Opera in 3 Acts & 15 Scenes*
Music by Alban Berg (Op. 7) to drama by George Büchner. *Universal-Edition*
$8. 10½ x 13¼; 231 pp. *Vienna, Leipzig*

The first American production of this opera at Philadelphia, on March 19, 1931, by the newly organized Philadelphia Opera Company, under the direction of Leopold Stokowsky, attracted leading musical critics from all over the country. Berg's reputation had already been enhanced by the piece in Europe; here it was confirmed enthusiastically, if not without a certain bewilderment. The drama on which it is based is over 100 years old. (It is to be found in English in a collection of Büchner's dramas published several years ago; in form, even after a century, it is still bold) . . . "Wozzeck", it is the assertion of some, stands out as the greatest opera since Wagner. Certainly, beside it, the music-dramas of Richard the First are simplicity itself. Even in the piano score made by Fritz Heinrich Klein the material is overwhelming. This is for expert singers and expert pianists alone, and not for all of these, since the arbitrary melodic graph and the astounding harmonies call for deep æsthetic sympathies on the part of both listener and executants. The agents for the score in America are the Associated Music Publishers.

FOLK MUSIC

MORE MELLOWS.
By R. Emmet Kennedy.
Dodd, Mead & Company
$4. 7¾ x 10¼; 178 pp. *New York*

Mr. Kennedy, a Southern musician who is already known for his service to the folk music of the blacks, adds another book to the record of his researches. It contains seven unharmonized spirituals, sixteen "ballets" without music, a dozen harmonized spirituals and two harmonized folk-songs. There is a general introduction on "mellows" (*i.e.*, melodies, one of the Negro names for spirituals), in which the compiler and arranger gives a picture of the services in which spirituals originate, as well as the tale of the various folk singers from whose lips he copied down his material. In addition, each harmonized piece is prefaced by pertinent notes. . . . The Negroes, it appears, like the Slavs and the Jews, use the minor mode for joyous song; so that there is little need for Mr. Kennedy to speak of the "mirthless minor cadence", nor for him to be surprised that such songs may be sung with "a spirit of happy declamation". There is much of interest in what he has collected, especially an occasional melodic turn that is not common in the better-known spirituals. His version of "Hard Trials" sounds like the imperfectly remembered tenor or alto of the widely known version. "Got Glory An' Honor" and "City O' Babylon" are fresh additions to the sacred scroll. As for "Put Yo' Honey Lovin' Mind On Me", which is no more spiritual than ice cream sociables, jamborees, and the honky-tonks, it ought to find ready translation into Tin-Pan-Alleyese.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

Painters and Their Craft

MEN OF ART, by Thomas Craven. $3.75. 9¼ x 5⅞; 524 pp. New York: *Simon & Schuster.*

Most critics of painting, as everyone knows, write a great deal like Christian Scientists. That is to say, they not only use words in strange and unintelligible senses; they also employ a system of logic that is all their own and has no meaning to the normal mind. In consequence, there is, among folk of ordinary education, less knowledge of painting than of any other art, and in wide circles it is felt to be somehow occult and baffling. One often hears, at concerts of music, comment that is pungent and sensible, and at dinner-tables one hears very creditable gabble about poetry, the drama and the novel, and even about architecture, but at so-called art exhibitions little is heard save a vague and transcendental kind of rubbish, and nothing better is ever printed, save as a great rarity, in the newspapers and magazines, or in books. I have read in my time probably fifty separate explanations of the aims and achievements of the late Paul Cézanne, but I can recall none that got much beyond the indignant imbecility of a New Humanist. And when painters essay to expound their work they are even more obscure and forbidding than the art critics. We have many sound treatises on music by musicians, on poetry by poets, and on architecture by architects, but most of the treatises on painting by painters, at least in our own age, have no interest or value to anyone.

This lack Mr. Craven sets out to remedy in the present book, and with striking and surprising success. He not only writes far better than any other art critic now in practice among us; he also thinks more clearly. There is never the slightest sign that he has got out of his depth. He never resorts to a terminology that has no meaning to the plain man, nor to ideas that lie outside everyday experience. Painting, to be sure, can never be reduced to words of one syllable; if it is not as complicated as music, then it is at least quite as complicated as poetry. But Mr. Craven, unlike his fellows, never makes its complications more complex by discussing them in the manner of a Christian Scientist saying "But you don't *understand*!" Instead, he tries heroically to get at the basic facts, and to make them as simple as possible. I think that he succeeds admirably, and that his book, in consequence, is a very valuable work. It takes the place of whole libraries of esoteric rubbish. It not only makes painting seem sensible; it also makes it seem important.

Its general plan is cunningly ordered. The concrete painter, a man like the rest of us, is always kept in the foreground. His work is described in terms of his life, and so its human qualities are emphasized. It never appears as something apart from ordinary experience; it is always related to its place and time. Mr. Craven does not fall, of course, into the folly of arguing that great painting is a mere product of social pressures; he knows very well that really great painters are

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singular and usually solitary men. But he shows that, though their environment cannot give them their genius, it can at least condition their opportunities, and in consequence he has a great deal to say about the state of civilization—and even the state of politics—in the great epochs. His chapters on them, indeed, are among the best in his book. He lays in the backgrounds of Florence, Venice, Milan, Amsterdam, London, Madrid and Paris with bold and dexterous strokes, and against those florid scenes Giotto, Titian, Leonardo, Rubens, Turner, El Greco and Delacroix cease to be fugitives from life, and become integral parts of its rich and lovely fabric.

There will be objections, I suppose, to his choice of heroes. Many a tender soul will shrink from his cavalier disposal of Botticelli, and many another will probably hold that he gives too much space to Titian. He will be damned for crying down Velasquez and Van Dyck, for dragging the shy and startled Daumier into the first line, for giving a whole chapter to Albert Pinkham Ryder, for sneering at the Impressionists, for dismissing the Modernists as mainly quacks, and for exposing the hollowness of all latter-day French painting. But if he is entitled to write a book at all he is surely entitled to his tastes. Whatever his actual verdicts, there is under all of them a healthy passion for competent painting and genuine artistic conscience. He is for those painters who have gone to life for their ideas, and against those who have gone to other painters. He is a foe to both the prettifiers and the pseudo-scientists. He bears in mind always that painting is an art or it is nothing, and that as such it must mirror both man's delight in the visible world, and the wild forays and surmises of his spirit. He cannot imagine a painting divorced altogether from subject. It must say something or be only a pretty toy. The great painters, like the great composers, were not only magnificent craftsmen; they were also, and in the best sense, prophets.

Mr. Craven has a style that meets his needs admirably. It is extraordinarily clear, but it is certainly not devoid of ornament; when the occasion arises it can be really eloquent. His discussions of the fundamental problems of the painting craft are adeptly inserted into his main exposition, and have the effect of pleasant asides. There is never any sign of the *furor pedagogicus*. His book is the best of its kind so far done in English.

The Panting Motherland

ENGLAND'S CRISIS, by André Siegfried. $3. 8⅝ x 5¾; 317 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

M. Siegfried will be remembered as the author of "America Comes of Age", probably the most intelligent study of the United States ever published by a foreigner (and I do not forget Bryce's "American Commonwealth"). In "England's Crisis" he casts his cold basilisk's eye upon the poor dear motherland, and brings forth a report almost as searching. If his book is not quite as satisfying as its predecessor then the fact is to be laid, at least in large part, to the greater perplexity of the matters it tackles. England is at once a country that is vastly less innocent and amusing than the United States—especially to a Frenchman—and one whose problems are far more complicated and sordid. Thus M. Siegfried, who is a psychologist even before he is an economist, finds less grist for his mill than he found on these shores. When he has demonstrated that the chief character of the English in the mass is their incurable indifference to fact—in

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brief, their stupidity—he has said about all that bears saying about the content of their communal mind. In this country there is far richer pasturage for a psychologist; indeed, enough to keep whole herds of Freudians gorged. We produce, in immense numbers, the most stupid people in the world, but on a higher level we also produce a great play of notions, some good but most bad. The prevailing taste among us, despite the growth of standardization, is not for what is familiar, but for what is novel and unprecedented. The English have many virtues—and not the least of them, I suspect, is the stupidity aforesaid—but they are not innovators, and thus do not shine as we do in new novel situations. They could not have bred a Karl Marx, and by the same token they could not have bred a Henry George, a Mary Baker G. Eddy or a Henry Ford.

There are, of course, plenty of sharp fellows in England, some of them natives and some of them foreigners, and they know that the country is sick quite as well as M. Siegfried knows it, and have announced it in every key of the minor mode. But though the announcement is heard with becoming gravity, and the newspapers discuss it lugubriously, little or nothing is done about it, for the great bulk of Englishmen simply refuse to believe it. They have been safe and fat so long that they are quite unable to grasp the full extent of their present troubles. Believing piously that they will somehow muddle through, they sit waiting for a miracle. This miracle, as M. Siegfried shows, is promised confidently and day by day by the demagogues who now serve them as statesmen. Something grand and lovely is always about to happen. But all that ever happens is that demagogy blocks every honest proposal of reform. Thus things go from bad to worse, and it becomes more and more probable that, if the country is ever to be rehabilitated at all, an actual miracle must achieve it.

There is, for example, the matter of the standard of living. The English labor unions, after a long struggle, mainly political but including a threat of revolution, forced a relatively high wage scale upon the country—a scale higher than that of any Continental rival, and almost as high as that of the United States. With the pound sterling restored to par this scale is now so high that it bleeds industry almost beyond endurance, and makes impossible that rejuvenation of the national plant which has become an inescapable necessity. So the plant functions badly, and multitudes of men are thrown out of work. But here the demagogues come in again, promising (and paying) every man out of work a dole quite as large as the wages he would be getting if he worked. Not infrequently, indeed, it is really larger, as M. Siegfried shows. Thus at a time when every worker ought to be buckling down to the hardest sort of effort the English laboring classes are being taught to loaf, and richly paid for doing it. What that loafing costs is coming out of the accumulated savings of the country. What will happen when they are gone?

This jealous maintenance of the standard of living, says M. Siegfried, is due to English vanity, which is a function of stupidity. The English simply refuse to admit frankly that they are in desperate straits, and to order their lives accordingly. They will neither work harder nor take less wages. Perhaps there might be some excuse for this, in human weakness if not in reason, if their standard of living were actually as high as they think it is. But it is really much lower—perhaps almost as low as that of the French. The English workingman, in fact, lives very badly.

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His dwelling is cold in Winter, he eats ill-cooked victuals, and he seldom gathers any ponderable property, not even a Ford. His wife is a slattern and keeps his house vilely, and he himself wastes a large part of his income on gambling and sports. The thrift of the Frenchman is not in him, and neither is the unflagging industry of the German. Whenever he gets any money he wastes it upon futilities, and so he contributes next to nothing to the national savings, now so sadly depleted.

M. Siegfried is not gifted with second sight, and does not undertake to say what the end will be. He is plainly convinced that the great days of England are over, but he by no means believes that a catastrophe in the grand manner is ahead. The country, despite its troubles, is still rich, and some of its people are still making a lot of money. If the current demagogues could be got rid of it would not take long to return it to a sound and going basis. The bankers, who brought on the present crisis by restoring the pound too soon, are now hard at work trying to rebuild and "rationalize" the English factories. They can't get very far without also deflating English labor, but perhaps they will find a way to do it. The main impediment, as I have said, is to be found in the demagogues. Some call themselves Laborites and some call themselves Tories, but they are all alike. Universal suffrage has brought them in, and forced the old ruling class out. Fortunately, there are signs of a rebellion against them—for example, in the proposals of Sir Oswald Moseley. It may be that the really honest and intelligent men of the country will somehow wrest control, and bring it out of its miseries. But on the other hand the revolt, when it comes, may run the other way. If that happens then the situation will be parlous indeed.

M. Siegfried closes on a note of optimism. England, he says, has been sick before, but has always recovered. There is a magnificent vitality in the country. It staggers along in its stupid intransigent way, but still it staggers along. Its inherent strength is plainly visible even now, for the difficulties which beset it would floor almost any other country. If the United States were half so hard pressed there would be uproars from coast to coast, and the index of misery would run off the top of the graph. But the English plug along, believing profoundly in their destiny. They are a naturally religious people, and have reason to be, for Jahveh has been very kind to them in the past. Over and over again, with disaster at their doors, He has saved them in the nick of time, and set them off on new paths of glory. Maybe He will now do it again.

Footprints on the Sands of Time

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS. $7.50. 8⅝ x 5⅝; 2 vols.; 884 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

DAWN, by Theodore Drieser. $5. 9⅜ x 6⅛; 589 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright.*

NOGUCHI, by Gustav Eckstein. $5. 9⅜ x 6¼; 419 pp. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

MR. STEFFENS, ever since the close of his student years in Germany, France and England, has been in practice as a journalist, and in his day he performed some journalism of a very high order, but the thumping error on page 318 of his autobiography, whereby he shows that he is not clear about the difference between a composing-room and a press-room, is not needed to show that the whole bent of his mind is essentially unjournalistic. As an actual newspaper reporter, I suspect, he must have been something of a duffer,

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and as a city editor he was plainly far more interested in literature than in news. Even as a muck-raker, though his reporting, by that time, had become, within its limits, magnificent, he functioned mainly, not as a recorder of events, but as a shaper of them. The true journalist lets the other fellow scheme and sweat; his business is simply to record the ensuing failure. But Steffens always thrust his oar in, and so played the victim in a long series of wrecks, beginning with that of Dr. Parkhurst's effort to evangelize New York, culminating in that of the defense in the Mooney-Billings case, and ending dismally with the débâcle of the Liberals at Versailles.

Well, if he has been unjournalistic in his career, he is also unjournalistic in the conclusions he draws from it. Reform, he believes, is a dead goose; the American people have definitely decided that they prefer corruption. They have not yet become quite as complacent as the people of France, but they have already got beyond the self-deception of the people of England, and are no longer either blind to the nature of the government they live under, or hopeful that it can be improved. But if Mr. Steffens thus seems to put up his shutters to the tune of a cynical whistle, it is surely not the shrill falsetto of the city-room. Facing the irremediable, he is disposed to believe that, after all it is quite tolerable. "Isn't a strong man, however bad, socially better than a weak man, however good?" So he has pleasant things to say, not only of Mooney and Billings, the dynamiters, but also of their enemies, the Babbitti of Los Angeles; not only of Roosevelt the police commissioner but also of Bill Devery; not only of the idealists who died so horribly at Versailles but also of Clemenceau and even Wilson. All of them, he seems to think, were simply poor fish, swept along by incomprehensible currents. The bad were sometimes charming fellows and the good had more in them than goodness. It is a good-humored commentary upon our day and nation. Moreover, it is competently written.

The same, I fear, cannot be said with any honesty of Dreiser's "Dawn". The writing in it, indeed, is often dreadful, and various banal clichés (for example, "no less", "of sorts" and "if you please") are worked to death. Nevertheless, it would be idle to deny the fascination of the story. Dreiser commits every variety of literary atrocity, but all the while his narratives move and breathe. Here he shows that he can make of himself as vital and memorable a character as he made of Frank Cowperwood and Carrie Meeber. The period he covers runs from his earliest recollection as a child in Terre Haute, Ind., to his futile year at college. He is brutally frank; he rejects all the ordinary reticences; he is often lost in the dark mazes of his own garrulity. But in the end the record that he produces is seen to have the quality of a really impressive human document. The man himself is extraordinary, and his account of his youthful hopes and agonies is a piece of literature—as bespattered with defects as a farmboy with freckles, but still a piece of literature. One rejoices that it offers new glimpses of his heroic and tragic mother, already seen in "A Hoosier Holiday", and of his incomparable Brother Paul.

Dr. Eckstein's "Noguchi" is a careful study and it deals with a man of great interest, but it is made almost unreadable by a literary blunder. From end to end it is written in the historical present tense! Imagine more than 400 pages of that! I can only trust confidingly that Dr. Eckstein will see his error, and give us a second edition in less painful English. For otherwise he has done his work very well.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

DOROTHY ADLOW, M.A. (Radcliffe), *is art critic of the* Christian Science Monitor.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL'S *latest book is "Some of Us: An Essay in Epitaphs."*

RALPH ADAMS CRAM *is the foremost church architect of the United States. Among his designs are those for St. Thomas's Church and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, both of New York.*

MURRAY GODWIN *was born in Cattaraugus county, N. Y., and is of pre-Revolutionary Yankee stock, with Irish and German admixture. After three years of high-school he entered the Army. After the war he went to work in the Highland Park plant of the Ford Motor Company. Two years later he was transferred to the staff of the Ford industrial publication, and remained there three years. Since then he has been advertising man, magazine editor, and free lance writer. He has contributed to* transition, *the* New Republic, *the* New Masses, *and the* New Freeman.

EMMA GOLDMAN'S *article in this issue will form part of her autobiography, "Living my Life," which will be published in October. She was born in Russia, but came to the United States while still in her teens. She was deported from this country in 1919, and is now living in France.*

H. NATHANIEL HALL *was born in Alabama and is the son of a Baptist preacher. He was educated in his native State and graduated from Selma University, but without a degree. He has been a waiter, an elevator operator, a bootblack, a bellhop, a red cap, a car cleaner, a real estate salesman, a Post Office employé and a Pullman porter. He is now living in Eastlake, Ala., recovering from illness.*

CARTER BROOKE JONES *was born in Louisville. He is a newspaper man, and has worked for newspapers and press associations in Seattle, San Francisco, Washington and New York. For the past four years he has been a reporter for the Atlanta* Georgian.

CARL L. W. MEYER *was born in Germany in 1880 and came to the United States in 1905. He is a member of the legislative reference staff of the Library of Congress.*

GEORGE MILBURN'S *"Oklahoma Town" was published recently. He is also editor of "The Hobo's Hornbook."*

PATRICK O'MARA *was born in Liverpool, England, in 1902, and began work at thirteen on the docks of that city. At the opening of the war, he enlisted in the British merchant marine as a fireman, and later became a sailor. On the termination of the war he came to the United States in search of work. He found it as a taxicab driver, and is still so engaged. Save for a few newspaper articles, "Afternoon of a Psychologist" is his first published writing.*

W. J. TURNER *has been music critic of the London* New Statesman *since 1916. He was dramatic editor of the London* Mercury *in 1919-1923, and literary editor of the London* Daily Herald *in 1920-1923. In addition to books on music, he has written several volumes of verse.*

DANE YORK *was formerly in business in New York. He now lives in Maine.*

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xiv

PARADOXY. *The Destiny of Modern Thought.*
By Richard Rothschild. *Richard R. Smith*
$3 8¾ x 6; 256 pp. *New York*

Modern thought, says Mr. Rothschild, is characterized chiefly by skepticism and opportunism, both of which are bad philosophies of life. "A true intelligence demands a basic faith of some sort." Present-day science cannot give us that faith. Its central "weakness is that it is based on a very crude sort of realism, on a faith that there is an essential difference between truth and belief. . . . We have found that no such difference exists between truth and belief, for truth represents at bottom simply what one believes." All science can do is to define experience. "It can never actually touch life itself." The final reality is "an Ultimate Purpose, . . . the Infinite itself. To describe the nature of this ultimate is impossible. Yet faith in it is necessary, not only as a practical orienting religion, but as the very basis of life itself." The book has drawn high praise from the Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Professor Irving Babbitt of Harvard, and Professor Charles M. Bakewell of Yale. There is considerable "profundity" in it, but not much that most intelligent and well-informed people would call sense. An index is lacking.

ELEMENTS OF EPISTEMOLOGY.
By Joseph Thomas Barron. The Macmillan Company
$2 7¾ x 5½; 225 pp. *New York*

Father Barron's main purpose here is to expound the scholastic theory of knowledge, but he goes much further than that, for in his book, despite its brevity, are fair and adequate statements of all the more important rival epistemologies. He rejects completely all of them that are idealistic, but in the realistic field he has a hearty appetite for ideas, and the system that emerges he describes himself as "moderate realism, a combination of empiricism and rationalism." He is especially felicitous in his discussion of pragmatism, and makes an eloquent argument for the reality of truth, and for the possibility of ascertaining it. "Objective evidence," he says, "is the ultimate criterion of truth." Even revelation, to which, as a Catholic, he is committed, must rest upon evidence (*a*) that God exists; (*b*) that He has made a revelation, and (*c*) that this revelation is embodied in the teachings of the Catholic Church. "The teachings of the Church cannot be the ultimate criterion of truth." Dr. Barron is associate professor of apologetics at the Catholic University in Washington. His book is well documented.

CRITICISM

AMERICAN HUMOR. *A Study of the National Character.*
By Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace & Company
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 324 pp. *New York*

Perhaps not many students of American letters will be content with a treatise on humor which gives thirty pages to Henry James, finds eleven enough for Mark Twain, puts Edwin Arlington Robinson and Robert Frost among the humorists, dismisses Montague Glass in seven words, and does not mention George Ade at all. Miss Rourke's title, in truth, is somewhat misleading; her subtitle should have gone first. What she undertakes is less a study of the national humor than an account of the evolution of the American's way of looking at himself. In part, of course, that way is sportive, but in the main it is deadly serious. Even Babbitt, to most Amer-

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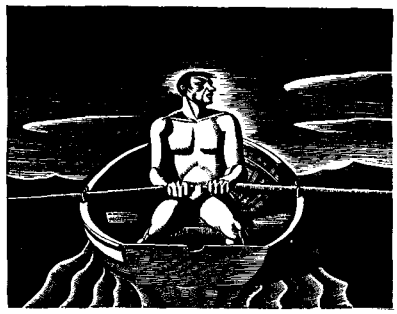

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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icans, is not a comic character, but simply a malicious libel; this is preëminently true, certainly, of Elmer Gantry. Miss Rourke herself seems to take little delight in humor as such. Her interest is always in its psychological connotations. Sometimes her judgments are priggish and absurd, as when she says that "for nearly twenty years after the publication of Robinson's 'The Children of the Night' in 1896 poetry comprised the only notable American literature." This for the period which produced "McTeague," "Sister Carrie," "Java Head," "My Antonía" and "Jurgen!" There is a somewhat elaborate bibliographical note at the end of the book, followed by an index.

HEINRICH HEINE. *A Critical Examination of the Poet & His Works.*
By H. Walter. *The Bloch Publishing Company*
$4.25 8⅞ x 5⅝; 322 pp. *New York*

Admirers of Heine will find nothing here that is new either as biography or as criticism, but they will find a well-rounded, fully informed and workmanlike book about the greatest lyric poet Germany has yet produced. Mr. Walter treats at length the various phases of the man: the lawyer, the revolutionary pamphleteer, the historian, the philosopher, the journalist, the poet, and the lover. He is scrupulously fair and sensible on all counts. He has the courage—now that Goethe is the darling of the professors—to rate Heine greater than Goethe as a man, and, in some respects, as a lyricist. The author of "Faust" was something of a bootlicker, as Beethoven knew very well, but Heine compromised so little that he is hated in wide circles in Germany even today. A magnificent man, who wasted his love upon some of the trashiest women who have ever afflicted an artist, and who fought uncompromisingly for ideals that boys dedicate themselves to, men disdain, and women laugh at. Mr. Walter appends a brief bibliography and an index.

HISTORY

IOWAY TO IOWA: *The Genesis of a Corn & Bible Commonwealth.*
By Irving Berdine Richman.
The State Historical Society of Iowa
$4 9⅜ x 6⅛; 479 pp. *Iowa City*

Mr. Richman does not offer a formal history of Iowa, but contents himself with presenting a series of episodes from the chronicles of the State. He has made good selections, and they include a great deal of unfamiliar matter. The first white man to see what is now Iowa was probably the celebrated Father Marquette, who arrived in 1673. For many years the hostility of the Indians made the area forbidden ground, but it was gradually penetrated by trappers and prospectors, and in 1808-09 the United States built Fort Madison on the upper Mississippi and settlement was begun. By 1840 the population was 43,000. By 1870 Iowa had risen to second place among the corn-producing States, and by 1890 to first place. It is today one of the richest of American States, and has begun to busy itself with cultural matters. In the early days it was swept by furious revivals, and to this day there is a high percentage of church membership, but the clergy have begun to lose their grip and antinomianism is rife. Mr. Richman's book is beautifully printed by the Athens Press of Iowa City and has four full-page illustrations in color. It is heavily documented.

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT. *A Study of Our War With Spain.*
By Walter Millis. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$4 8¾ x 5⅝; 427 pp. *Boston*

Curiously enough, this seems to be the first formal history of the Spanish-American War—that is, the first of any historical dignity. Mr. Millis has gone to the sources. More, he has gone beyond them—to the psychological state of the American people in the years between 1891 and 1898. What made them ready for the war was unquestionably the launching of the White Squadron. Once it was in the water it went about the world looking for a brush. After attempts upon Chile, Germany, England and various other nations had failed it was the turn of the poor Spaniards. Mr. Millis shows what part demagogues had in the business, ranging from Roosevelt to Hearst, and what part mountebanks played in the actual war. It was, in the main, a low comedy affair, and there was little real glory in it for either the Army or the Navy. But out of it came a gang of professional heroes who were to afflict the United States for a generation, and pave the way for many of its present woes. Mr. Millis is by no means a mere debunker. His facts are carefully arranged, and he lets them point their own moral. His book is well documented and has a good index.

TEXT-BOOKS

MAGAZINE MAKING.
By John Bakeless. *The Viking Press*
$3 8⅛ x 5⅛; 323 pp. *New York*

Mr. Bakeless, in his day, has been on the staffs of the *Forum*, the *Independent*, and the *Living Age*;

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

he now professes journalism at New York University. There is not much in his book that will be new to magazine editors, nor is there much that will be of direct help to youngsters eager to put on the editorial robe. But he gossips pleasantly about what commonly goes on in magazine offices, and is full of interesting quotations from other sages. His attention is chiefly fixed upon the so-called quality magazines, especially the *Atlantic Monthly*. Practically nothing is said about the practises of the pulp magazines. His book is well documented, and has a useful bibliography and a good index.

THIS MECHANICAL WORLD. *An Introduction to Popular Physics.*
By Morton Mott-Smith. *D. Appleton & Company*
$2 7⅞ x 5⅛; 232 pp. *New York*

This book has many things to recommend it. Designed apparently for high-school students, it is clearly written and has sufficient and good illustrations (by Emil Kosa, Jr.). Dr. Mott-Smith, happily, does not entertain the foolish notion that such things as the laws of thermodynamics and of motion cannot be explained to youngsters. He proves that their fundamentals can not only be made understandable, but can actually be made exciting. Wherever possible he connects his exposition with relevant biographical material and the historical background. There is a good bibliography and chronology, and also an index.

REPRINTS

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.
By Henry W. Longfellow. *William Edwin Rudge*
$5 10¼ x 7¼; 37 pp. *New York*

This is a complete facsimile of one of the worst poems ever to come from the hand of a distinguished American man of letters. Longfellow wrote it in 1877, five years before his death. The story is very simple. The scene is Arabia. Roushan the Robber, also known as Kurrogolu, loves his horse Kyrat

More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life.

Kyrat and Roushan the Robber do stunts, and then they outdo themselves by leaping a cataract.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. "Allahu!"
Cried he. "In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
As this Robber Kurrogolu!"

Mr. Arthur Christy, who contributes a critical introduction, says that this poem "bears eloquent testimony to [Longfellow's] catholic mind and sympathies." The printing, as is usual with Mr. Rudge's work, is excellent.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON.
Translated by J. U. Nicolson. *Covici-Friede*
$3.50 9 x 6; 316 pp. *New York*

An excellent trade edition of the works of Villon, in the translation by J. U. Nicolson. It contains numerous notes, an index of personages, and a critical introduction by Lewis Galantière.

POETRY

THE TWELVE.
By Alexander Blok. *William Edwin Rudge*
$6 12¼ x 9¼; 34 pp. *New York*

Alexander Blok (1880-1921) wrote "The Twelve" in January, 1918, when the Russian Revolution was about two months old. It was first published in a Petrograd daily, and immediately achieved tremendous popularity. According to the present translators, Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky, "the general estimate of it has come to be that it is the lasting monument to the epoch which gave it birth, the embodiment of the spirit of the time." The argument of the poem is a simple one. The scene is a bitter evening in Bolshevik Petrograd. The noble ladies and the bourgeois intellectuals shiver on the street corners and lament the passing of the old order. The poor are hungrier than ever, but they exchange greetings. Twelve Red Guards then march down the street, singing folk-songs. They encounter a traitor to the Revolution riding in a cab with his sweetheart—Vanka and Katya. The latter's previous lover, Piotr, one of the Twelve, revenges himself on her, and the Red Guards march on, rejoicing in the New Freedom. The following is the conclusion of the poem:

Forward as a haughty host they tread.
A hungry mongrel shambles in the rear.
Bearing forth the banner's stormy red,
Where the vagrant snow-veils veer,
In dim hands no bullets sear,
On the tempest gently thrown,
Like a snow of diamonds blown,
In mist-white roses garlanded—
Christ marches. And twelve are led.

This is hardly great verse. There are ten lithographs by George Biddle.

Continued on page xxiv

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"AN UNQUALIFIED TRIUMPH"—*The Spectator*

THE GARDEN

BY L. A. G. STRONG

THIS new novel was greeted with almost boisterous enthusiasm on its first publication in London a few months ago. *The Spectator* called it "an unqualified triumph," and continued, "it is written about a people, a scene, a life which he understands with his blood. Here is the Dublin sea coast of thirty years ago . . . . It is hard to know how to indicate the quality of so rich a book . . . . But how can one capture the limpidity of dialogue, the richness of character, the merriness of the comedy, the delicate rendering of the continuous growth of a child's mind, and the living vividness with which the scene of harbours and mountains is described?" You will find characters here that you will not easily forget: Mr. Conroy who still lived in the world of Dickens, Long Mike Hogan, the magnificent O'Dowda, and Dermot whose story this is. $2.50

L. A. G. STRONG

is a young Englishman educated at Brighton College and Wadham College, Oxford. For ten years he taught at the famous English preparatory school, Summer Fields, but now lives in London where he devotes all his time to writing.

Mr. Knopf's faith in Mr. Strong's work is well evinced by the fact that during 1931 he is publishing no less than four new books by him of which The Jealous Ghost *was the first and* The Garden *the second.* Common Sense About Poetry *and* The English Captain, *a book of stories, will be published this fall.*

ALSO BY L. A. G. STRONG

THE JEALOUS GHOST

A delightful novel of a summer houseparty in Scotland in which, with a deft and assured touch, Mr. Strong has written of the subtle relationships between sensitive people. *The Saturday Review of Literature* compared it with the work of Katherine Mansfield and *The New York World-Telegram* said that *The Jealous Ghost* was "true and brave and finely wrought." $2.50

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxii

BLUE HARVEST.
By Frances M. Frost.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$2.50 8½ x 5⅝; 113 pp. *Boston*

Miss Frost is a highly talented young Vermont poet. There are imaginative flight and intellectual vigor in her best work that would do honor to many an older hand. Strangely enough, it is in her lyrics and narrative verses that she is weakest; the few that appear in the present volume give one the impression of a strain after lightness that is not in her. Her emotional mind, if such a phrase may be coined, apparently works most naturally and effectively in that narrow stretch of No Man's Land between the most rigid metaphysics and the most carefree mysticism. Witness such poems as "Words," "Poem For Youth," "Clear Night," and "Language." The second of these would have won the instant respect and understanding of Emily Dickinson:

> The mind is vulnerable
> To the slight death of a leaf.
> By swift things, by hawk-shadows.
> Is the heart quickened to grief.
>
> Whatever wind blows by,
> An instant of tears blows after,
> But years and sterner grieving
> It takes to fashion laughter.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE COMMUNIST SHAKES HIS FIST.
By Bruce Reynolds. *George Sully & Company*
$2.50 8¼ x 5⅝; 460 pp. *New York*

Mr. Reynolds' chief thesis is that Communism is a menace to the whole world, and especially to the United States. "When Lenin came to Russia, Russia had a splendid new provisional government, with a Duma . . . elected by the people, under the leadership of Kerensky. . . . Slavery, persecution and oppression were no more. Then came Lenin. Brutality, terror, murder, revolution. Lenin's own personal revolution for his own personal aggrandizement and gain. . . . Communism was merely the depraved idea of this one man Lenin, the foe to all civilization." It follows from all this that it would be perfidy to the human race for the United States to recognize Russia or to trade with her. "He in America who opens up trade with Soviet Russia of any sort is both directly assisting in perpetuating the hideous tyranny of Communism in Russia and is magnifying the Communist menace to the United States." Near the end of his book Mr. Reynolds prints a list of 100% Americans who are opposed to the recognition of Russia. It takes up twenty-two pages, and makes very entertaining reading.

MEXICAN MAZE.
By Carleton Beals. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$3 8⅞ x 5¾; 370 pp. *Philadelphia*

Mr. Beals knows Mexico as few other Americans know it. He has been through the country innumerable times, and has met all of its chief statesmen during the last ten years. The present book is a collection of notes of what he has seen and heard, and makes very interesting reading. He deals with every aspect of life below the Rio Grande: social, agricultural, political, military, religious, artistic, and economic. His discussion of the church-state relationship is especially full and sensible, and so is his collection of brief but pointed stories about the many generals, big and little, that have afflicted the land. There is a generous number of illustrations by Diego Rivera, whom Mr. Beals calls "the Giotto of Mexican painting." There is an index.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN POST-WAR FRANCE.
By David J. Saposs. *The Columbia University Press*
$6 9 x 5⅞; 508 pp. *New York*

"In pre-war days," says Mr. Saposs, who is a member of the faculty of the Brookwood Labor College, "French trade unionism was the bold leader of Mediterranean Syndicalism; today it is the ardent imitator of Western European trade unionism." The French labor movement, as a whole, is not so powerful as it used to be, but "the coöperative societies are assuming larger proportions and exercising greater influence." On the other hand, employers' associations have grown in size and number, and they are now resorting to the well-known American varieties of "welfare work." Mr. Saposs's study is heavily documented and ably written. There is an extensive bibliography, and also an index.

REFERENCE BOOKS

AMERICAN BOOK-PRICES CURRENT.
Compiled by Mary Houston Warren.
The R. R. Bowker Company
$20 8⅝ x 5⅝; 726 pp. *New York*

The present volume covers the auction sales held between June 1, 1929, and June 1, 1930—altogether, sixty-five. Despite the depression, prices seem to have held up very well. For many familiar auction room items new records were set—for example,

Continued on page xxvi

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiv

Captain John Smith's "Map of Virginia", which brought $1750. Among modern first editions those of John Galsworthy were most in demand. His "Man of Property" brought $1150 and "The Island Pharisees" $1375. The firsts of George Bernard Shaw also soared, but those of Joseph Conrad showed a decline. Dreiser's "Sister Carrie", 1900, brought $210, a new record. Offsetting these high marks, a copy of the Second Folio Shakespeare, with no more than the usual defects, brought but $150, and other copies of the same book went for $300, $320, $450 and $625. At the same sale which saw the Second knocked down for $150 the Third Folio went for $525 and the Fourth for $1000. No First seems to have been sold in the United States during the year. Miss Warren's compilation is painstaking, and book collectors will find it indispensable. At the end she prints a list of American dealers.

NEW ENGLISH-RUSSIAN & RUSSIAN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY.
By M. A. O'Brien. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$4 6⅜ x 4½; 2 vols.; 363 and 344 pp. *Philadelphia*

Dr. O'Brien is a professor in the University of Belfast and a well-known Slavic scholar. Though his dictionary is by no means exhaustive, it is quite full enough for all ordinary purposes. A good many relatively recent words, *e.g.*, *garage*, *chassis* and *airplane* are listed, and when words have different meanings in English and American, *e.g.*, *corn* and *lumber*, the American meanings are noted. In addition, there are a number of pure Americanisms, *e.g.*, *camp-meeting* and *hominy*. The accentuation of every Russian word is indicated, and when necessary its inflections are shown. In the English spellings the Oxford Dictionary is followed; in the Russian, the new official orthography is adopted. The two volumes are well printed on opaque paper, and substantially bound.

FICTION

THE ROAD BACK.
By Erich Maria Remarque.
Little, Brown & Company
$2.50 7½ x 5; 344 pp. *Boston*

A deadly premonition comes over the survivors of Number 2 Platoon—thirty-two out of more than five hundred men—as they look out over the battlefield for the last time. "Suddenly we know," says Ernst Birkholz, "that all that yonder, that hell of terrors, that desolate corner of Shell-hole Land, has usurped our hearts;—yes, damn it, that it should sound such slush!—it seems almost as if it has become endeared to us, a dreadful homeland, full of torment, and we simply belong in it. . . . Whether it be the lost years that remain there, or the comrades who lie there, or all the misery that this earth covers—there is a grief in our bones, enough to make us howl aloud." Back home, they run smack into the Revolution. They are cheated by profiteers, nagged by schoolmasters and by their bewildered families, and racked by endless conflicts within themselves. Lieutenant Ludwig Breyer, who has been ill since the last weeks of the war, discovers that he has syphilis, and kills himself; Max Weil, an idealistic little Jew who goes over to the Revolutionists, is shot down by Lieutenant Heel, who once led him in battle; Adolf Bethke returns to his farm to find that his wife has been unfaithful to him; Valentin Luher has become too stiff in the trenches to make his famous acrobatic turns, and must traipse after the fairs with the swing-boats; Albert Trosske, a soldier in a million, shoots down a profiteer when he comes upon him pawing his girl in a beer-house, and is tried for murder—murder, when he has already killed hundreds of innocent men! Birkholz the narrator follows them all in their struggles, their loneliness, their pitiful efforts to stick together, until he himself comes down with fever. In March of the following year he is on the road back to life, and to the complete realization, strangely consoling in its hopelessness, that his generation has gone. The story, which is by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front," is the most powerful document so far published about the post-war years. It is in excellent translation by A. W. Wheen.

BLACK CHERRIES.
By Grace Stone Coates. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 213 pp. *New York*

The story of an unhappy marriage told by Genevieve von S——, a little girl of five, who lives on a stark Kansas farm. Her mother is a righteous schoolteacher who dies horribly in childbirth; her father is a mad atheist, a German and an inventor of sorts, who still cherishes the memory of his first lovely wife. He ends his days in a soldiers' home. There are also Augusta and Carl, by his first marriage, two commonplace children who soon learn to shift for themselves, and Teressa, Genevieve's true sister, who sacrifices her youth in caring for her, after their mother's death. An excellent piece of work, with a very vivid characterization in Henry von S——, the small-town atheist.

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GUIDE TO EUROPEAN EVENTS

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BRITISH ISLES

Regatta, HENLEY, 1-4. *Cricket*, Oxford vs. Cambridge, LORD'S, 6-8; Eton vs. Harrow, LORD'S, 10. *Athletic Meet*, Oxford-Cambridge vs. Yale-Harvard, LONDON, 18. *Irish Oakes Race Meet*, CURRAGH, 21-23.

Welsh Eisteddfod, BANGOR, Aug. 3-8. *Regatta*, COWES, Aug. 3. MALVERN *festival*—400 years of English playwriting, Aug. 3-23. *Horse Show*, DUBLIN, Aug. 4-8. *Grouse season*, SCOTLAND, opens Aug. 12. *International Illumination Congress*, LONDON, Sept. 3-19.

FRANCE

LETOUQUET and DEAUVILLE very smart. *Picturesque Fishing Boats in port*, CONCARNEAU, 1-13. *Fêtes of the Giant Gayant*, DOUAI, 12-14, with processions. *Famous "pardon" (religious fête) of St. Anne d'Auray*, AURAY, 26. Other *"pardons,"* BRITTANY: at GUINGAMP, 4; SPEZET, 5; LOCRONAN, 12. *Bastille Day, the great national holiday*, 14; with street dancing at night. *Medieval play in the old city*, CARCASSONNE, 13-15. *Tennis, Davis Cup Finals*, PARIS, 17-19; 24-26.

LE TOUQUET, *Polo*, Aug. 1-15; *flower fête*, 23. *Assumption Day*, Aug. 15—(banks closed). *"Grande Semaine,"* DEAUVILLE, mid-August. *Fête of the Renaissance*, ARRAS, Aug. 23. *Grand procession and "pardon,"* STE. ANNE LA PALUD, Aug. 30. *Religious fête*, LOURDES, Aug. 19-25. *"Pardons" and fêtes*, HUELGOAT, Aug. 2; ROQUEBRUNE-CAP MARTIN, Aug. 5; CONCARNEAU, Aug. 16; CAMARET, Sept. 6. BIARRITZ in season.

GERMANY

Garden fêtes, WIESBADEN, GERMANY'S biggest cure resort, all summer. *Famous outdoor plays*, HEIDELBERG, July-Aug. *Auto races*, BAD NEUENAHR, 14, 18, 19. *Dance Championship of Europe*, NAUHEIM, 17-21. *Other Spas in season*: BAD PYRMONT, BADEN-BADEN. *Wagner and Mozart Music Festivals*: BAYREUTH, 21-Aug. 19; MUNICH, 19-Aug. 25.

Indoor sea bath, with waves mechanically produced, NORDERNEY, North Sea resort, all summer. *Pilgrimages to the Wartburg Commemorating St. Elizabeth's death*, from EISENACH, starting Aug. 1. *International Gliding Contest*, WASSERKUPPE, Aug. 15. *Light Fête*, LAKE CONSTANCE, Aug. 23. *Commercial Fairs*, LEIPZIG, Aug. 20-Sept. 20.

ITALY

The LIDO, VENICE, *Beach and Pajama life*, all summer. *Pageant*, SIENA, 2. *Fêtes*: SCANNO, 5; PALERMO, and with great pomp in Southern ITALY, 11. *Famous "Redentore" fête and regatta*, VENICE, 30.

Fête, ASSISI, Aug. 1-2. *St. Dominic fête* at the Minerva, ROME, Aug. 4. *Palio races and pageant*, SIENA, Aug. 16. *Festival*, ABBAZIA, Aug. 14-18. *Feast of Piedigrotta*, NAPLES, Sept. 7-8.

SPAIN

Fête, PAMPLONA, 7. *Fair*, starting with battle of Flowers, VALENCIA, 24. *Automobile races*, SAN SEBASTIAN, 25 and 27.

Fêtes, with regattas, SAN SEBASTIAN, SANTANDER, BILBAO and other resorts, all August. *Grand fêtes and country dances*, SALAMANCA, Sept. 12-21.

CENTRAL EUROPE

John Huss Day, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, 6. *Summer Ski Race*. JUNGFRAUJOCH, 13. *St. Ladislaus festival*, HUNGARY, 17, with pilgrimage to PANNON-HALMA. *Festivals* begin at SALZBURG, 25. *Swiss Music Festival*, BERNE, 25-28. *Water Polo*, France vs. Hungary, BUDAPEST, 26.

Salzburg Festivals, drama and music, with noted artists, all August. *Assumption of the Blessed Virgin*, costume fêtes at SCHRUNS, MONTAFON VALLEY, Aug. 15. *International Sample Fair*, BRATISLAVA, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, Aug. 23-Sept. 2. *Exhibition*, SALONICA, GREECE, Sept. 15-30. *Fair*, Vienna, Sept. 6-13.

NORTHERN EUROPE

Folk Festival, JUTLAND, 4. *Gold Cup Yacht Races*, GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN, 5. *Holy processions*, BOIS LE DUC, HOLLAND, 7-16. *Community Festival*, GHENT, 19. *International Boy Scout Jamboree*, Castle Kulla Gunnarstorp, SWEDEN, 10-21. *Celebrated "Penitents" fête*, FURNES, BELGIUM, 26.

Processions, GHENT, BELGIUM, Aug. 15. *Women's Association Congress*, STOCKHOLM, Aug. 17-24. *Children's Day celebration*, STOCKHOLM, Sept. 20. *Closing festival of Tivoli Park*, COPENHAGEN, Sept. 13. *Trade Fair*, UTRECHT, Sept. 8-17.

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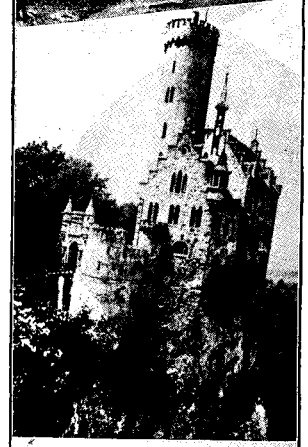
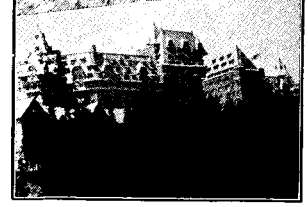
126 Newbury Street
Boston, Mass.

SIMMONS TOURS
Herald Square Building
New York, N. Y.

STUDENTS TRAVEL CLUB
551 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.





Photos courtesy of
Great Western Railway of England
The Canadian Pacific
German Tourist Information Office

Foreign Railroads and Tourist Bureaus

AUSTRALIAN TRAVEL ASSN.
114 Sansome Street
San Francisco, Cal.

BERMUDA
TRADE DEVELOPMENT BOARD
Hamilton, Bermuda

GERMAN TOURIST OFFICE
667 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

GREAT WESTERN & SOUTHERN RAILWAY OF ENGLAND
500 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU
227a Bush Street
San Francisco, Calif.

INDIA STATE RAILWAYS
38 East 57th Street
New York, N. Y.

JAPAN TOURIST BUREAU
1 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

LONDON, MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY
200 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

LONDON & NORTHEASTERN RY. OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND
11 West 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS TRAVEL BUREAU
342 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

RAILWAYS OF FRANCE
701 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

SOUTH AFRICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU
11 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

SOUTHERN RYS. OF IRELAND
200 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

SPANISH TOURIST BOARD
695 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

SWEDISH STATE RAILWAYS
55 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

SWISS FEDERAL RAILROADS
475 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

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". . . what boots it with incessant care
To ply the homely, slighted writer's trade?"

¶ A wastebasket full of the best factual arguments ever put on paper probably would never convince some people that *The American Mercury* is a good medium for the announcements of quality merchandise. Some people just don't *like* green whether it's magazine covers or spinach.

¶ For these people we have only the best wishes in the world, but—for the person who decides questions on the basis of logic, we submit that *The American Mercury* is a good advertising medium, and—that there are a number of pretty sound reasons for making this statement.

1. Its circulation is concentrated to a large extent in the great metropolitan areas. 69% is in the 20 largest cities of the United States. 12% is in the three Pacific Coast States; 33% in the Central States. *The American Mercury* has national circulation!

2. These readers of *The American Mercury* are *ipso facto* alert, intelligent, thinking people. They will appreciate the opportunities the advertiser presents. *The American Mercury* is never written down to its readers!

3. These same people are in a position to take advantage of these opportunities because they are of the highest financial standing. 39% of our readers have yearly incomes of $10,000 or more. This is the largest of any general periodical circulating in the United States!

¶ These three preceding paragraphs do not constitute an essay as it might have been written by Montaigne, but we do believe that they present, in reasonably clear English, some good reasons why *The American Mercury* cannot be ignored as an adequate medium for the advertiser who has something worth-while to sell.

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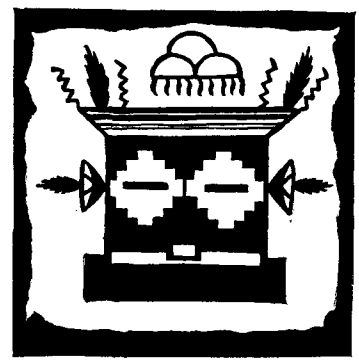
THREE BOOKS ON THE AMERICAN INDIAN

DANCING GODS



INDIAN CEREMONIALS OF NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA

BY ERNA FERGUSSON

This first popular account of the dances of the Pueblo, Navajo and Apache Indians is based upon all available sources and also upon many years of study and observation. Miss Fergusson, a native of the Southwest, believes that the Corn Dances, Snake Dance, Fire Dance and others, the only survival in this country of a primitive religion, are a definite form of art. The many thousands who see them danced every year and the many more who can only read of them will find this book of absorbing interest. Illustrated with 16 reproductions from paintings of John Sloan, Oliver Rush, Victor Higgins and other famous artists. *To be published July 10th.* 5½" x 8¼", 324pp., $3.00

ZUÑI FOLK TALES

Collected and Translated by

Frank Hamilton Cushing

Introduction by Mary Austin

This new edition of an American classic will be gratefully received by all lovers of the Southwest. During his five years with the Zuñi Indians, this famous anthropologist heard these tales and his translation retains their full beauty and simplicity. The book has been approved by the Indian Arts Foundation of Santa Fe and contains many decorations and 11 plates.

6¼" x 9⅝", 494pp., $5.00

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JAMES P. BECKWOURTH

By T. D. Bonner

An expert mountain man, a savage Indian fighter, a magnificent liar, a fur trapper and trader—such was this famous mulatto whose personal narrative is not only a remarkably vivid picture of Western life, but also a gorgeous yarn of stolen horses, Indians biting the dust, and hairbreadth escapes. Edited, with an Introduction, by Bernard De Voto. In the *Americana Deserta* series. 5¾" x 8¼", 445pp., $4.00

AT ALL BORZOI BOOKSHOPS

ALFRED · A · KNOPF 730 FIFTH AVE · N · Y ·

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"LAWRENCE'S PERFECT STORY"

By D. H. Lawrence

THE MAN WHO DIED

D. H. LAWRENCE

was born in 1885 in Eastwood, Nottingham, England, where his father was a coal miner. At twenty, after having won a teacher's scholarship, he went to London. A year later he began writing. In 1914 he married Frieda von Richtofen, and until his untimely death on March 3rd, 1930, he had divided his time while painting and writing between his ranch in New Mexico near Taos and Italy.

AT the end of his forty years of learning, Lawrence ceases to belong to psychology and rises suddenly a sure and brilliant artist. Forty years was not too long to learn to write this story." This was *The N. Y. Herald Tribune's* tribute to this little masterpiece which J. Middleton Murry called "the swan song of the greatest spirit of our time." *The Man Who Died* was originally published in Paris in 1929 under the title of *The Escaped Cock* and it is now for the first time available to the general public. $1.75

OTHER BOOKS BY D. H. LAWRENCE

THE VIRGIN AND THE GIPSY

Frank Swinnerton said of this short novel which was published last fall, "Pure gold . . . I cannot imagine any reader possessed of any taste failing to be altogether enchanted by the book or failing to regard it as a masterpiece." *The Philadelphia Record* called it "a real addition to the roster of Lawrence novels; a worthy book in every possible way." $2.50

ST. MAWR, $2.00 PANSIES, $2.50 DAVID, $2.00

PORNOGRAPHY AND OBSCENITY, $1.00

THE WOMAN WHO RODE AWAY, $2.50

MORNINGS IN MEXICO, $2.50 THE PLUMED SERPENT, $3.00

ASSORTED ARTICLES, $2.50

AT ALL BORZOI BOOKSHOPS

ALFRED · A · KNOPF BORZOI BOOKS 730 FIFTH AVE · N · Y ·

THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN
CAMDEN, N. J.

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Consider your Adam's Apple!!*

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY *instead*"

Now! Please!—Actually put your finger on your Adam's Apple. Touch it—your Adam's Apple—Do you know you are actually touching your larynx?—This is your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

Emily Boyle
BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

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TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays

Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

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